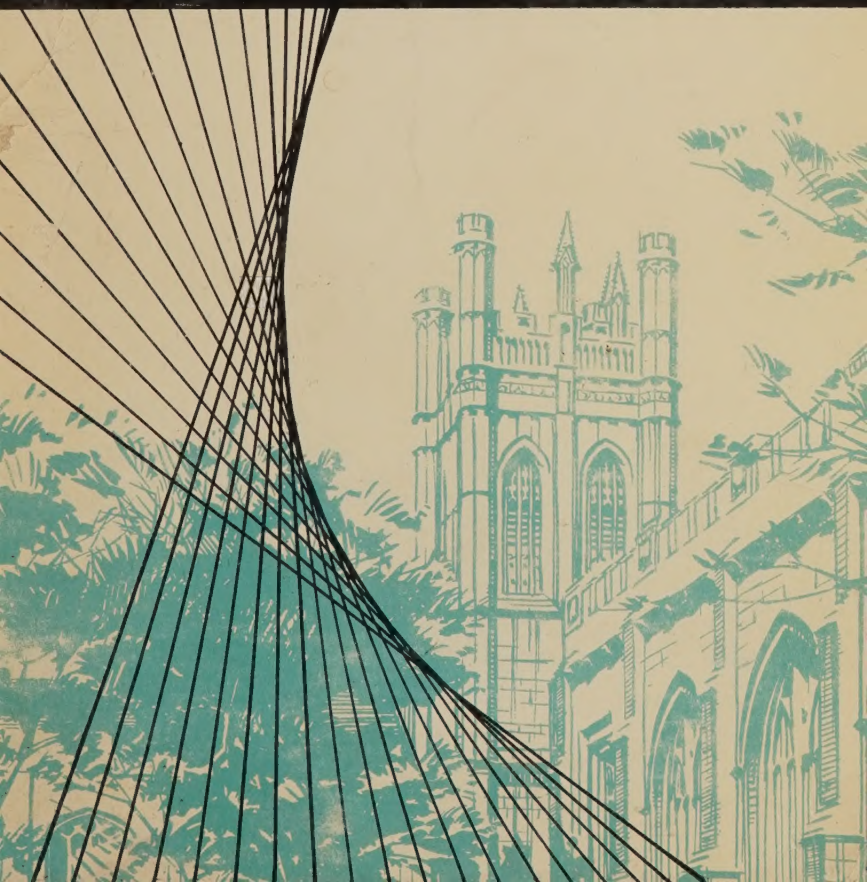


HYMNS



Maureen Penney


Box 420

Brandon, Man.

7th missionary conference

Inter University Christian Fellow-
ships

1964



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HYMNS

The hymnal of Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship

Compiled and edited by Paul Beckwith



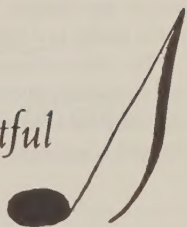
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Christian singing for the thoughtful



SINGING is having a new impact on today's Christian life. Christians on campus and other members of their generation have rediscovered in music a satisfying expression of the thoughts of their souls and of the fellowship with Jesus Christ. Singing for them has become more than casual amusement—it has again become effective evangelism, humble prayer, clear testimony, and heartfelt worship.

Each song service is an intrinsic part of any meeting and requires as careful a selection of hymns as of Scripture portions or of the speaker. It demands that the music be considered seriously in advance and that unpreparedness not be hidden behind the glib excuse, "Let's have your favorite selection."

Singing thus planned draws attention to the meaning of the song—and not to mere virility or volume. The song leader seeks to inspire reverence before God, to help the people begin their singing together, to keep them in the proper time—but he avoids the distractions of the cheerleader technique. The pianist, likewise, makes more complete the joy of singing—without breaking the mood with attention-drawing flourishes.

Hymns is planned to make such satisfying, natural singing more simple. Appropriate words and music have been brought together. The arrangement of the book is functional, with songs most appropriate for particular types of meetings grouped together. To make this feature of organization more usable, each section begins with a helpful introduction.

The editor wishes to express special appreciation to Mr. David Adeney

of London for his valuable assistance in helping to procure English copyright permissions and to Mr. C. Stacey Woods. Thanks are given also to individuals and organizations which have permitted the use of their copyrighted words and music.

Every effort has been made to locate copyright owners and to secure proper permissions. In case of any errors or omissions, correction will be made gladly in a subsequent edition of *Hymns*.

The editor is happy that in addition to the acceptance of *Hymns* in American and Canadian universities and colleges, many churches have adopted the book—especially for evening services. That *Hymns* is being used by the Mid-America Keswick is especially gratifying. May it be for the glory of God.

Paul Beckwith

<i>When you gather for Christian fellowship . . .</i>	BEGIN SONG	1
<i>When you speak of Christ to others . . .</i>	BEGIN SONG	52
<i>When you pray . . .</i>	BEGIN SONG	98
<i>When you search the Scriptures . . .</i>	BEGIN SONG	112
<i>When you seek personal fellowship with God . .</i>	BEGIN SONG	119

When you gather for Christian fellowship

WHEN CHRISTIANS gather together they usually want to sing. Don't be too formal. Let the spirit of the meeting dictate the hymns you sing.

Have you had a special blessing from God? Then sing a hymn of praise. Has God given you a real victory in

your personal life? Then sing a hymn that tells of your confidence in Him. Has God given your group a big task to perform? Then sing a song which speaks of vital faith—faith in action.

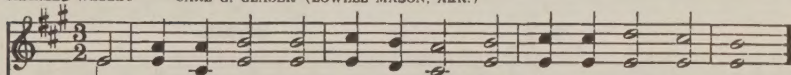
When life is difficult, let one of these hymns be the expression of your joyous confidence in Him.

O for a thousand tongues

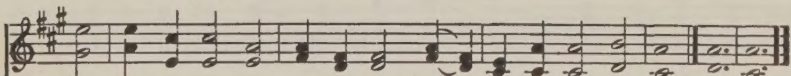
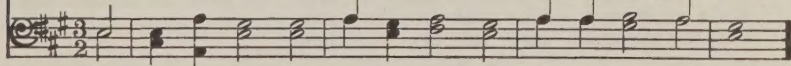
1

CHARLES WESLEY

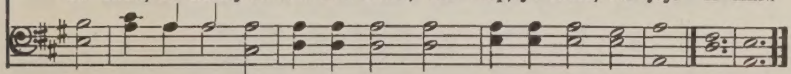
CARL G. GLASER (LOWELL MASON, ARR.)



1. O for a thou-sand tongues to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise,
2. My gra-cious Mas-ter and my God, As-sist me to pro-claim,
3. Je-sus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor-rows cease;
4. He breaks the power of can-celed sin, He sets the pris-oner free;
5. Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb, Your loos-ened tongues em-ploy;



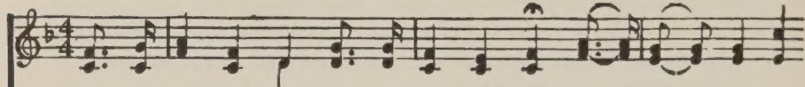
The glo-ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace.
To spread through all the earth a-broad, The hon-ors of Thy name.
'Tis mu-sic in the sin-ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
His blood can make the foul-est clean; His blood a-vailed for me.
Ye blind, be-hold your Sav-iour come; And leap, ye lame, for joy. A-MEN.



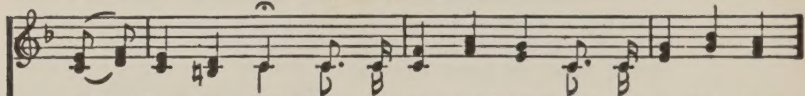
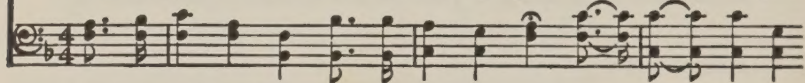
Will your anchor hold in the storms of life

PRISCILLA J. OWENS

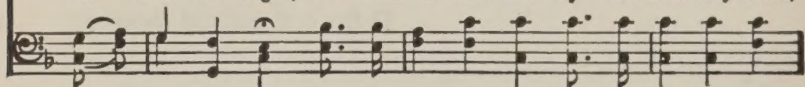
WILLIAM J. KIRKPATRICK



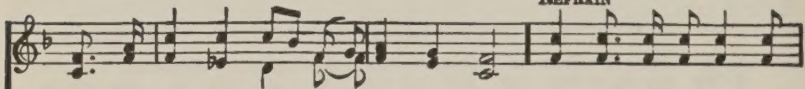
1. Will your an - chor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds un - fold
2. It is safe - ly moored, 'twill the storm withstand, For 'tis well se - cured
3. It will firm - ly hold in the straits of fear, When the breakers have told
4. It will sure - ly hold in the floods of death, When the wa - ters cold
5. When our eyes be - hold thro' the gath'ring night The cit - y of gold,



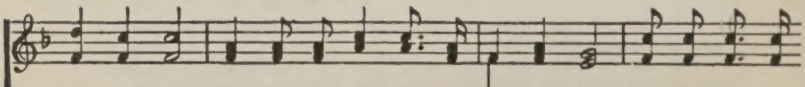
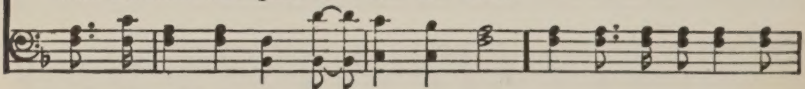
their wings of strife? When the strong tides lift, and the ca - bles strain,
by the Sav - ior's hand; And the ca - bles, passed from His heart to mine,
the reef is near; Tho' the tem - pest rave and the wild winds blow,
chill our lat - est breath; On the ris - ing tide it can nev - er fail,
our har - bor bright, We shall an - chor fast by the heav'n - ly shore,



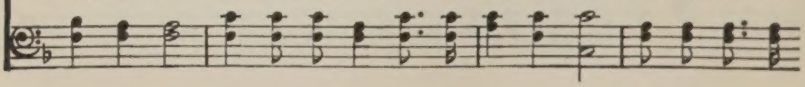
REFRAIN

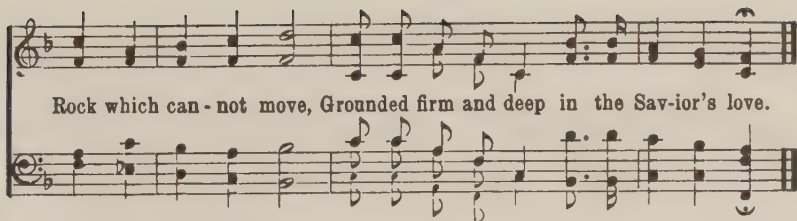


Will your an - chor drift, or firm re - main?
Can de - fy that blast, thro' strength di - vine.
Not an an - gry wave shall our bark o'er - flow. We have an an - chor that
While our hopes a - bide with - in the veil.
With the storms all past for - ev - er - more.



keeps the soul Stead - fast and sure while the bil - lows roll, Fastened to the





Rock which can - not move, Grounded firm and deep in the Sav-ior's love.

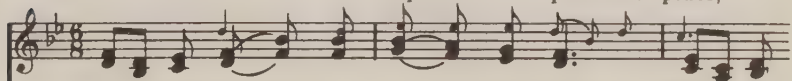
Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace

3

FROM SCRIPTURE

ANON. (PAUL BECKWITH, ARR.)

Thou wilt keep him in per - fect peace,



- | | | | |
|-----------------------|---------|-------------------|-----------|
| 1. Thou wilt keep him | in | per - fect peace, | Thou wilt |
| 2. Mar - vel not that | I | say un - to you, | Mar - vel |
| 3. Tho' your sins | as | scar - let be, | Tho' your |
| 4. If the Son | shall | make you free, | If the |
| 5. They that wait | up - on | the Lord, | They that |



Thou wilt keep him in per - fect peace,

Thou wilt

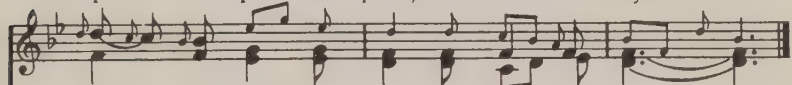


keep him in per - fect peace,
not that I say un - to you,
sins as scar - let be,
Son shall make you free,
wait up - on the Lord,

Thou wilt keep him in
Mar - vel not that I
Tho' your sins as
If the Son shall
They that wait up -



keep him in per - fect peace, Whose mind is stayed on Thee.



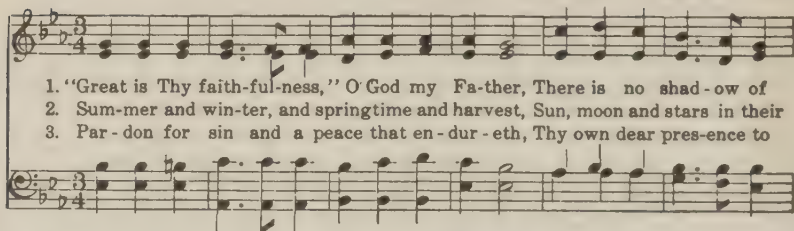
per - fect peace,	Whose mind	is stayed	on Thee.	—
say un - to you,	Ye must	be born	a - gain.	—
scar - let be,	They shall	be white	as snow.	—
make you free,	Ye shall	be free	in - deed.	—
on the Lord,	They shall	re - new	their strength.	—



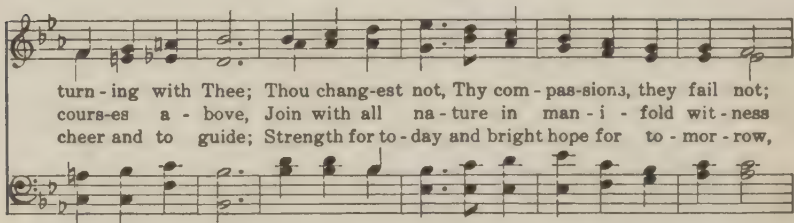
Great is Thy faithfulness

THOMAS O. CHISHOLM

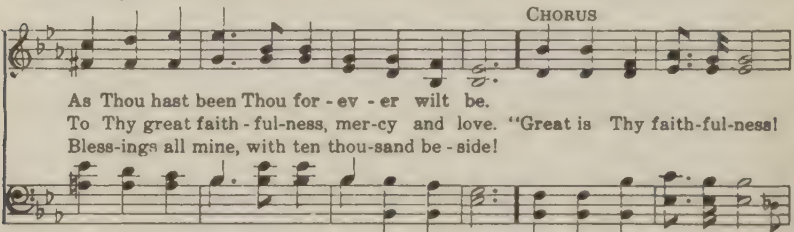
WILLIAM M. RUNYAN



1. "Great is Thy faith-ful-ness," O God my Fa-ther, There is no shad-ow of
 2. Sum-mer and win-ter, and springtime and harvest, Sun, moon and stars in their
 3. Par-don for sin and a peace that en-dur-eth, Thy own dear pres-ence to

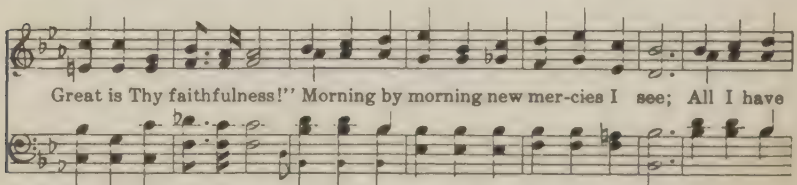


turn-ing with Thee; Thou chang-est not, Thy com-pas-sion, they fail not;
 cours-es a - bove, Join with all na-ture in man-i - fold wit-ness
 cheer and to guide; Strength for to-day and bright hope for to - mor - row,

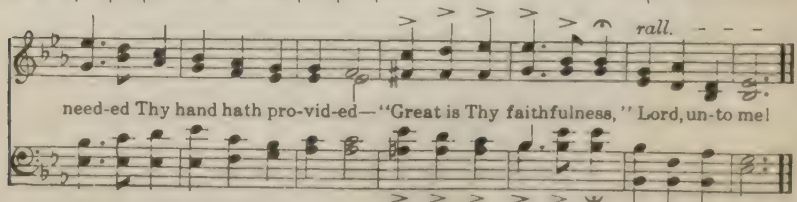


CHORUS

As Thou hast been Thou for - ev - er wilt be.
 To Thy great faith - ful-ness, mer-cy and love. "Great is Thy faith-ful-ness!
 Bless-ings all mine, with ten thou-sand be-side!



Great is Thy faithfulness!" Morning by morning new mer-cies I see; All I have



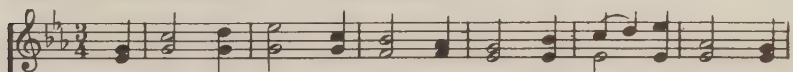
need-ed Thy hand hath pro-vid-ed—"Great is Thy faithfulness," Lord, un-to me!

The God of love my Shepherd is

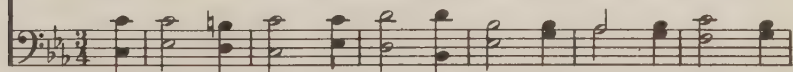
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PSALM 23 (GEORGE HERBERT, TR.)

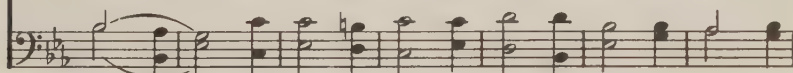
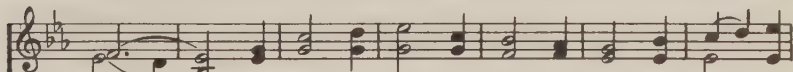
FRIEDRICH SPEE



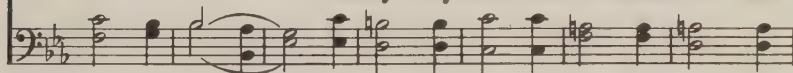
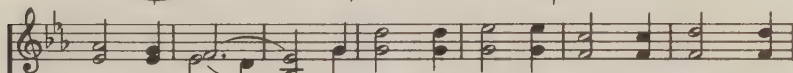
1. The God of love my Shep-herd is, And He that doth me
3. Or if I stray, He doth con-vert, And bring my mind in



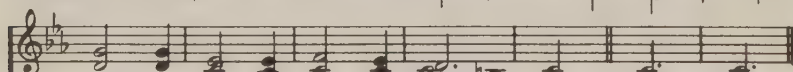
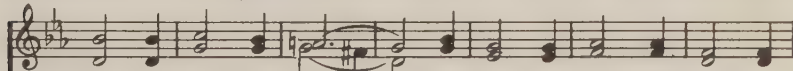
feed: While He is mine and I am His, What can I
frame: And all this not for my de-sert, But for His



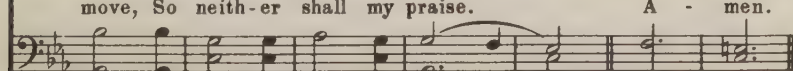
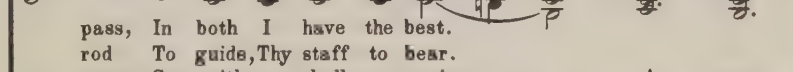
want or need? 2. He leads me, to the ten-der grass, Where
ho-ly Name. 4. Yea, in death's sha-dy, black a-bode Well
5. Sure-ly Thy sweet and won-drous love Shall



I both feed and rest; Then to the streams that gent-ly
may I walk, not fear, For Thou art with me, and Thy
meas-ure all my days; And as it nev-er shall re-

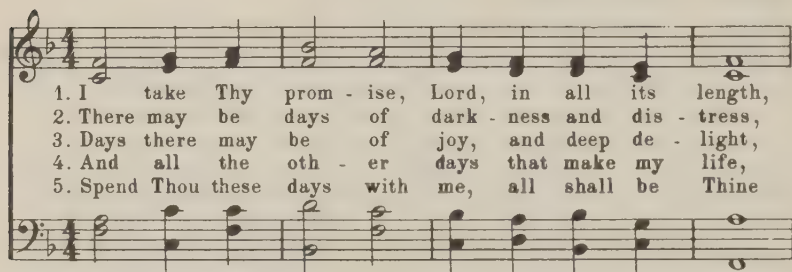


pass, In both I have the best.
rod To guide, Thy staff to bear.
move, So neith-er shall my praise. A-men.

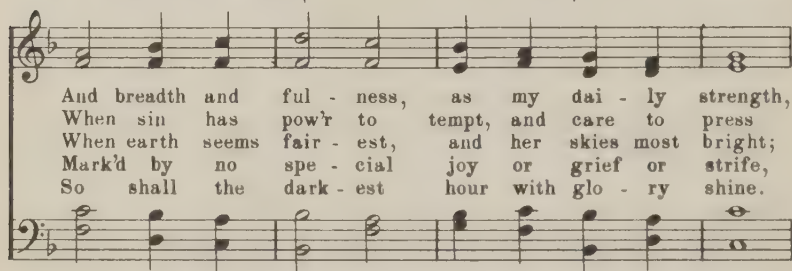


6 *I take Thy promise, Lord*

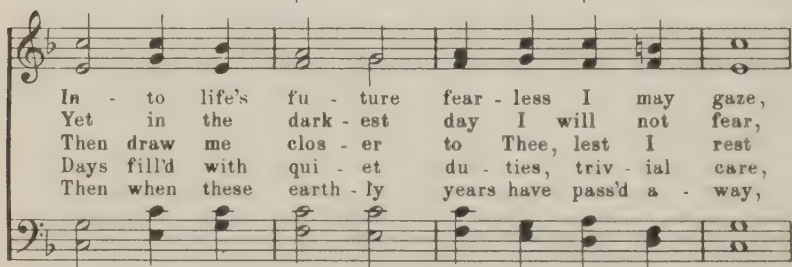
H. L. R. DECK FROM F. C. GOUDIMEL



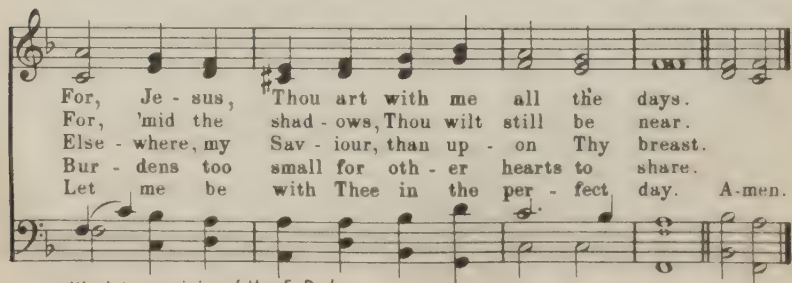
1. I take Thy prom - ise, Lord, in all its length,
 2. There may be days of dark - ness and dis - tress,
 3. Days there may be of joy, and deep de - light,
 4. And all the oth - er days that make my life,
 5. Spend Thou these days with me, all shall be Thine



And breadth and ful - ness, as my dai - ly strength,
 When sin has pow'r to tempt, and care to press,
 When earth seems fair - est, and her skies most bright;
 Mark'd by no spe - cial joy or grief or strife,
 So shall the dark - est hour with glo - ry shine.



In - to life's fu - ture fear - less I may gaze,
 Yet in the dark - est day I will not fear,
 Then draw me clos - er to Thee, lest I rest
 Days fill'd with qui - et du - ties, triv - ial care,
 Then when these earth - ly years have pass'd a - way,



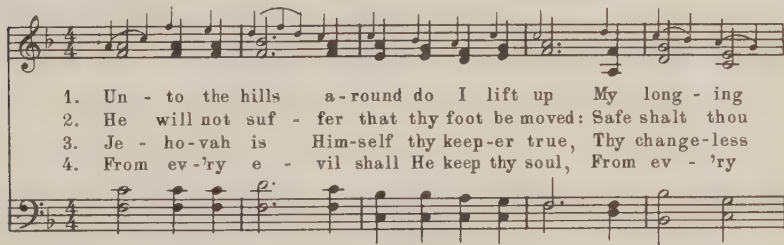
For, Je - sus, Thou art with me all the days.
 For, 'mid the shad - ows, Thou wilt still be near.
 Else - where, my Sav - iour, than up - on Thy breast.
 Bur - dens too small for oth - er hearts to share.
 Let me be with Thee in the per - fect day. A-men.

Unto the hills around do I lift up

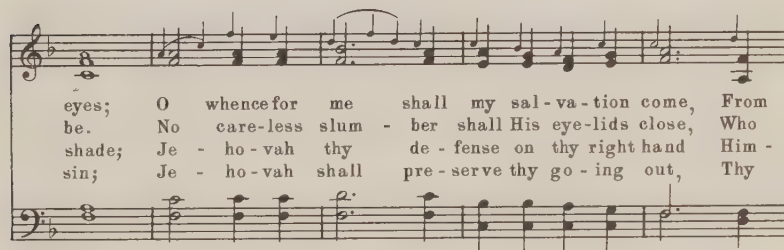
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PSALM 121 (J. D. SUTHERLAND CAMPBELL)

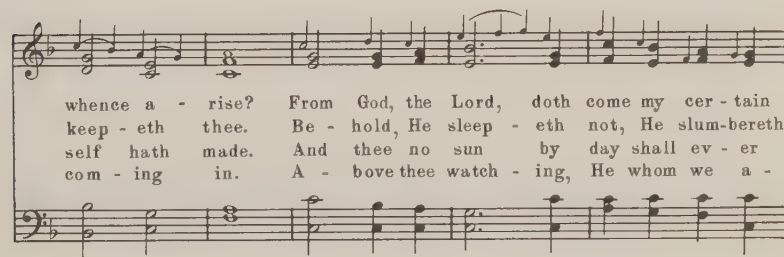
CHARLES H. PURDAY



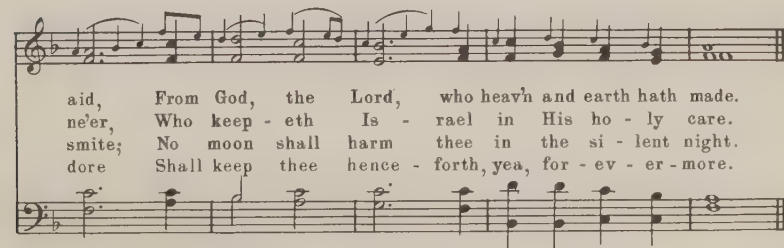
1. Un - to the hills a - round do I lift up My long - ing
 2. He will not suf - fer that thy foot be moved: Safe shalt thou
 3. Je - ho - vah is Him - self thy keep - er true, Thy change - less
 4. From ev - 'ry e - vil shall He keep thy soul, From ev - 'ry



eyes; O whence for me shall my sal - va - tion come, From
 be. No care - less slum - ber shall His eye - lids close, Who
 shade; Je - ho - vah thy de - fense on thy right hand Him -
 sin; Je - ho - vah shall pre - serve thy go - ing out, Thy



whence a - rise? From God, the Lord, doth come my cer - tain
 keep - eth thee. Be - hold, He sleep - eth not, He slum - bereth
 self hath made. And thee no sun by day shall ev - er
 com - ing in. A - bove thee watch - ing, He whom we a -

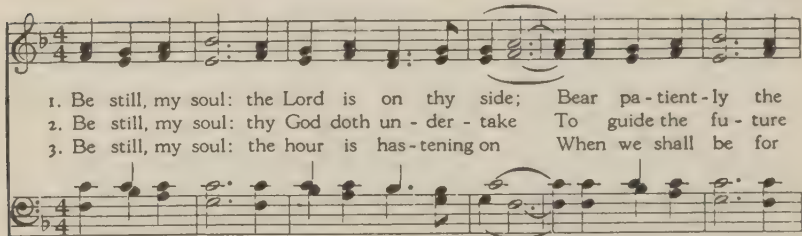


aid, From God, the Lord, who heav'n and earth hath made.
 ne'er, Who keep - eth Is - rael in His ho - ly care.
 smite; No moon shall harm thee in the si - lent night.
 dore Shall keep thee hence - forth, yea, for - ev - er - more.

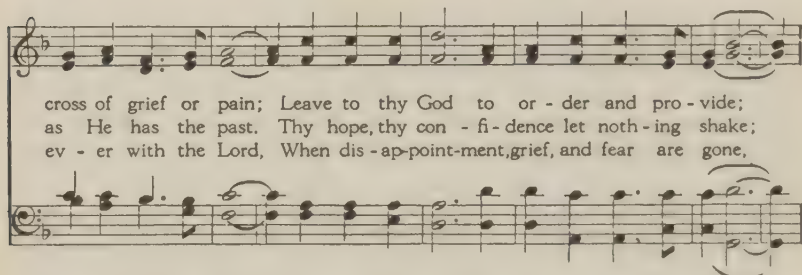
Be still, my soul

KATHARINA VON SCHLEGEL (JANE L. BORTHWICK, TR.)

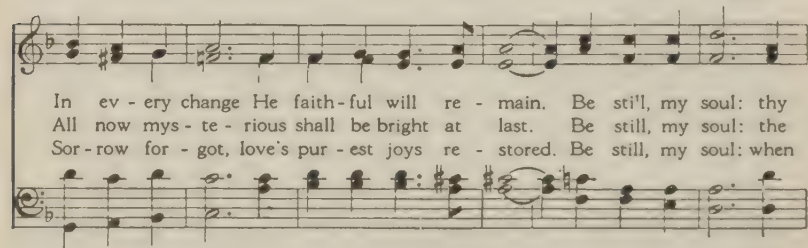
JEAN SIBELIUS



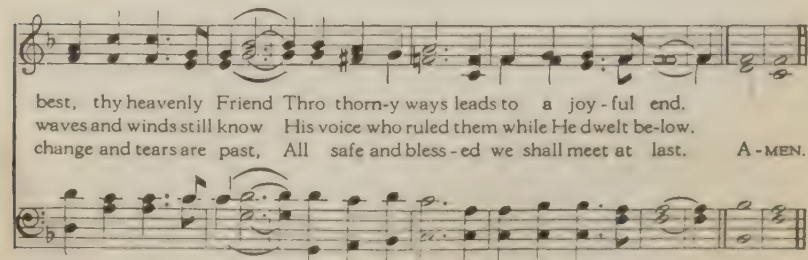
1. Be still, my soul: the Lord is on thy side; Bear pa-tient-ly the
 2. Be still, my soul: thy God doth un-der-take To guide the fu-ture
 3. Be still, my soul: the hour is has-tening on When we shall be for



cross of grief or pain; Leave to thy God to or-der and pro-vide;
 as He has the past. Thy hope, thy con-fi-dence let noth-ing shake;
 ev-er with the Lord, When dis-ap-point-ment, grief, and fear are gone,



In ev-ery change He faith-ful will re-main. Be still, my soul: thy
 All now mys-te-rious shall be bright at last. Be still, my soul: the
 Sor-row for-got, love's pur-est joys re-stored. Be still, my soul: when



best, thy heavenly Friend Thro thorn-y ways leads to a joy-ful end.
 waves and winds still know His voice who ruled them while He dwelt be-low.
 change and tears are past, All safe and bless-ed we shall meet at last. A-MEN.

We rest on Thee, our Shield and our Defender

9

EDITH G. CHERRY

TUNE OF HYMN 8

1. "We rest on Thee"—our Shield and our Defender!
We go not forth alone against the foe;
Strong in Thy strength, safe in Thy keeping tender,
"We rest on Thee, and in Thy Name we go."
2. Yea, "in Thy Name," O Captain of salvation!
In Thy dear Name, all other names above;
Jesus our Righteousness, our sure Foundation,
Our Prince of glory and our King of love.
3. "We go" in faith, our own great weakness feeling,
And needing more each day Thy grace to know:
Yet from our hearts a song of triumph pealing;
"We rest on Thee, and in Thy name we go."
4. "We rest on Thee"—our Shield and our Defender!
Thine is the battle, Thine shall be the praise
When passing through the gates of pearly splendour,
Victors—we rest *with* Thee, through endless days.

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Fight the good fight 10

JOHN S. B. MONSELL

WILLIAM BOYD

1. Fight the good fight with all thy might; Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
2. Run the straight race thro' God's good grace, Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
3. Cast care a - side, lean on thy Guide, His bound-less mer - cy will pro-vide;
4. Faint not nor fear, for He is near, He chang-eth not and thou art dear;

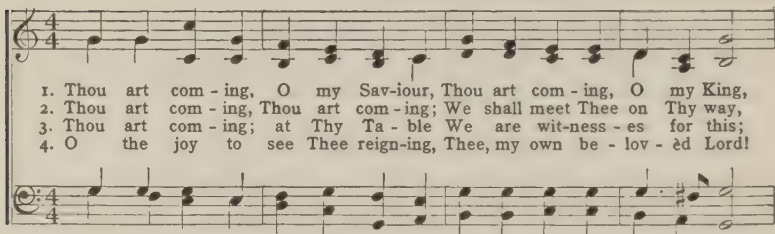
Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal-ly.
Life with its way be - fore us lies, Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.
Trust, and thy trust-ing so shall prove Christ is its life, and Christ its love.
On - ly be-lieve, and thou shalt see That Christ is all in all to thee. A-MEN.

Music by permission of Novello and Company, Ltd.

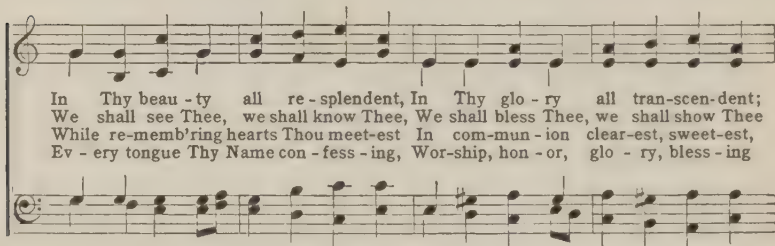
11 *Thou art coming, O my Saviour*

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL

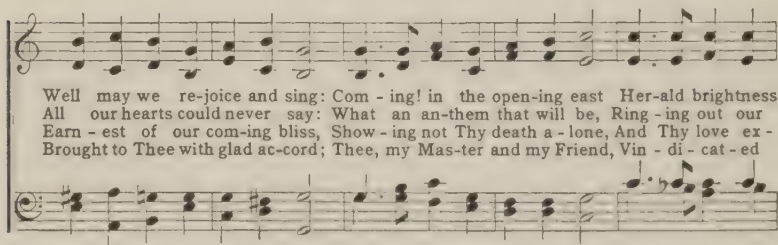
WILLIAM H. MONK



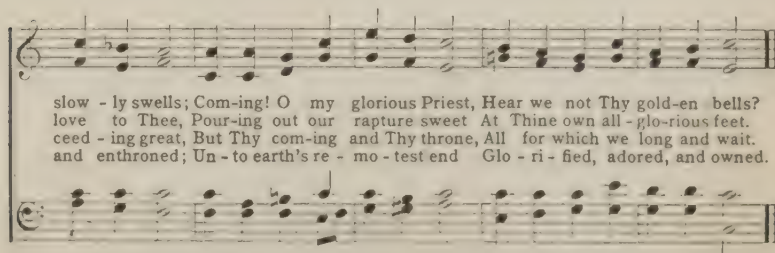
1. Thou art com - ing, O my Sav-iour, Thou art com - ing, O my King,
 2. Thou art com - ing, Thou art com - ing; We shall meet Thee on Thy way,
 3. Thou art com - ing; at Thy Ta - ble We are wit-ness - es for this;
 4. O the joy to see Thee reign-ing, Thee, my own be - lov - ed Lord!



In Thy beau - ty all re - splendent, In Thy glo - ry all tran-scen-dent;
 We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee, We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee
 While re-memb'ring hearts Thou meet-est In com-mun-ion clear-est, sweet-est,
 Ev - ery tongue Thy Name con - fess - ing, Wor-ship, hon - or, glo - ry, bless - ing



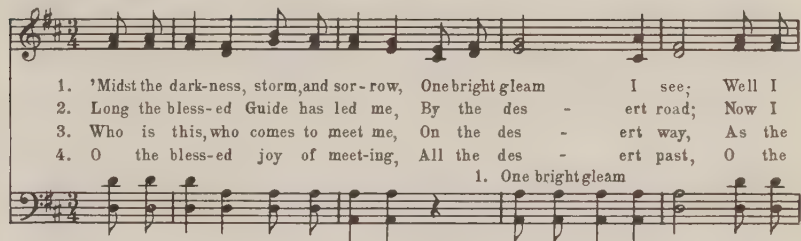
Well may we re-joice and sing: Com - ing! in the open-ing east Her-ald brightness
 All our hearts could never say: What an an-them that will be, Ring - ing out our
 Earn - est of our com-ing bliss, Show-ing not Thy death a - lone, And Thy love ex -
 Brought to Thee with glad ac-cord; Thee, my Mas-ter and my Friend, Vin - di - cat - ed



slow - ly swells; Com-ing! O my glorious Priest, Hear we not Thy gold-en bells?
 love - to Thee, Pour-ing out our rapture sweet At Thine own all - glo-rious feet.
 ceed - ing great, But Thy com-ing and Thy throne, All for which we long and wait.
 and enthroned; Un - to earth's re - mo - test end Glo - ri - fied, adored, and owned.

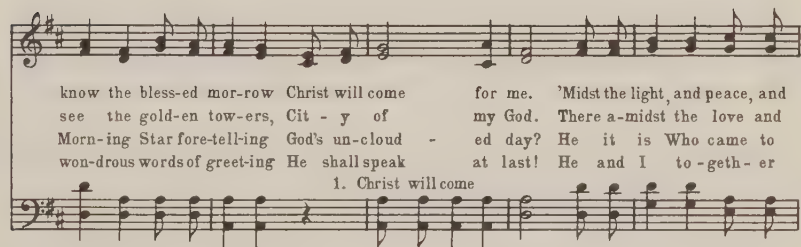
GERHARD TERSTEEGEN

CLARA H. SCOTT



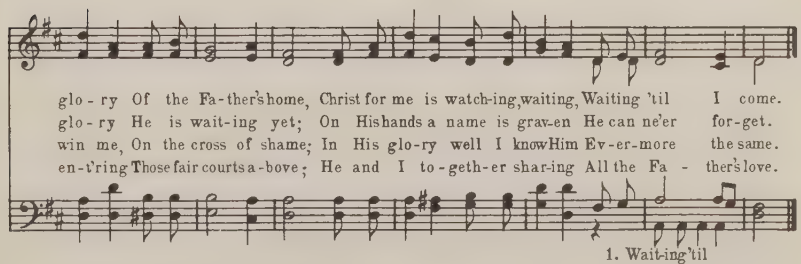
1. 'Midst the dark-ness, storm, and sor-row, One bright gleam I see; Well I
 2. Long the bless-ed Guide has led me, By the des - ert road; Now I
 3. Who is this, who comes to meet me, On the des - ert way, As the
 4. O the bless-ed joy of meet-ing, All the des - ert past, O the

1. One bright gleam



know the bless-ed mor-row Christ will come for me. 'Midst the light, and peace, and
 see the gold-en tow-ers, Cit - y of my God. There a-midst the love and
 Morn-ing Star fore-telling God's un-cloud - ed day? He it is Who came to
 won-drous words of greet-ing He shall speak at last! He and I to-geth-er

1. Christ will come



glo-ry Of the Fa-ther's home, Christ for me is watch-ing, waiting, Waiting 'til I come.
 glo-ry He is wait-ing yet; On His hands a name is grav-en He can ne'er for-get.
 win me, On the cross of shame; In His glo-ry well I know Him Ev-er-more the same.
 en-tring Those fair courts a-bove; He and I to-geth-er shar-ing All the Fa-ther's love.

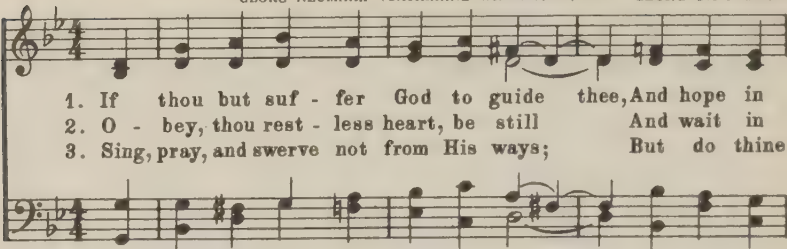
1. Wait-ing 'til

5 Where no shade nor stain can enter,
 Nor the gold be dim,
 In that holiness unsullied,
 I shall walk with Him.
 Meet companion then for Jesus,
 From Him, for Him, made—
 Glory of God's grace for ever
 There in me displayed.

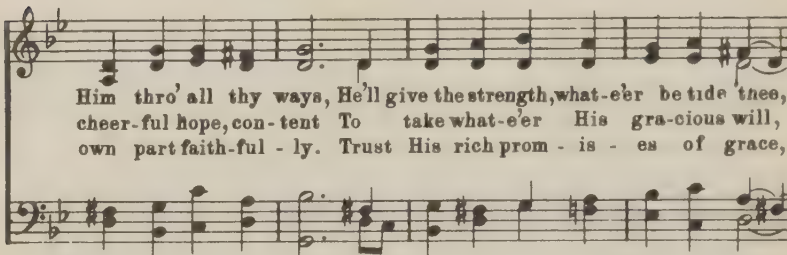
6 He who in His hour of sorrow
 Bore the curse alone;
 I who through the lonely desert
 Trod where He had gone;
 He and I, in that bright glory,
 One deep joy shall share—
 Mine, to be for ever with Him;
 His, that I am there.

If thou but suffer God to guide thee

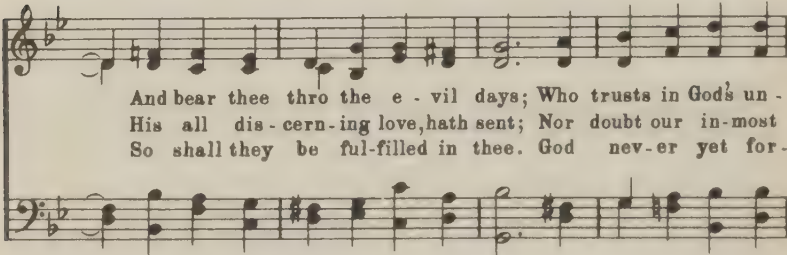
GEORG NEUMARK (CATHERINE WINKWORTH, TR.) GEORG NEUMARK



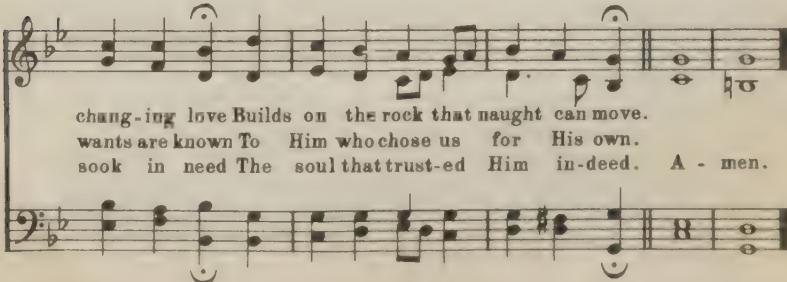
1. If thou but suf - fer God to guide thee, And hope in
2. O - bey, thou rest - less heart, be still And wait in
3. Sing, pray, and swerve not from His ways; But do thine



Him thro' all thy ways, He'll give the strength, what-e'er be tide thee,
cheer-ful hope, con-tent To take what-e'er His gra-cious will,
own part faith-ful - ly. Trust His rich prom - is - es of grace,



And bear thee thro the e - vil days; Who trusts in God's un -
His all dis - cern - ing love, hath sent; Nor doubt our in - most
So shall they be ful - filled in thee. God nev - er yet for -



chang - ing love Builds on the rock that naught can move.
wants are known To Him who chose us for His own.
sook in need The soul that trust - ed Him in - deed. A - men.

By grace I am an heir of heaven 14

CHR. LUDWIG SCHEIT (H. BREUCKNER, TR.)

TUNE OF HYMN 13

1. By grace I am an heir of heaven:
Why doubt this, O my trembling
heart?
If what the Scriptures promise
clearly
Is true and firm in ev'ry part,
This also must be truth divine:
By grace a crown of life is thine.
2. By grace alone shall I inherit
That blissful home beyond the
skies.
Works count for naught, the Lord
incarnate
Hath won for me the heav'nly
prize.
Salvation by His death He
wrought,
His grace alone my pardon bought.

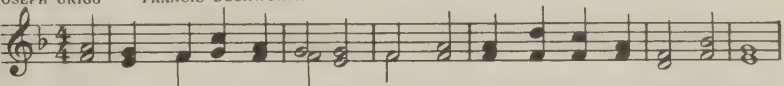
3. By grace! These precious words re-
member
When sorely by thy sins oppressed,
When Satan comes to vex thy
spirit,
When troubled conscience sighs
for rest;
What reason cannot comprehend,
God doth to thee by grace extend.
4. By grace! Be this in death my com-
fort;
Despite my fears, 'tis well with me.
I know my sin in all its greatness,
But also Him who sets me free.
My heart to naught but joy gives
place
Since I am saved by grace, by
grace.

By permission of Lutheran Book Concern, Columbus, Ohio

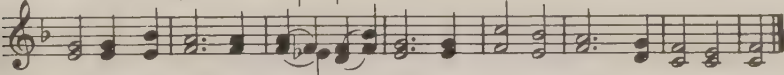
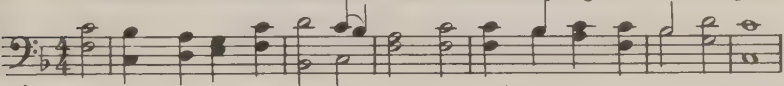
Jesus, and shall it ever be 15

JOSEPH GRIGG

FRANCIS DUCKWORTH



1. Je-sus, and shall it ev-er be, A mor-tal man a-shamed of Thee?
2. A-shamed of Je-sus! soon-er far Let eve-ning blush to own a star;
3. A-shamed of Je-sus! just as soon Let mid-night be a-shamed of noon;
4. A-shamed of Je-sus! that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heav'n de-pend!



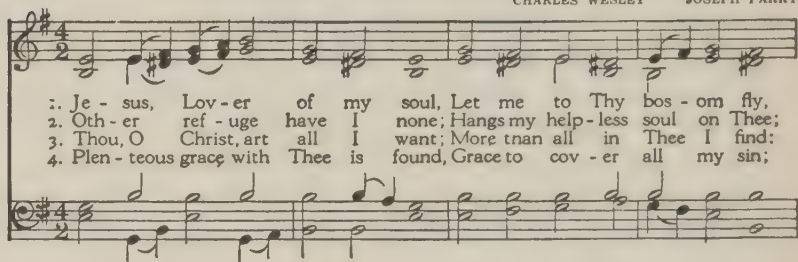
A-shamed of Thee, whom an-gels praise, Whose glo-ries shine thro' end-less days?
He sheds the beams of light di-vine O'er this be-night-ed soul of mine.
'Tis mid-night with my soul till He, Bright Morn-ing Star, bid dark-ness flee.
No; when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re-vere His Name.



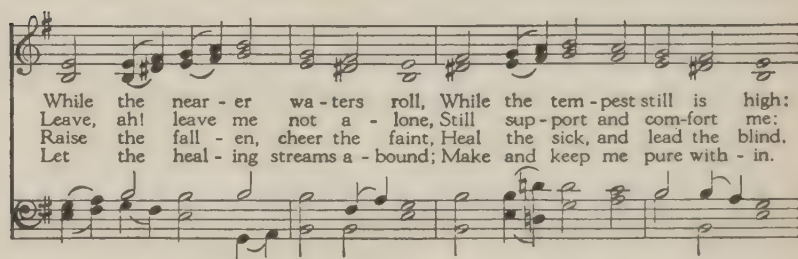
By permission of Francis Duckworth

16 Jesus, lover of my soul

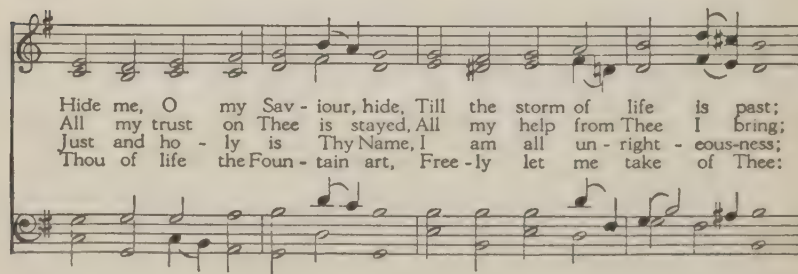
CHARLES WESLEY JOSEPH PARRY



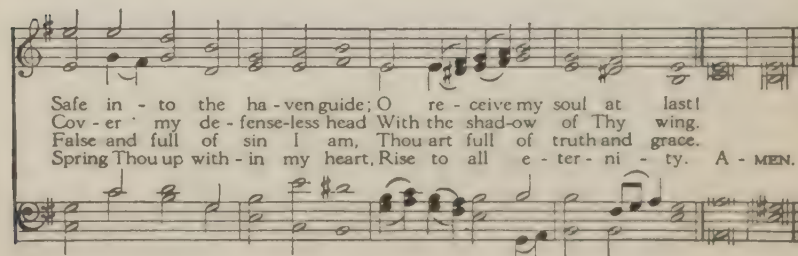
1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find:
 4. Plen - teous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;



While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high:
 Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me.
 Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; Make and keep me pure with - in.



Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
 Just and ho - ly is Thy Name, I am all un - right - eous-ness;
 Thou of life the Foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee:



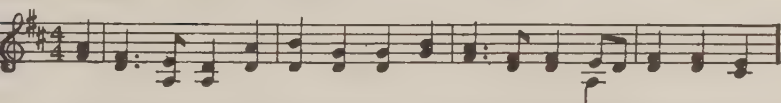
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; O re - ceive my soul at last!
 Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
 False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
 Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty. A - MEN.

He leadeth me! O blessed thought

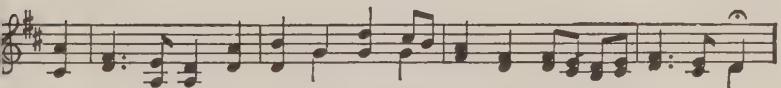
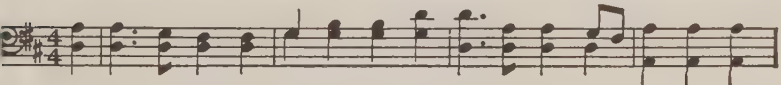
17

JOSEPH H. GILMORE

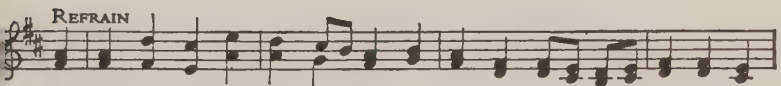
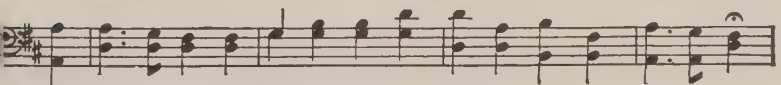
WILLIAM B. BRADBURY



1. He lead - eth me: O bless-ed thought! O words with heavenly com-fort fraught
2. Sometimes mid scenes of deep - est gloom, Sometimes where E-den's bow - ers bloom,
3. Lord, I would place my hand in Thine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine;
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic - tory's won,



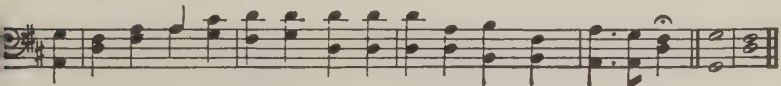
What - e'er I do, wher - e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.
By wa - ters still, o'er trou - bled sea, Still 'tis His hand that lead - eth me.
Con - tent, what - ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead - eth me.
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead - eth me.



He lead - eth me, He lead - eth me, By His own hand He lead - eth me:



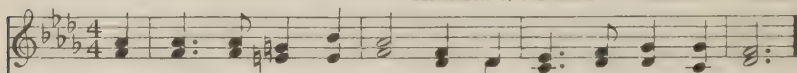
His faith - ful fol - lower I would be, For by His hand He lead - eth me. A - MEN.



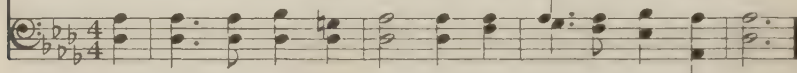
18 *Beneath the cross of Jesus*

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE

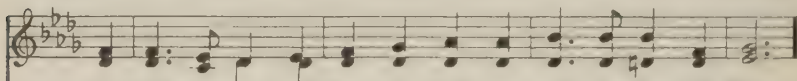
FREDERICK C. MAKER



1. Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,
2. O safe and hap - py shel - ter, O ref - uge tried and sweet,
3. Up - on that cross of Je - sus, Mine eye at times can see
4. I take, O cross, thy shad - ow For my a - bid - ing place;



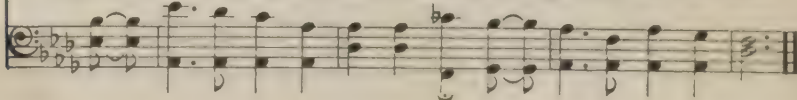
The shad - ow of a might - y rock With - in a wea - ry land,
O tryst - ing - place where heav - en's love And heav - en's jus - tice meet!
The ver - y dy - ing form of One Who suf - fered there for me;
I ask no oth - er sun - shine than The sun - shine of His face;



A home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way,
As to the ho - ly pa - tri - arch That wondrous dream was giv'n,
And from my smit - ten heart, with tears Two won - ders I con - fess:
Con - tent to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss,



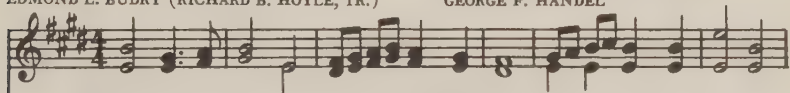
From the burn - ing of the noon - tide heat, And the bur - den of the day.
So seems my Sav - ior's cross to me, A lad - der up to heav'n.
The won - ders of His glo - rious love, And my own worth - less - ness.
My sin - ful self my on - ly shame, My glo - ry all the cross!



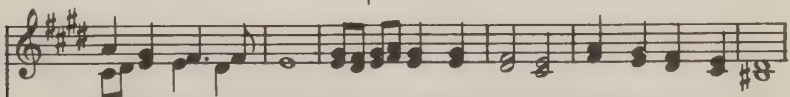
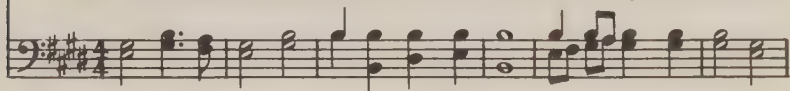
Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son 19

EDMOND L. BUDRY (RICHARD B. HOYLE, TR.)

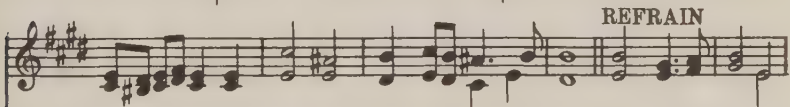
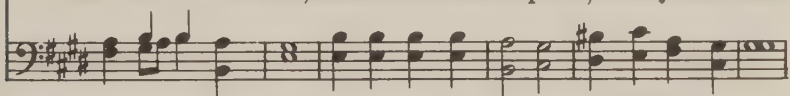
GEORGE F. HANDEL



1. Thine be the glo-ry, ris-en, con-qu'ring Son, End-less is the vic-t'ry
2. Lo! Je-sus meets us, ris-en from the tomb; Lov-ing-ly He greets us,
3. No more we doubt Thee, glo-rious Prince of life; Life is nought with-out Thee:

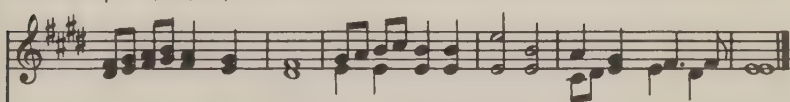


Thou o'er death hast won; An-gels in bright rai-ment rolled the stone a-way,
scat-ters fear and gloom; Let the Church with glad-ness, hymns of triumph sing,
aid us in our strife; Make us more than con-qu'rors, thro' Thy death-less love:



REFRAIN

Kept the fold-ed grave-clothes, where Thy bod-y lay.
For her Lord now liv-eth, death hath lost its sting. Thine be the glo-ry,
Bring us safe thro' Jor-dan to Thy home a - bove.



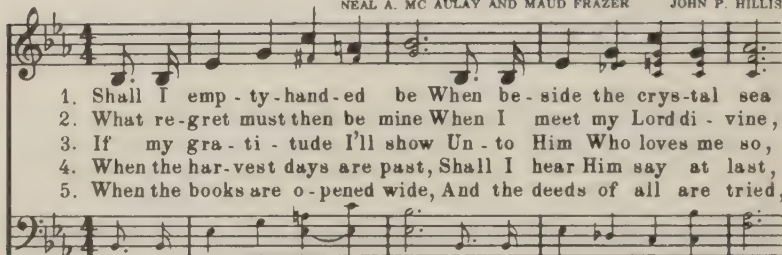
ris - en, con-qu'ring Son, End-less is the vic-t'ry Thou o'er death hast won.



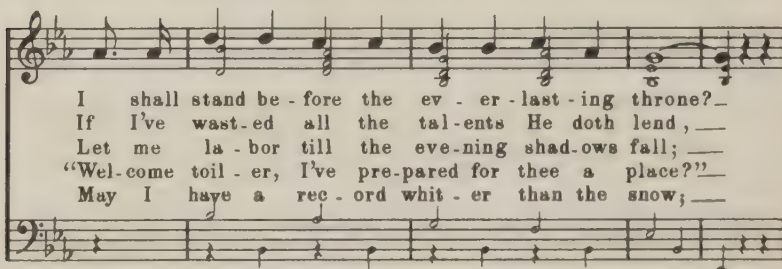
20 Shall I empty-handed be

NEAL A. MC AULAY AND MAUD FRAZER

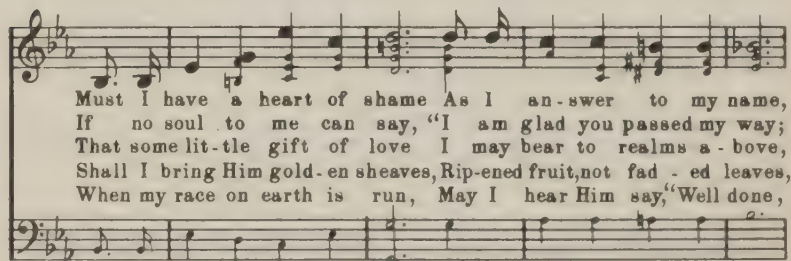
JOHN P. HILLIS



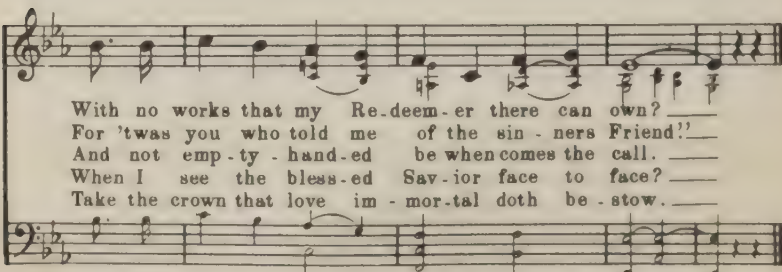
1. Shall I emp - ty - hand - ed be When be - side the crys - tal sea
 2. What re - gret must then be mine When I meet my Lord di - vine,
 3. If my gra - ti - tude I'll show Un - to Him Who loves me so,
 4. When the har - vest days are past, Shall I hear Him say at last,
 5. When the books are o - pened wide, And the deeds of all are tried,



I shall stand be - fore the ev - er - last - ing throne?
 If I've wast - ed all the tal - ents He doth lend, —
 Let me la - bor till the eve - ning shad - ows fall; —
 "Wel - come toil - er, I've pre - pared for thee a place?" —
 May I have a rec - ord whit - er than the snow; —



Must I have a heart of shame As I an - swer to my name,
 If no soul to me can say, "I am glad you passed my way;
 That some lit - tle gift of love I may bear to realms a - bove,
 Shall I bring Him gold - en sheaves, Rip - ened fruit, not fad - ed leaves,
 When my race on earth is run, May I hear Him say, "Well done,

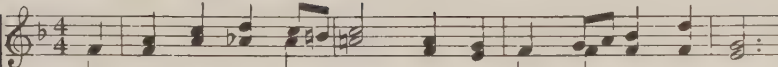


With no works that my Re - deem - er there can own?
 For 'twas you who told me of the sin - ners Friend!'
 And not emp - ty - hand - ed be when comes the call. —
 When I see the bless - ed Sav - ior face to face? —
 Take the crown that love im - mor - tal doth be - stow. —

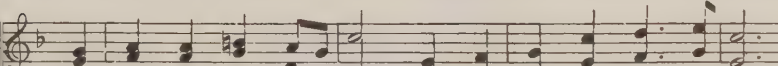
O Jesus, I have promised 21

JOHN E. BODE

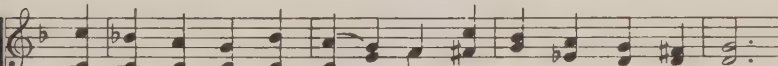
JAMES W. ELLIOTT



1. O Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end;
 2. Oh! let me feel Thee near me; The world is ev - er near;
 3. O Je - sus, Thou hast prom - ised To all who fol - low Thee,



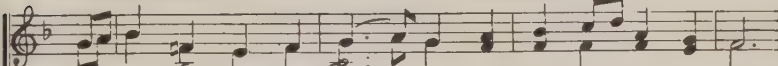
Be Thou for - ev - er near me, My Mas - ter and my Friend!
 I see the sights that daz - zle, The tempt - ing sounds I hear.
 That where Thou art in glo - ry There shall Thy ser - vant be;



I shall not fear the bat - tle, If Thou art by my side,
 My foes are ev - er near me, A - round me and with - in;
 And, Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end;

Voices in Unison

In Harmony



Nor wan - der from the path - way, If Thou wilt be my Guide.
 But, Je - sus, draw Thou near - er, And shield my soul from sin.
 Oh! give me grace to fol - low My Mas - ter and my Friend!

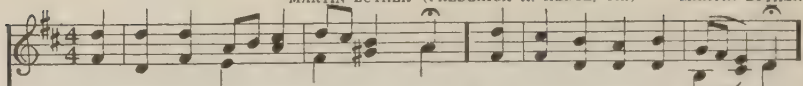
4. Oh! let me hear Thee speaking
 In accents clear and still,
 Above the storms of passion,
 The murmurs of self-will:

Oh! speak to re-assure me,
 To hasten or control;
 Oh! speak, and make me listen,
 Thou Guardian of my soul.

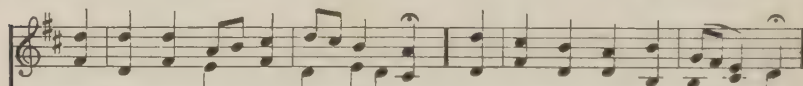
22 A mighty fortress is our God

MARTIN LUTHER (FREDERICK H. HEDGE, TR.)

MARTIN LUTHER



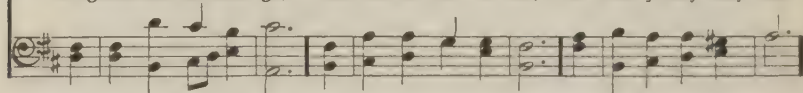
1. A might-y For-ress is our God, A Bul-wark nev-er fail-ing;
2. Did we in our own strength con-fide, Our striv-ing would be los-ing;
3. And though this world, with dev-ils filled, Should threat-en to un-do us;
4. That word a - bove all earth-ly powers, No thanks to them, a - bid - eth;



Our Help-er He a - mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre - vail - ing:
Were not the right Man on our side, The Man of God's own choos - ing:
We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to tri - umph through us:
The Spir - it and the gifts are ours Through Him who with us sid - eth:



For still our an-cient Foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and power are great,
Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je-sus, it is He; Lord Sab-a-oth His Name,
The Prince of Dark-ness grim, We trem-ble not for him; His rage we can en - dure,
Let goods and kin-dred go, This mor-tal life al - so; The bod-y they may kill:



And, armed with cru - el hate, On earth is not his e - qual.
From age to age the same, And He must win the bat - tle.
For lo! his doom is sure, One lit - tle word shall fell him.
God's truth a - bid - eth still, His King-dom is for - ev - er. A-MEN.

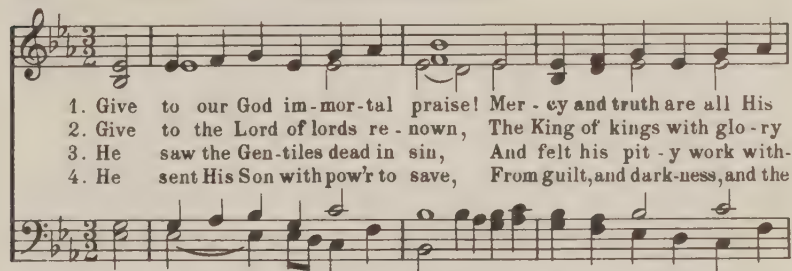


Give to our God immortal praise

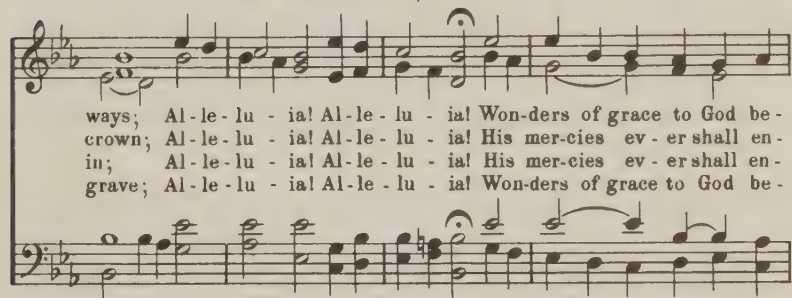
23

PSALM 136 (ISAAC WATTS, TR.)

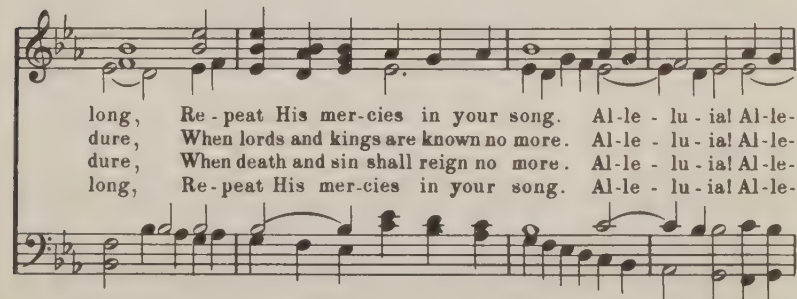
GEISTLICHE KIRCHENGESANG



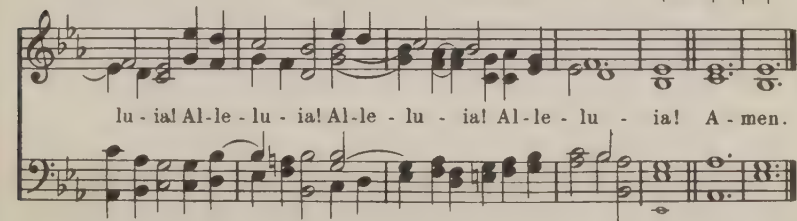
1. Give to our God im-mor-tal praise! Mer-cy and truth are all His
 2. Give to the Lord of lords re-noun, The King of kings with glo-ry
 3. He saw the Gen-tiles dead in sin, And felt his pit-y work with-
 4. He sent His Son with pow'r to save, From guilt, and dark-ness, and the



ways; Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Won-ders of grace to God be-
 crown; Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! His mer-cies ev-er shall en-
 in; Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! His mer-cies ev-er shall en-
 grave; Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Won-ders of grace to God be-



long, Re-peat His mer-cies in your song. Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-
 dure, When lords and kings are known no more. Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-
 dure, When death and sin shall reign no more. Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-
 long, Re-peat His mer-cies in your song. Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-

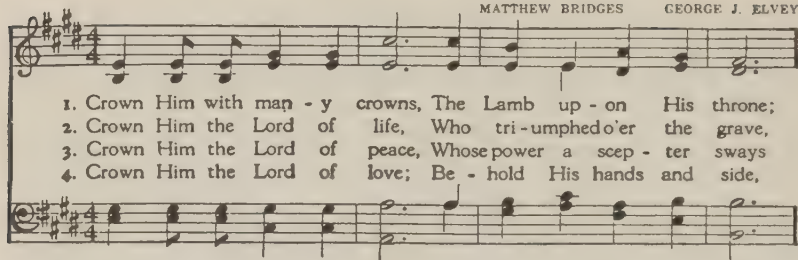


lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! A-men.

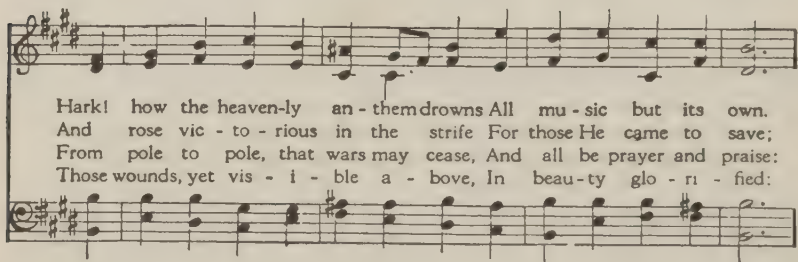
24 Crown Him with many crowns

MATTHEW BRIDGES

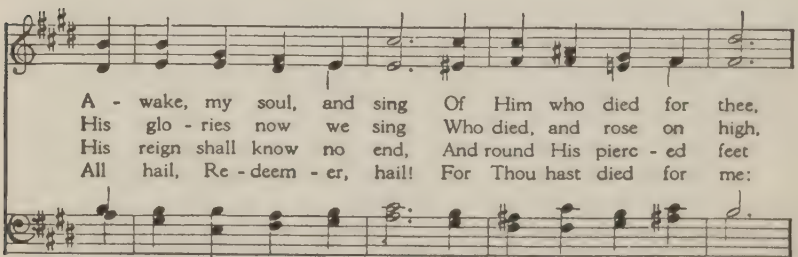
GEORGE J. ELVEY



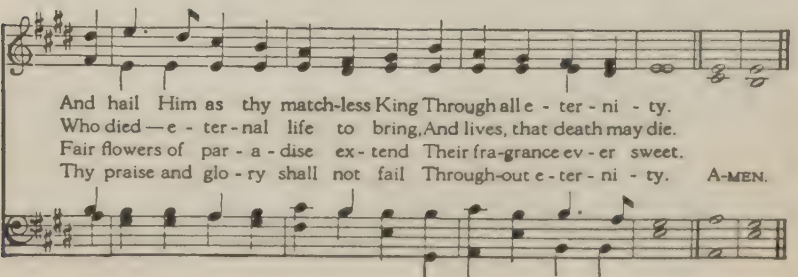
1. Crown Him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
 2. Crown Him the Lord of life, Who tri - umphed o'er the grave,
 3. Crown Him the Lord of peace, Whose power a scep - ter sways
 4. Crown Him the Lord of love; Be - hold His hands and side,



Hark! how the heaven-ly an - themdrowns All mu - sic but its own.
 And rose vic - to - rious in the strife For those He came to save;
 From pole to pole, that wars may cease, And all be prayer and praise:
 Those wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, In beau - ty glo - ri - fied:



A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee,
 His glo - ries now we sing Who died, and rose on high,
 His reign shall know no end, And round His pierc - ed feet
 All hail, Re - deem - er, hail! For Thou hast died for me:



And hail Him as thy match-less King Through all e - ter - ni - ty.
 Who died — e - ter - nal life to bring, And lives, that death may die.
 Fair flowers of par - a - dise ex - tend Their fra-grance ev - er sweet.
 Thy praise and glo - ry shall not fail Through-out e - ter - ni - ty. A-MEN.

CHARLES WESLEY

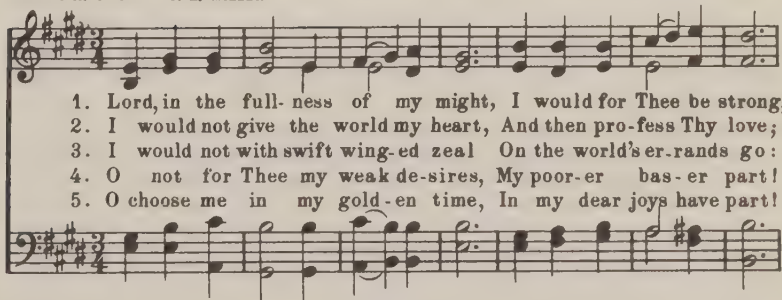
TUNE OF HYMN 24

1. Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son:
Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power:
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.
2. Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.
That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.
3. From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day:
Still let the Spirit cry,
In all His soldiers, "Come,"
Till Christ the Lord descend from high,
And take the conquerors home.

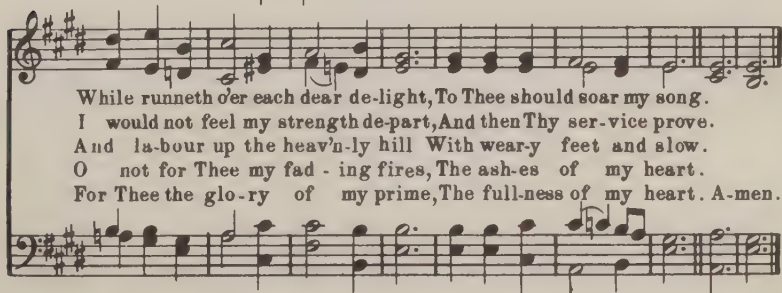
Lord, in the fulness of my might 26

THOMAS H. GILL

C. E. MILLER



1. Lord, in the full-ness of my might, I would for Thee be strong;
2. I would not give the world my heart, And then pro-fess Thy love;
3. I would not with swift wing-ed zeal On the world's er-rands go:
4. O not for Thee my weak de-sires, My poor-er bas-er part!
5. O choose me in my gold-en time, In my dear joys have part!

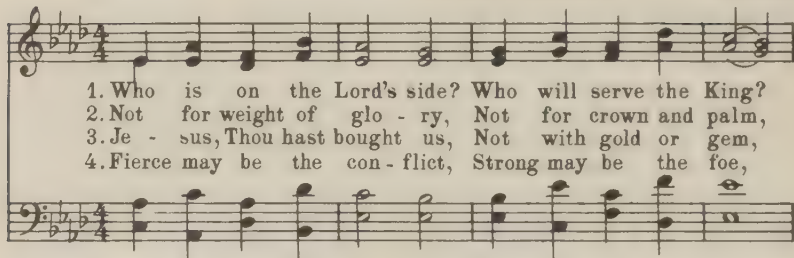


While runneth o'er each dear de-light, To Thee should soar my song.
I would not feel my strength de-part, And then Thy ser-vice prove.
And la-bour up the heav'n-ly hill With weary feet and slow.
O not for Thee my fad-ing fires, The ash-es of my heart.
For Thee the glo-ry of my prime, The full-ness of my heart. A-men.

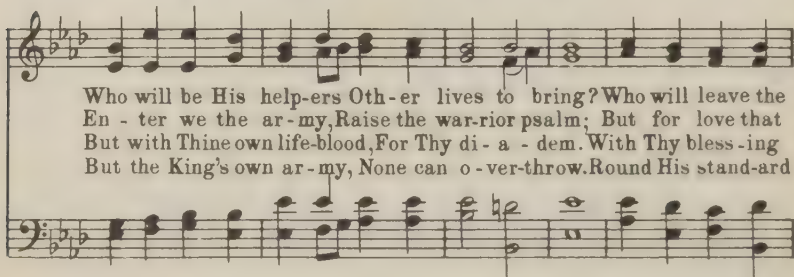
27 Who is on the Lord's side?

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL

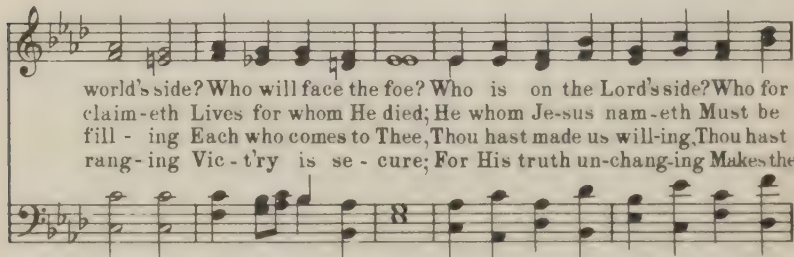
C. ROBERTS



1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King?
 2. Not for weight of glo - ry, Not for crown and palm,
 3. Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem,
 4. Fierce may be the con - flict, Strong may be the foe,



Who will be His help - ers Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the
 En - ter we the ar - my, Raise the war - rior psalm; But for love that
 But with Thine own life - blood, For Thy di - a - dem. With Thy bless - ing
 But the King's own ar - my, None can o - ver - throw. Round His stand - ard



world's side? Who will face the foe? Who is on the Lord's side? Who for
 claim - eth Lives for whom He died; He whom Je - sus nam - eth Must be
 fill - ing Each who comes to Thee, Thou hast made us will - ing, Thou hast
 rang - ing Vic - t'ry is se - cure; For His truth un - chang - ing Makes the



Him will go? By Thy call of mer - cy, By Thy grace di -
 on His side. By Thy love con - strain - ing, By Thy grace di -
 made us free. By Thy grand re - demp - tion, By Thy grace di -
 tri - umph sure. Joy - ful - ly en - list - ing By Thy grace di -

By Thy call of mer - cy

By Thy

vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav-iour, we are Thine.

grace di-vine

The strife is o'er, the battle done 28

NON (FRANCIS POTT, TR.)

GIOVANNI P. DAPALESTRINA

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! 1. The strife is
2. The pow'rs of
3. The three sad
4. Lord, by the

Org. ↑

o'er, the bat - tle done; The vic - to - ry of life is won;
death have done their worst, But Christ their le - gions hath dis - persed;
days have quick - ly sped; He ris - es glo - rious from the dead:
stripes which wound-ed Thee, From death's dread sting Thy ser - vants free,

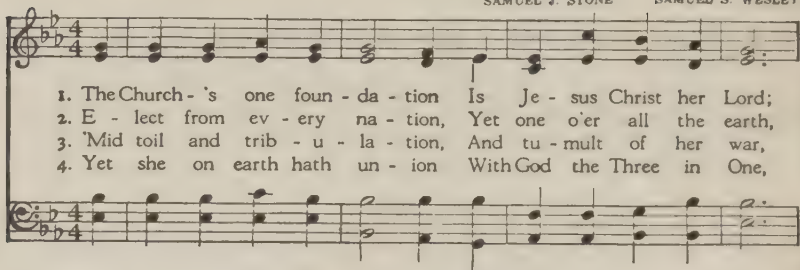
D.S.

The song of tri - umph has be - gun. Al - le - lu - ia!
Let shouts of ho - ly joy out - burst. Al - le - lu - ia!
All glo - ry to our ris - en Head! Al - le - lu - ia!
That we may live and sing to Thee. Al - le - lu - ia! A - MEN.

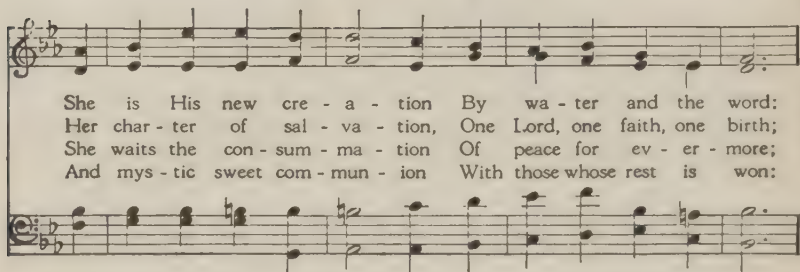
29 The Church's one foundation

SAMUEL J. STONE

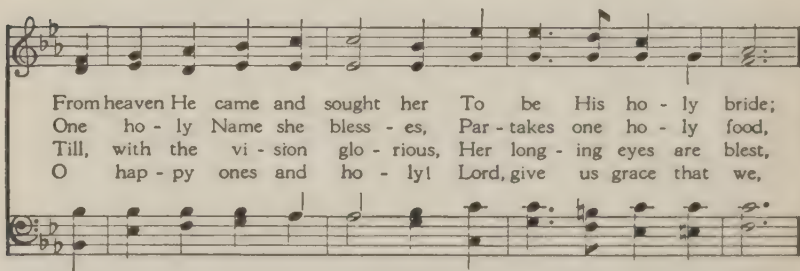
SAMUEL S. WESLEY



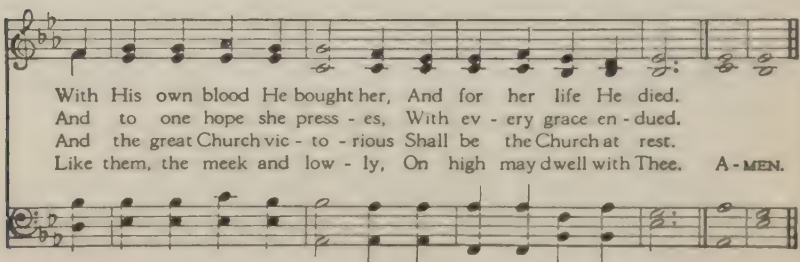
1. The Church - 's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
 2. E - lect from ev - ery na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,
 3. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And tu - mult of her war,
 4. Yet she on earth hath un - ion With God the Three in One,



She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word:
 Her char - ter of sal - va - tion, One Lord, one faith, one birth;
 She waits the con - sum - ma - tion Of peace for ev - er - more;
 And mys - tic sweet com - mun - ion With those whose rest is won:



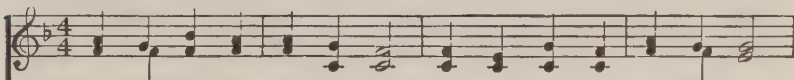
From heaven He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride;
 One ho - ly Name she bless - es, Par - takes one ho - ly food,
 Till, with the vi - sion glo - rious, Her long - ing eyes are blest,
 O hap - py ones and ho - ly! Lord, give us grace that we,



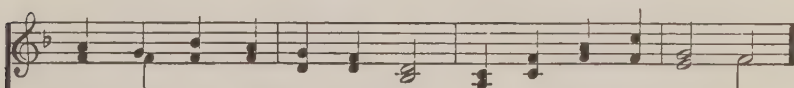
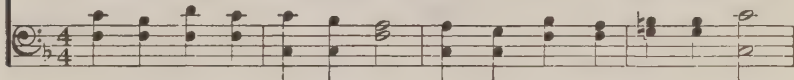
With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
 And to one hope she press - es, With ev - ery grace en - dued.
 And the great Church vic - to - rious Shall be the Church at rest.
 Like them, the meek and low - ly, On high may dwell with Thee. A - MEN.

OSWALD J. SMITH

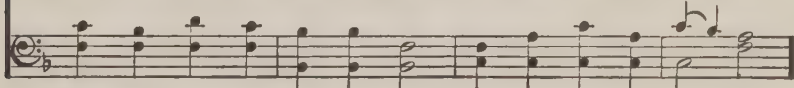
DANIEL B. TOWNER



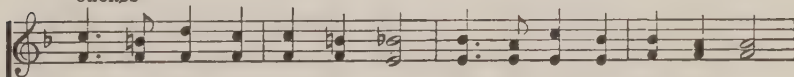
1. For sal - va - tion full and free, Pur - chased once on Cal - va - ry,
2. He my Guide from day to day, As I jour - ney on life's way;
3. May my Mod - el ev - er be Christ the Lord, and none save He,
4. He shall reign from shore to shore; His the glo - ry ev - er - more—



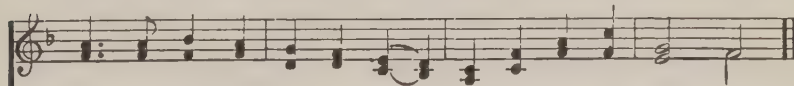
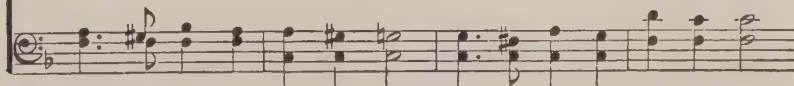
Christ a - lone shall be my plea— Je - sus! Je - sus on - ly.
 Close be - side Him let me stay— Je - sus! Je - sus on - ly.
 That the world may see in me— Je - sus! Je - sus on - ly.
 Heav'n and earth shall bow be - fore— Je - sus! Je - sus on - ly.



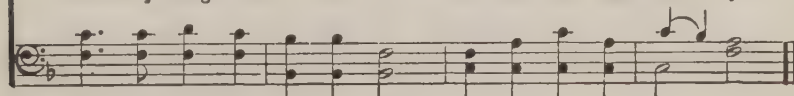
CHORDS

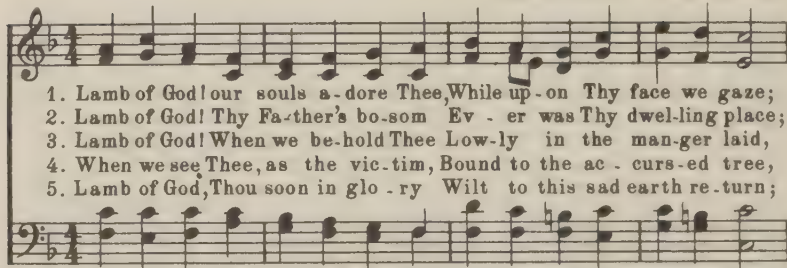


Je - sus on - ly, let me see, Je - sus on - ly, none save He,

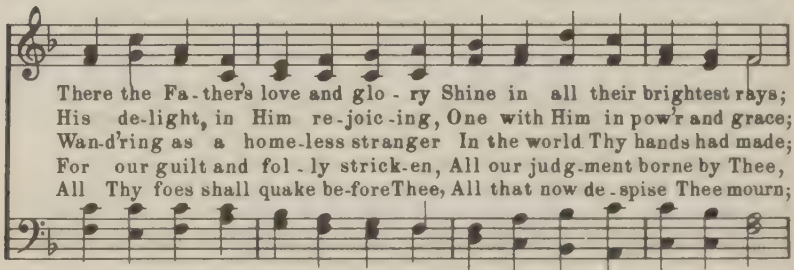


Then my song shall ev - er be— Je - sus! Je - sus on - ly!

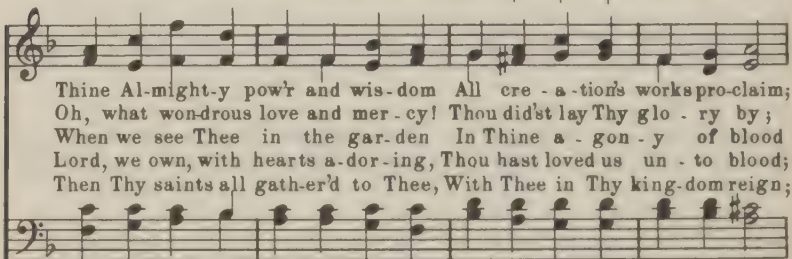




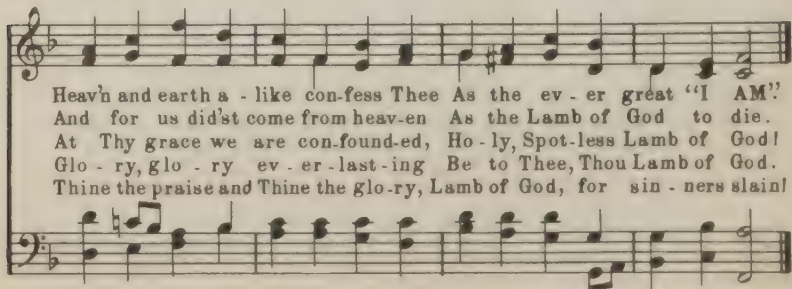
1. Lamb of God! our souls a-dore Thee, While up-on Thy face we gaze;
 2. Lamb of God! Thy Fa-ther's bo-som Ev-er was Thy dwell-ing place;
 3. Lamb of God! When we be-hold Thee Low-ly in the man-ger laid,
 4. When we see Thee, as the vic-tim, Bound to the ac-curs-ed tree,
 5. Lamb of God, Thou soon in glo-ry Wilt to this sad earth re-turn;



There the Fa-ther's love and glo-ry Shine in all their brightest rays;
 His de-light, in Him re-joic-ing, One with Him in pow'r and grace;
 Wan-d'ring as a home-less stranger In the world Thy hands had made;
 For our guilt and fol-ly strick-en, All our judg-ment borne by Thee,
 All Thy foes shall quake be-fore Thee, All that now de-spise Thee mourn;



Thine Al-might-y pow'r and wis-dom All cre-a-tion's works pro-claim;
 Oh, what won-drous love and mer-cy! Thou did'st lay Thy glo-ry by;
 When we see Thee in the gar-den In Thine a-gon-y of blood
 Lord, we own, with hearts a-dor-ing, Thou hast loved us un-to blood;
 Then Thy saints all gath-er'd to Thee, With Thee in Thy king-dom reign;

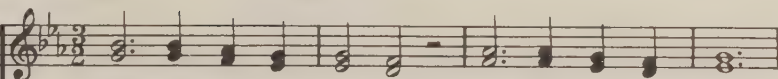


Heav'n and earth a-like con-fess Thee As the ev-er great "I AM".
 And for us did'st come from heav-en As the Lamb of God to die.
 At Thy grace we are con-found-ed, Ho-ly, Spot-less Lamb of God!
 Glo-ry, glo-ry ev-er-last-ing Be to Thee, Thou Lamb of God.
 Thine the praise and Thine the glo-ry, Lamb of God, for sin-ners slain!

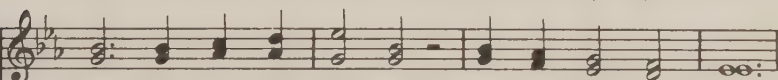
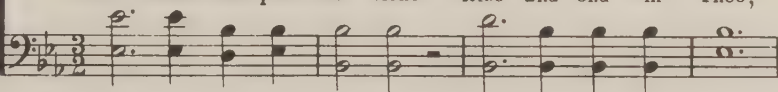
Jesus, wond'rous Saviour! 32

D. A. MC GREGOR

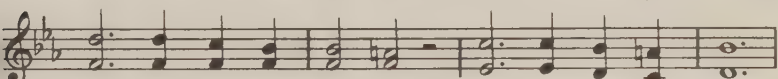
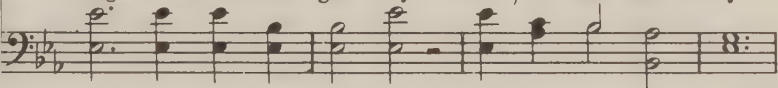
THOMAS HASTINGS



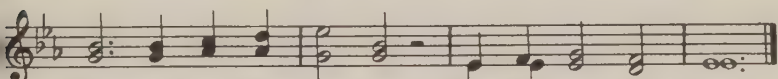
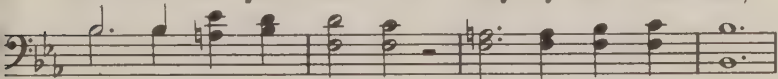
1. Je - sus, won-d'rous Sav-iour!	Christ, of kings the King!
2. All earth's flow-ing pleas-ures	Were a win-try sea,
3. Life is death, if sev-ered	From Thy throb-bing heart.
4. Je - sus! all per-fec-tions	Rise and end in Thee;



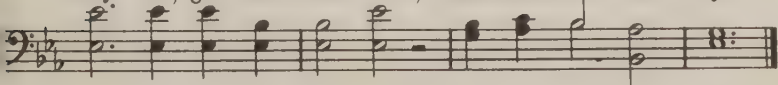
An - gels fall be - fore Thee,	Pros-trate, wor-ship-ping;
Heav'n it - self with-out Thee	Dark as night would be.
Death with life a - bund - ant	At Thy touch would start.
Bright-ness of God's glo - ry	Thou, e - ter - nal - ly.



Fair - est they con-fess Thee	In the Heav'n a - bove.
Lamb of God! Thy glo - ry	Is the light a - bove.
Worlds and men and an - gels	All con-sist in Thee:
Fav - our'd be - yond meas - ure	They Thy face who see;



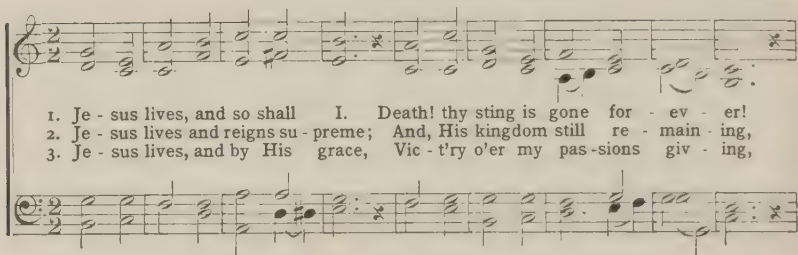
We would sing Thee fair - est	Here in hymns of love;
Lamb of God! Thy glo - ry	Is the life of love.
Yet Thou cam-est to us	In hu - mil - i - ty.
May we, gra-cious Sav - iour,	Share this ec - sta - sy.



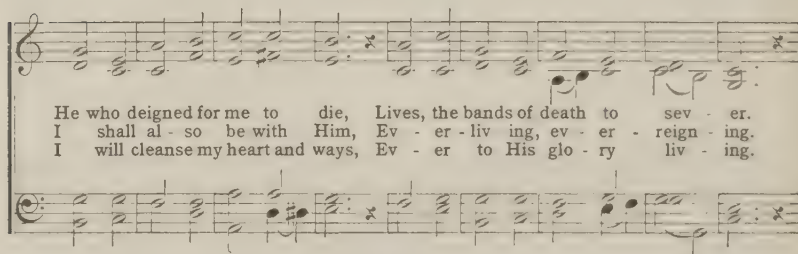
33 Jesus lives, and so shall I

CHRISTIAN F. GELLERT

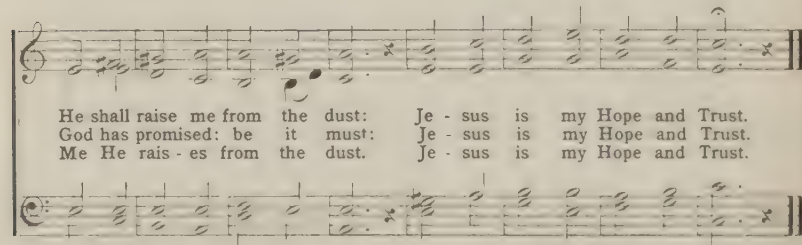
JOHANN CRUEGER



1. Je - sus lives, and so shall I. Death! thy sting is gone for - ev - er!
 2. Je - sus lives and reigns su - preme; And, His kingdom still re - main - ing,
 3. Je - sus lives, and by His grace, Vic - t'ry o'er my pas - sions giv - ing,



He who deigned for me to die, Lives, the bands of death to sev - er.
 I shall al - so be with Him, Ev - er - liv ing, ev - er - reign - ing.
 I will cleanse my heart and ways, Ev - er to His glo - ry liv - ing.



He shall raise me from the dust: Je - sus is my Hope and Trust.
 God has promised: be it must: Je - sus is my Hope and Trust.
 Me He rais - es from the dust. Je - sus is my Hope and Trust.

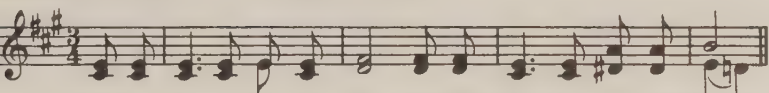
4 Jesus lives! I know full well
 Nought from Him my heart can
 sever,
 Life nor death nor powers of hell,
 Joy nor grief, henceforth forever.
 None of all His saints is lost;
 Jesus is my Hope and Trust.

5 Jesus lives and death is now
 But my entrance into glory.
 Courage, then, my soul, for thou
 Hast a crown of life before thee;
 Thou shalt find thy hopes were just;
 Jesus is the Christian's Trust.

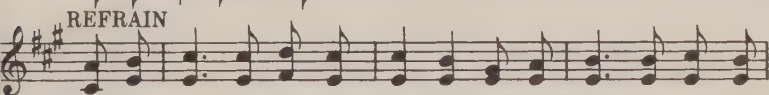
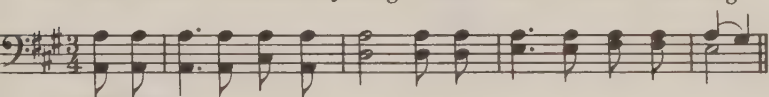
Who is He in yonder stall? 34

ENJAMIN R. HANBY

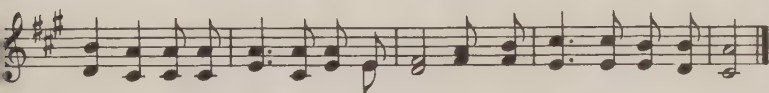
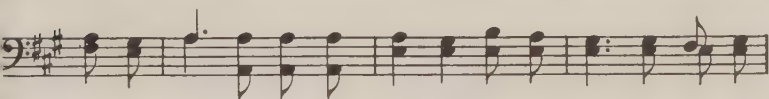
BENJAMIN R. HANBY



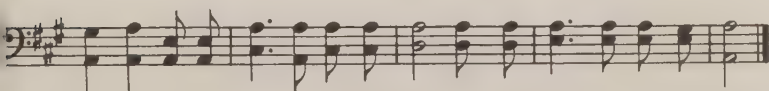
1. Who is He in yon-der stall, At whose feet the shep-herds fall?
2. Who is He in deep dis-tress Fast-ing in the wil-der-ness?
3. Who is He the peo-ple bless For His words of gen-tle-ness?
4. Who is He to whom they bring All the sick and sor-row-ing?



'Tis the Lord! oh won-drous sto-ry! 'Tis the Lord! the King of



glo-ry! At His feet we hum-bly fall Crown Him! crown Him, Lord of all!



5 Who is He that stands and weeps
At the grave where Lazarus sleeps?

8 Who is He on yonder tree
Dies in grief and agony?

6 Who is He the gathering throng
Greet with loud triumphant song?

9 Who is He who from the grave
Comes to succour, help, and save?

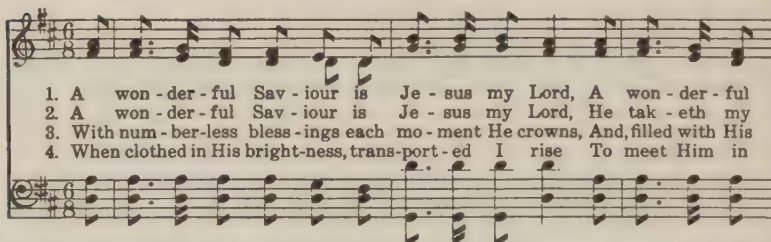
7 Lo! at midnight, who is He
Prays in dark Gethsemane?

10 Who is He who from His throne
Rules through all the worlds alone?

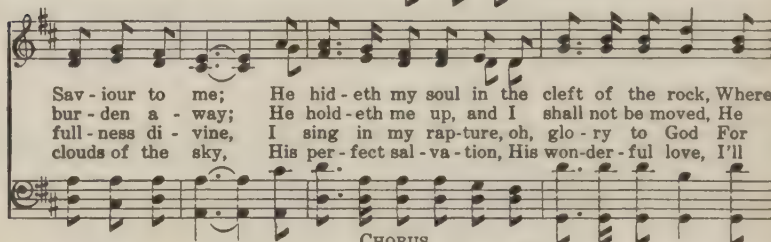
35 A wonderful Saviour is Jesus my Lord

FANNY J. CROSBY

WILLIAM J. KIRKPATRICK

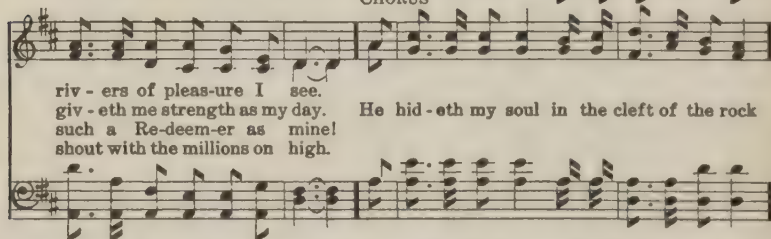


1. A won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus my Lord, A won - der - ful
 2. A won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus my Lord, He tak - eth my
 3. With num - ber - less bless - ings each mo - ment He crowns, And, filled with His
 4. When clothed in His bright - ness, trans - port - ed I rise To meet Him in

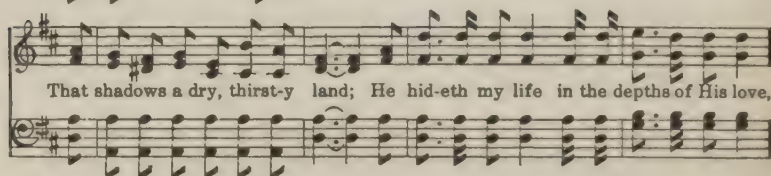


Sav - iour to me; He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, Where
 bur - den a - way; He hold - eth me up, and I shall not be moved, He
 full - ness di - vine, I sing in my rap - ture, oh, glo - ry to God For
 clouds of the sky, His per - fect sal - va - tion, His won - der - ful love, I'll

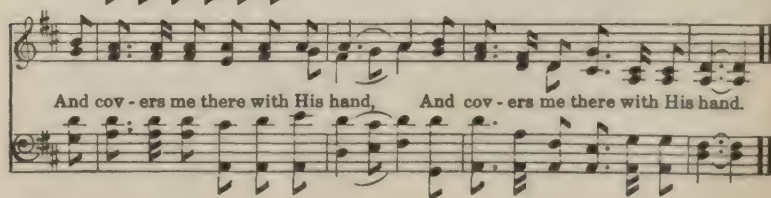
CHORUS



riv - ers of pleas - ure I see. He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock
 giv - eth me strength as my day. such a Re - deem - er as mine!
 shout with the millions on high.



That shadows a dry, thirst - y land; He hid - eth my life in the depths of His love,

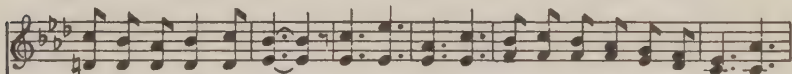
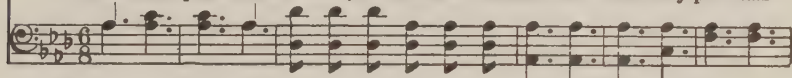


And cov - ers me there with His hand, And cov - ers me there with His hand.

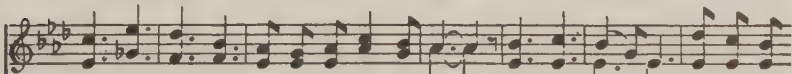
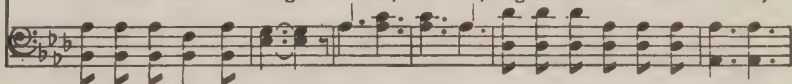
FANNY J. CROSBY CHESTER G. ALLEN



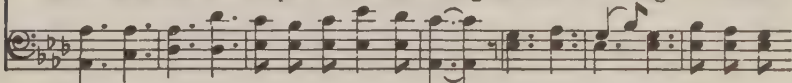
1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Sing, O Earth, His
2. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! For our sins He
3. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Heavenly por-tals



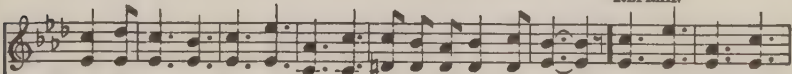
won-der-ful love pro-claim! Hail Him! hail Him! highest archangels in glo-ry;
suffered, and bled and died; He our Rock, our hope of e-ter-nal sal-va-tion,
loud with ho-san-nas ring! Je-sus, Sav-iour, reigneth for-ev-er and ev-er;



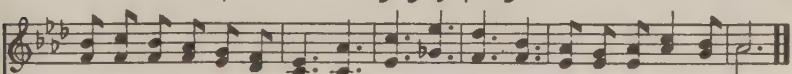
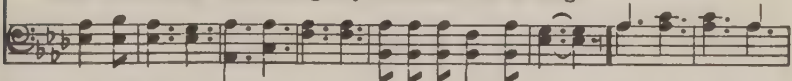
Strength and hon-or give to His ho-ly name! Like a shep-herd Je-sus will
Hail Him! hail Him! Je-sus the Cru-ci-fied. Sound His prais-es! Je-sus who
Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet and Priest and King! Christ is com-ing! o-ver the



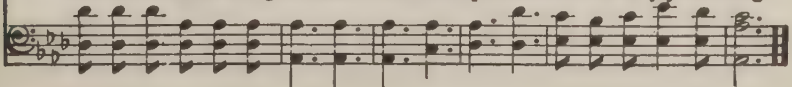
REFRAIN



guard His children, In His arms He carries them all day long:
bore our sor-rows; Love unbounded, wonderful, deep and strong: Praise Him! praise Him!
world vic-to-rious, Power and glo-ry un-to the Lord be-long:



tell of His ex-cel-lent greatness; Praise Him! praise Him! ever in joy-ful song!

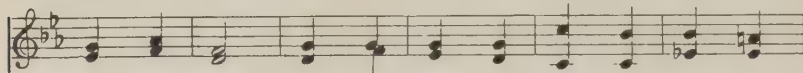


37 Praise, my soul, the King of heaven

HENRY F. LYTE JOHN GOSS



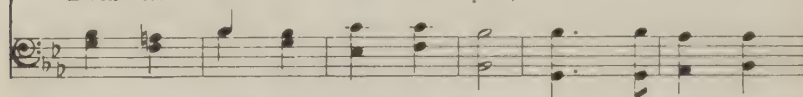
1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en, To His feet thy
2. Praise Him for His grace and fa - vor To our fa - thers
3. Fa - ther - like, He tends and spares us, Well our fee - ble
4. An - gels, help us to a - dore Him; Ye be - hold Him



trib - ute bring; Ran - somed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en,
in dis - tress; Praise Him, still the same for ev - er,
frame He knows; In His hands He gen - tly bears us,
face to face; Sun and moon, bow down be - fore Him,



Who, like me, His praise should sing? Al - le - lu - ia!
Slow to chide, and swift to bless; Al - le - lu - ia!
Res - cues us from all our foes; Al - le - lu - ia!
Dwell - ers all in time and space, Al - le - lu - ia!



Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King!
Al - le - lu - ia! Glo - rious in His faith - ful - ness!
Al - le - lu - ia! Wide - ly as His mer - cy flows!
Al - le - lu - ia! Praise with us the God of grace! A-MEN.



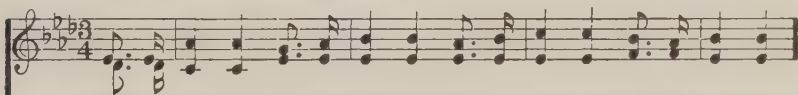
Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious 38

THOMAS KELLY TUNE OF HYMN 37

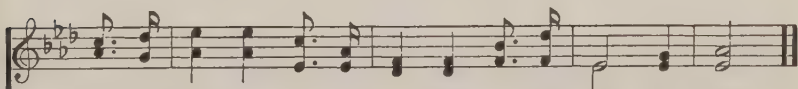
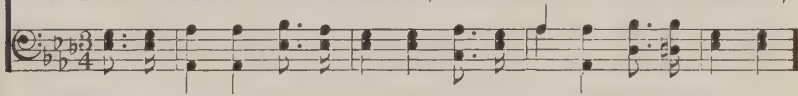
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious
 See the "Man of Sorrows" now
 From the fight return victorious:
 Every knee to Him shall bow!
 Crown Him! crown Him!
 Crowns become the Victor's brow.</p> <p>2. Crown the Saviour! angels, crown Him!
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
 In the seat of power enthrone Him,
 While the vault of heaven rings!
 Crown Him! crown Him!
 Crown the Saviour "King of kings."</p> | <p>3. Sinners in derision crowned Him,
 Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
 Saints and angels crowd around Him,
 Own His title, praise His Name.
 Crown Him! crown Him!
 Spread abroad the Victor's fame.</p> <p>4. Hark, the bursts of acclamation!
 Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
 Jesus takes the highest station,
 Oh, what joy the sight affords!
 Crown Him! crown Him,
 "King of kings, and Lord of lords!"</p> |
|--|---|

Praise the Saviour, ye who know Him! 39

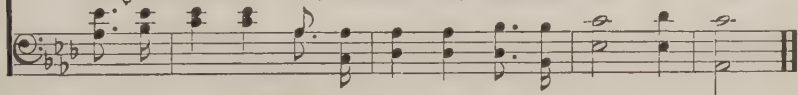
THOMAS KELLY TRADITIONAL GERMAN MELODY



1. Praise the Sav - ior. ye who know Him! Who can tell how much we owe Him?
 2. Je - sus is the name that charms us; He for con - flict fits and arms us;
 3. Trust in Him, ye saints, for - ev - er; He is faith - ful, changing nev - er;
 4. Keep us, Lord, O keep us cleav - ing To Thy-self and still be - liev - ing,
 5. Then we shall be where we would be, Then we shall be what we should be;

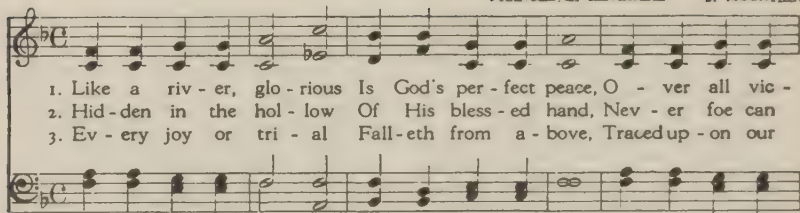


Glad - ly let us ren - der to Him All we are and have.
 Noth - ing moves and noth - ing harms us While we trust in Him.
 Nei - ther force nor guile can sev - er Those He loves from Him.
 Till the hour of our re - ceiv - ing Prom - ised joys with Thee.
 Things that are not now, nor could be, Soon shall be our own.

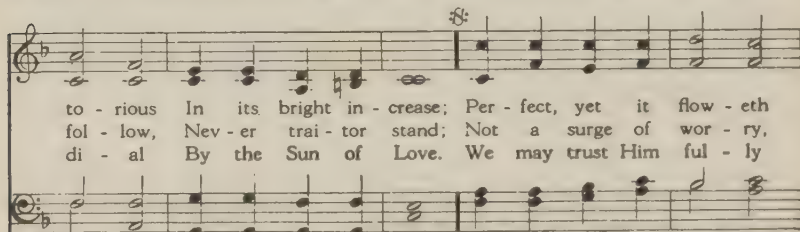


40 Like a river glorious

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL J. MOUNTAIN

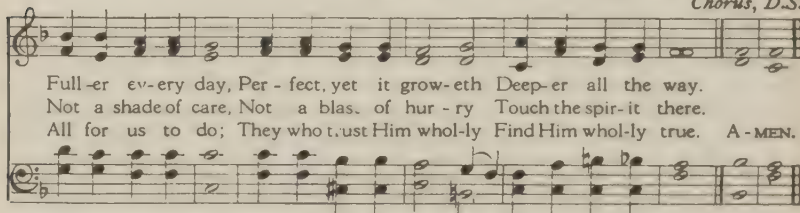


1. Like a riv - er, glo - rious Is God's per - fect peace, O - ver all vic -
2. Hid - den in the hol - low Of His bless - ed hand, Nev - er foe can
3. Ev - ery joy or tri - al Fall - eth from a - bove, Traced up - on our



to - rious In its bright in - crease; Per - fect, yet it flow - eth
fol - low, Nev - er trai - tor stand; Not a surge of wor - ry,
di - al By the Sun of Love. We may trust Him ful - ly

CHORUS — Stayed up - on Je - ho - vah,
Chorus, D.S.

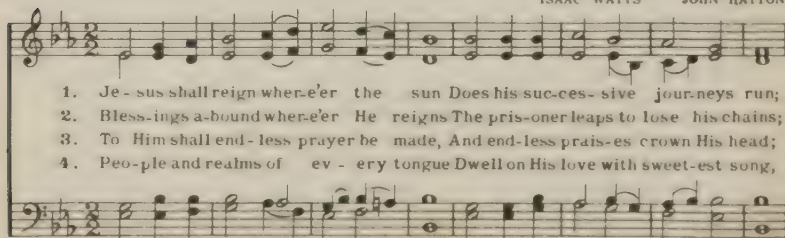


Full - er ev - ery day, Per - fect, yet it grow - eth Deep - er all the way.
Not a shade of care, Not a blas - of hur - ry Touch the spir - it there.
All for us to do; They who trust Him whol - ly Find Him whol - ly true. A - MEN.

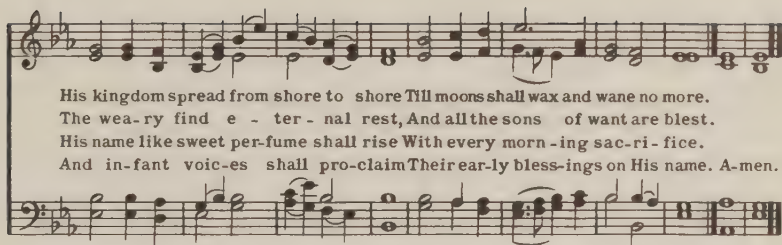
Hearts are ful - ly blest; Find - ing, as He prom - ised, Per - fect peace and rest.

41 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun

ISAAC WATTS JOHN HATTON



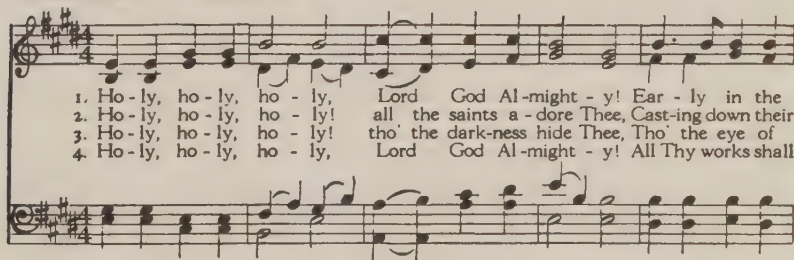
1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive jour - neys run;
2. Bless - ings a - bound wher - e'er He reigns The pris - oner leaps to lose his chains;
3. To Him shall end - less prayer be made, And end - less prais - es crown His head;
4. Peo - ple and realms of ev - ery tongue Dwell on His love with sweet - est song,



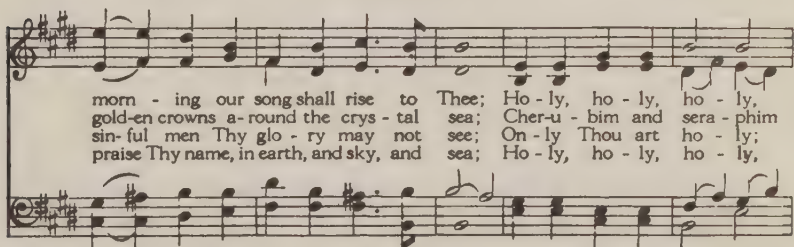
His kingdom spread from shore to shore Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
 The wea-ry find e - ter - nal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.
 His name like sweet per-fume shall rise With every morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
 And in-fant voic-es shall pro-claim Their ear-ly bless-ings on His name. A-men.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty 42

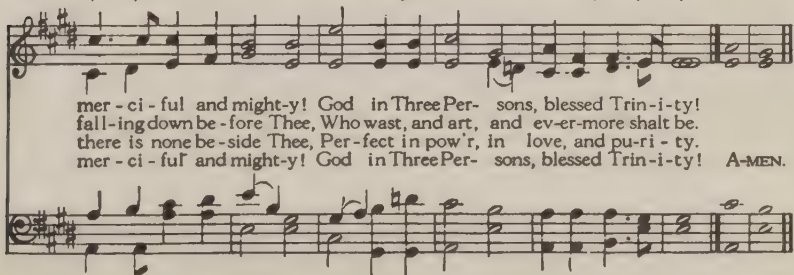
REGINALD HEBER JOHN B. DYKES



1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y! Ear - ly in the
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast-ing down their
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the dark-ness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
 4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y! All Thy works shall



morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
 gold-en crowns a-round the crys - tal sea; Cher-u - bim and sera - phim
 sin-ful men Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly;
 praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,



mer - ci - ful and might-y! God in Three Per- sons, blessed Trin-i-ty!
 fall-ing down be-fore Thee, Who wast, and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
 there is none be-side Thee, Per-fect in pow'r, in love, and pu-ri - ty.
 mer - ci - ful and might-y! God in Three Per- sons, blessed Trin-i-ty! A-MEN.

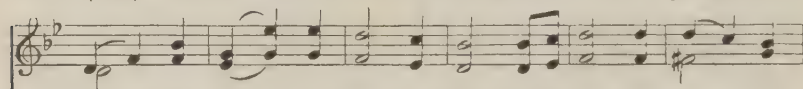
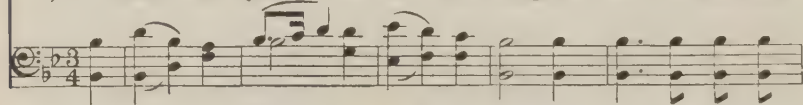
43 All hail the power of Jesus' name

EDWARD PERRONET

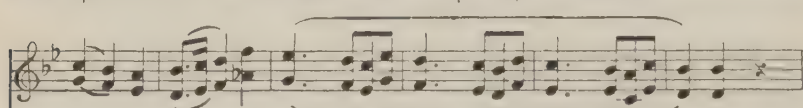
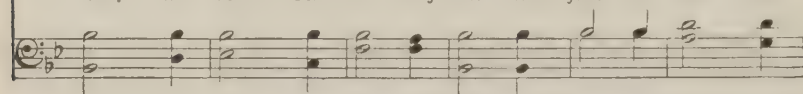
JAMES ELLOR



1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race; Ye ran - sored from the
3. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The worm - wood and the
4. Let ev - ery kin - dred, ev - ery tribe, On this ter - res - trial
5. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may



fall, Let an - gels pros - trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al
 fall, Ye ran - sored from the fall; Hail Him who saves you
 gall, The worm - wood and the gall; Go, spread your tro - phies
 ball, On this ter - res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es -
 fall, We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er -



di - a - dem, And crown Him,
 by His grace, And crown Him,
 at His feet, And crown Him,
 ty as - crite, And crown Him,
 last - ing song, And crown Him,

crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,



crown



crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all. A - MEN.



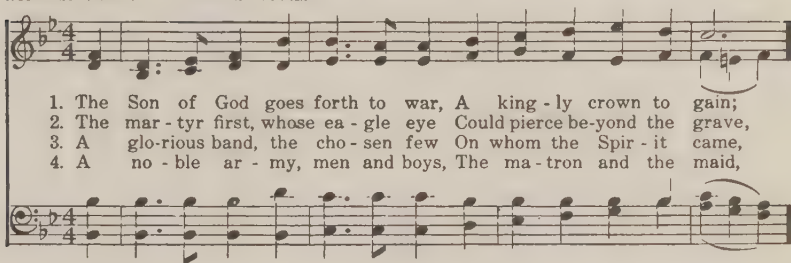
Him,

The Son of God goes forth to war

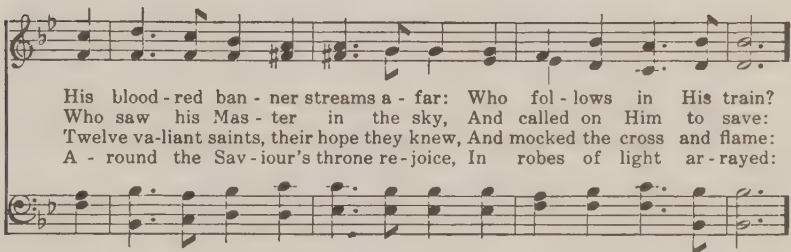
44

REGINALD HEBER

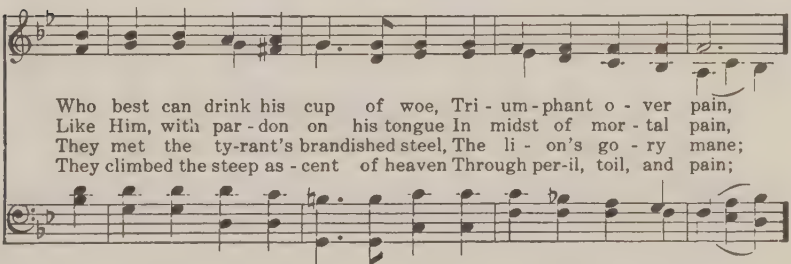
HENRY S. CUTLER



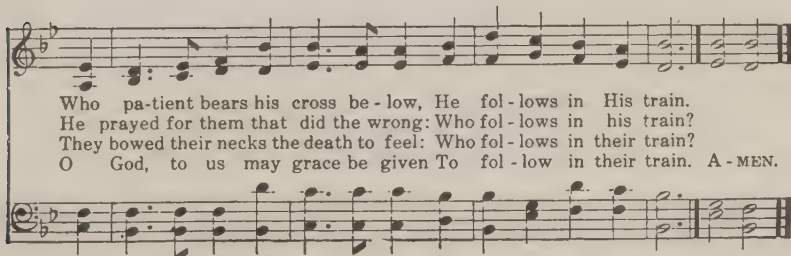
1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain;
 2. The mar-tyr first, whose ea-gle eye Could pierce be-yond the grave,
 3. A glo-rious band, the cho-sen few On whom the Spir-it came,
 4. A no-ble ar-my, men and boys, The ma-tron and the maid,



His blood-red ban-ner streams a-far: Who fol-lows in His train?
 Who saw his Mas-ter in the sky, And called on Him to save:
 Twelve va-liant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame:
 A-round the Sav-iour's throne re-joice, In robes of light ar-rayed:



Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-um-phant o-ver pain,
 Like Him, with par-don on his tongue In midst of mor-tal pain,
 They met the ty-rant's brandished steel, The li-on's go-ry mane;
 They climbed the steep as-cent of heaven Through per-il, toil, and pain;

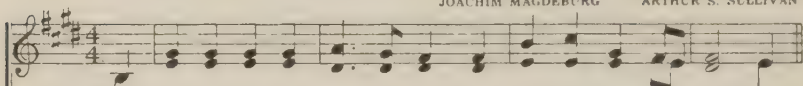


Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low, He fol-lows in His train.
 He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol-lows in his train?
 They bowed their necks the death to feel: Who fol-lows in their train?
 O God, to us may grace be given To fol-low in their train. A-MEN.

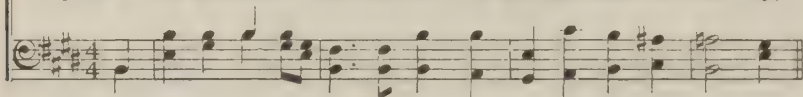
45 Who trusts in God, a strong abode

JOACHIM MAGDEBURG

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN



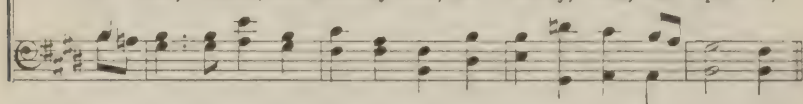
1. Who trusts in God, a strong a - bode In heaven and earth pos - sess - es;
2. Though sa-tan's wrath be - set our path, And world - ly scorn as - sail us,
3. In all the strife of mor - tal life Our feet shall stand se - cure - ly;



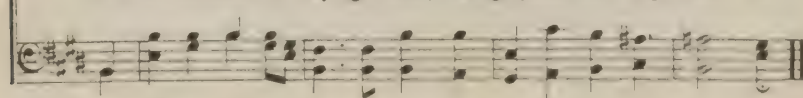
Who looks in love to Christ a - bove, No fear his heart op - press - es.
While Thou art near we will not fear, Thy strength shall nev - er fail us:
Temp - ta-tion's hour shall lose its power, For Thou shalt guard us sure - ly.



In Thee a-lone, dear Lord, we own Sweet hope and con - so - la - tion;
Thy rod and staff shall keep us safe, And guide our steps for ev - er;
O God, renew, with heavenly dew, Our bod - y, soul, and spir - it,



Our shield from foes, our balm for woes, Our great and sure sal - va - tion.
Nor shades of death, nor hell be-neath, Our souls from Thee shall sev - er.
Un - til we stand at Thy right hand, Through Jesus' sav - ing mer - it.



E. H. BICKERSTETH

TUNE OF HYMN 45

1. "For My sake and the Gospel's, go
And tell Redemption's story";
His heralds answer, "Be it so,
And Thine, Lord, all the glory!"
They preach His birth, His life,
His cross,
The love of His atonement,
For whom they count the world
but loss,
His Easter, His enthronement.

2. Hark, hark! the trump of Jubilee
Proclaims to ev'ry nation,
From pole to pole, by land and sea,
Glad tidings of salvation:
As nearer draws the day of doom,
While still the battle rages,
The heavenly Dayspring thro'
the gloom
Breaks on the night of ages.

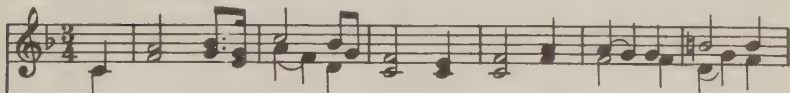
3. Still on and on the anthems spread
Of hallelujah voices,
In concert with the holy dead
The warrior church rejoices:
Their snow-white robes are washed
in blood,
Their golden harps are ringing;
Earth and the Paradise of God
One triumph song are singing.

4. He comes, whose advent trumpet
drowns
The last of Time's evangels,
Emmanuel crowned with many
crowns,
The Lord of saints and angels:
O Life, Light, Love, the great I AM,
Triune, who changest never,
The throne of God and of the Lamb
Is Thine, and Thine for ever!

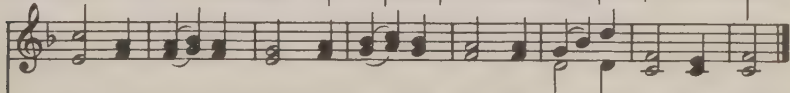
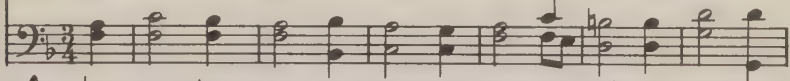
The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want

PSALM 23

DAVID GRANT



1. The Lord's my Shep-herd, I'll not want; He makes me down to
2. My soul He doth re-store a-gain; And me to walk doth
3. Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale, Yet will I fear no
4. My ta-ble Thou hast fur-nish-ed In pres-ence of my
5. Good-ness and mer-cy all my life Shall sure-ly fol-low

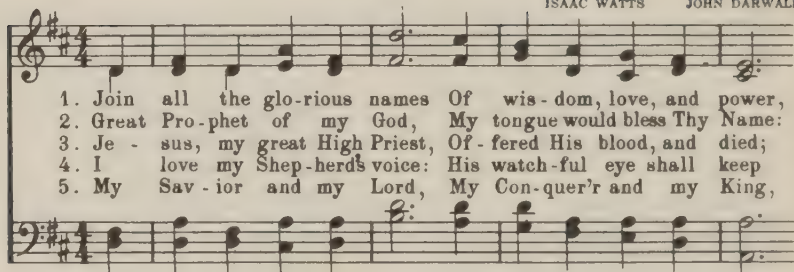


lie In pas-tures green; He lead-eth me The qui-et wa-ters by.
make With-in the paths of right-eous-ness, E'en for His own name's sake.
ill; For Thou art with me, and Thy rod And staff me com-fort still.
foes; My head Thou dost with oil a-noint, And my cup o-ver-flows.
me; And in God's house for-ev-er-more My dwell-ing place shall be.

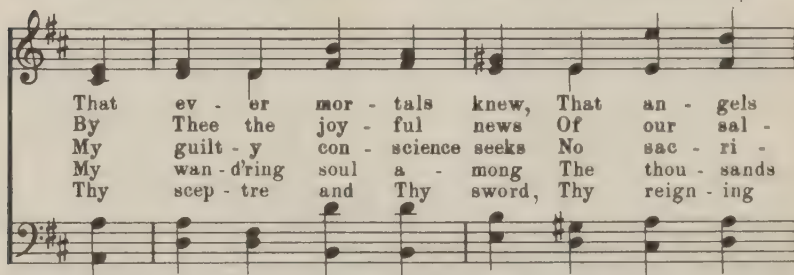


48 Join all the glorious names

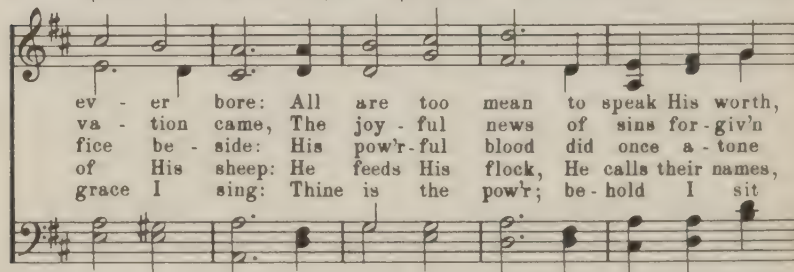
ISAAC WATTS JOHN DARWALL



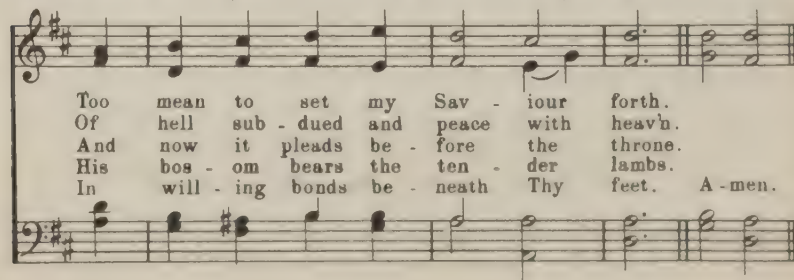
1. Join all the glo-rious names Of wis-dom, love, and power,
 2. Great Pro-phet of my God, My tongue would bless Thy Name:
 3. Je - sus, my great High Priest, Of-fered His blood, and died;
 4. I love my Shep-herd's voice: His watch-ful eye shall keep
 5. My Sav-ior and my Lord, My Con-quer'r and my King,



That ev - er mor - tals knew, That an - gels
 By Thee the joy - ful news Of our sal -
 My guilt - y con - science seeks No sac - ri -
 My wan-d'ring soul a - mong The thou - sands
 Thy scap - tre and Thy sword, Thy reign - ing



ev - er bore: All are too mean to speak His worth,
 va - tion came, The joy - ful news of sins for-giv'n
 fice be - side, His pow'r-ful blood did once a - tone
 of His sheep: He feeds His flock, He calls their names,
 grace I sing: Thine is the pow'r; be - hold I sit



Too mean to set my Sav - iour forth.
 Of hell sub - dued and peace with heav'n.
 And now it pleads be - fore the throne.
 His bos - om bears the ten - der lambs.
 In will - ing bonds be - neath Thy feet. A - men.

E. MARGARET CLARKSON

TUNE OF HYMN 48

1. We come, O Christ to Thee,
True Son of God and man,
By Whom all things consist,
In Whom all life began:
In Thee alone we live and move
And have our being in Thy love.
2. Thou art the Way to God,
Thy Blood our ransom paid;
In Thee we face our Judge
And Maker unafraid.
Before the Throne absolved we stand:
Thy love has met Thy Law's demand.
3. Thou art the living Truth!
All wisdom dwells in Thee,
Thou Source of every skill,
Eternal Verity!
Thou great I Am! In Thee we rest,
True answer to our every quest.
4. Thou only art true Life,
To know Thee is to live
The more abundant life
That earth can never give:
O Risen Lord! We live in Thee
And Thou in us eternally!
5. We worship Thee Lord Christ,
Our Saviour and our King,
To Thee our youth and strength
Adoringly we bring:
So fill our hearts that men may see
Thy life in us and turn to Thee!

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Jesus, how much Thy name unfolds

MARY BOWLEY PETERS

WILLIAM ARNOLD

1. Je - sus! how much Thy name un-folds To ev - 'ry o - pened ear! The
 2. Thy name en - cir - cles ev - 'ry grace That God as man could show; There
 3. Je - sus - it speaks a life of love, Of sor - rows meek - ly borne; It
 4. Je - sus - the One who knew no sin, Made sin to make us just; Thou
 5. The men - tion of Thy name shall bow Our hearts to wor - ship Thee; The

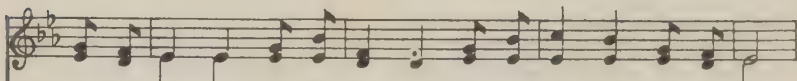
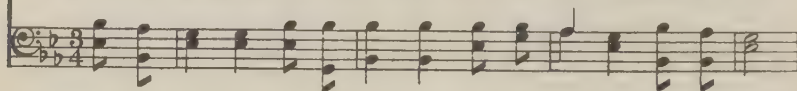
par - doned sin - ner's mem - ry holds None oth - er half so dear.
 on - ly could He ful - ly trace A life di - vine be - low.
 tells of sym - pa - thy a - bove - What - ev - er makes us mourn.
 gav'st Thy - self our love to win, Our full con - fid - ing trust.
 Chief - est of ten thou - sand Thou, Whose love has set us free.

51 Come, thou fount of every blessing

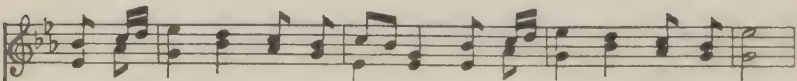
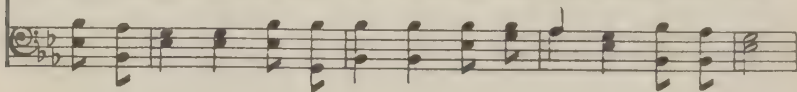
ROBERT ROBINSON JOHN WYETH



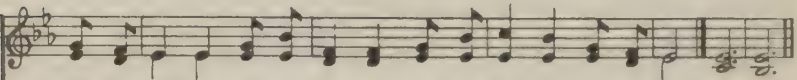
1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - ery bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Here I raise mine Eb - en - e - zer; Hith - er by Thy help I'm come;
3. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con - strained to be!



Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.
And I hope, by Thy good pleas - ure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home.
Let Thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wan - dering heart to Thee:



Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;
Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger, Wan - d'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;



Praise the mount! I'm fixed up - on it, Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love.
He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed His pre - cious blood.
Here's my heart, O take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a - bove. A - MEN.



When you speak of Christ to others

THERE IS no place where it is more important to have the right song service than at a meeting where you are introducing your friends to Christ. You choose your speaker with infinite care—you should choose your gospel hymns the same way; you like personal witnessing that rings true—make sure that your songs of testimony are also sincere.

When you want to tell others about Christ, there are three general types of hymns that you can use: gospel

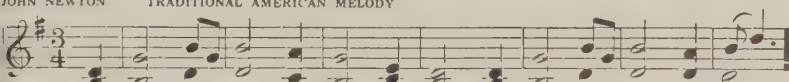
hymns which tell God's plan and provision of salvation through faith in Christ and His finished work; testimony hymns which declare to others what Christ means to you and what He has done for you; and invitation hymns which present Christ's call to trust in Him.

Do not neglect the wide variety of invitation hymns in this section. Perhaps more people have trusted Christ during the singing of a hymn than at any other time.

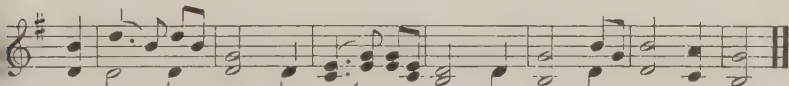
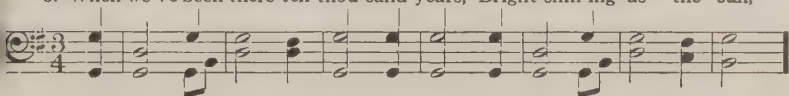
Amazing grace! how sweet the sound 52

JOHN NEWTON

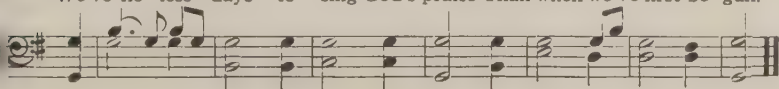
TRADITIONAL AMERICAN MELODY



1. A - maz - ing grace—how sweet the sound— That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
3. Thro' man - y dan - gers, toils and snares, I have al - read - y come;
4. The Lord has prom - ised good to me: His word my hope se - cures;
5. And when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mor - tal life shall cease,
6. When we've been there ten thou - sand years, Bright shin - ing as the sun,



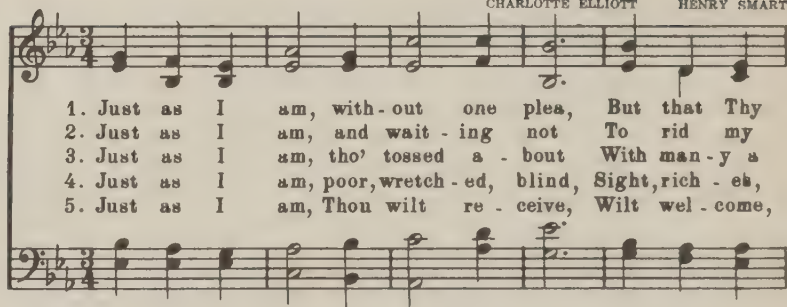
I once was lost, but now am found—Was blind, but now I see.
How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear The hour I first be - lieved!
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
He will my shield and por - tion be As long as life en - dures.
I shall pos - sess with - in the veil A life of joy and peace.
We've no less days to sing God's praise Than when we've first be - gun.



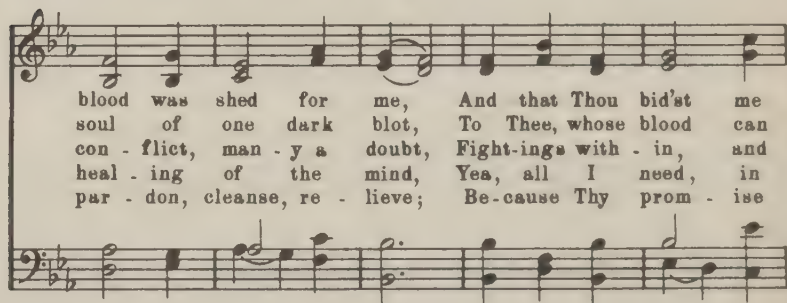
53 Just as I am, without one plea

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT

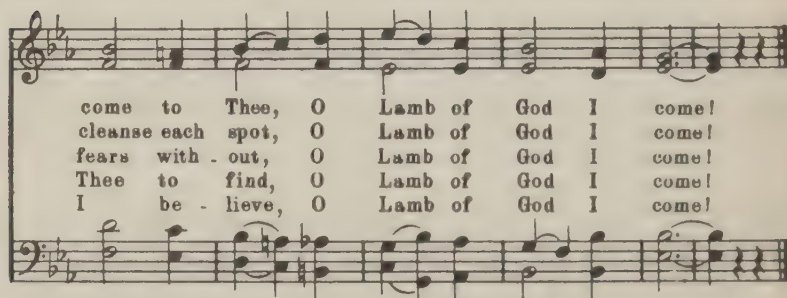
HENRY SMART



1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy
 2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my
 3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout With man-y a
 4. Just as I am, poor, wretch-ed, blind, Sight, rich-es,
 5. Just as I am, Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt wel-come,



blood was shed for me, And that Thou bid'st me
 soul of one dark blot, To Thee, whose blood can
 con-flict, man-y a doubt, Fight-ings with-in, and
 heal-ing of the mind, Yea, all I need, in
 par-don, cleanse, re-lieve; Be-cause Thy prom-ise



come to Thee, O Lamb of God I come!
 cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God I come!
 fears with-out, O Lamb of God I come!
 Thee to find, O Lamb of God I come!
 I be-lieve, O Lamb of God I come!

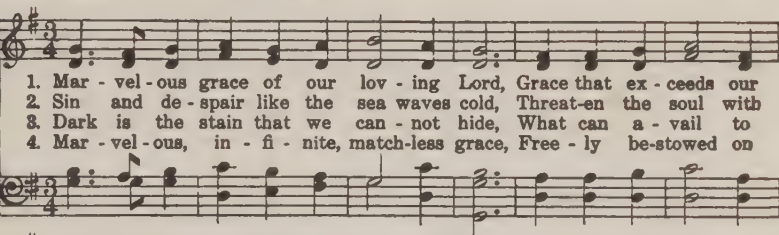
6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown
 Hath broken ev'ry barrier down;
 Now to be Thine, yea Thine alone,
 O Lamb of God I come.

7 Just as I am, of that free love
 The breadth, length, depth, the
 height to prove,
 Here for a season, then above,
 O Lamb of God I come.

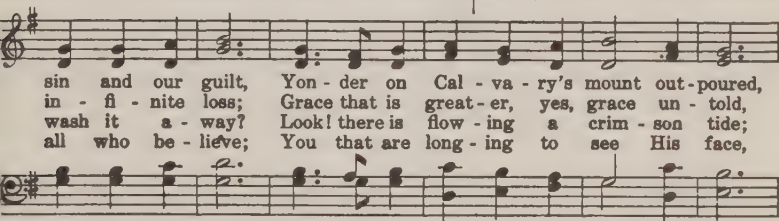
Marvelous grace of our loving Lord 54

JULIA H. JOHNSTON

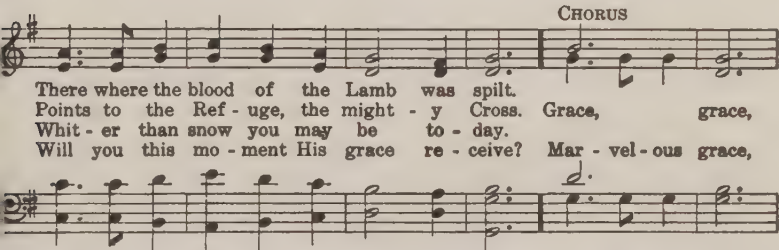
DANIEL B. TOWNER



1. Mar - vel - ous grace of our lov - ing Lord, Grace that ex - ceeds our
 2. Sin and de - spair like the sea waves cold, Threat - en the soul with
 3. Dark is the stain that we can - not hide, What can a - vail to
 4. Mar - vel - ous, in - fi - nite, match - less grace, Free - ly be - stowed on

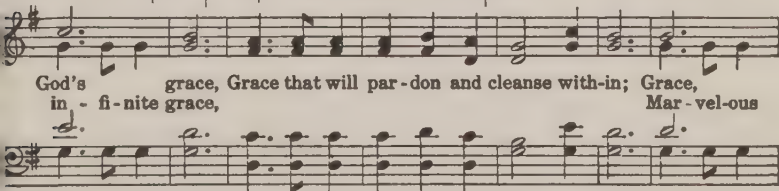


sin and our guilt, Yon - der on Cal - va - ry's mount out - poured,
 in - fi - nite loss; Grace that is great - er, yes, grace un - told,
 wash it a - way? Look! there is flow - ing a crim - son tide;
 all who be - lieve; You that are long - ing to see His face,

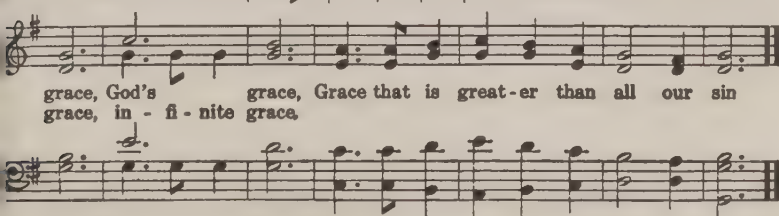


CHORUS

There where the blood of the Lamb was spilt.
 Points to the Ref - uge, the might - y Cross. Grace, grace,
 Whit - er than snow you may be to - day.
 Will you this mo - ment His grace re - ceive? Mar - vel - ous grace,



God's grace, Grace that will par - don and cleanse with - in; Grace, Mar - vel - ous
 in - fi - nite grace,



grace, God's grace, Grace that is great - er than all our sin
 grace, in - fi - nite grace,

55 O the deep, deep love of Jesus

S. TREVOR FRANCIS

T. J. WILLIAMS

1. O the deep, deep love of Je - sus, Vast, un - meas - ured,
2. O the deep, deep love of Je - sus, Spread His praise from
3. O the deep, deep love of Je - sus, Love of ev - 'ry

bound - less, free; Roll - ing as a might - y o - cean In its
shore to shore; How He lov - eth, ev - er lov - eth, Chang - eth
love the best; 'Tis an o - cean vast of bless - ing, 'Tis a

full - ness o - ver me. Un - der - neath me, all a - round me,
nev - er, nev - er more; How He watch - es o'er His loved ones,
ha - ven sweet of rest, O the deep, deep love of Je - sus,

Is the cur - rent of Thy love; Lead - ing on - ward, lead - ing
Died to call them all His own; How for them He in - ter -
'Tis a Heav'n of Heav'ns to me; And it lifts me up to

home - ward, To my glo - rious rest a - bove.
ced - eth, Watch - eth o'er them from the throne.
glo - ry, For it lifts me up to Thee. A - men.

Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched

56

JOSEPH HART

WILLIAM OWEN

1. Come ye sin - ners, poor and wretch-ed, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;
 2. Come, ye need - y, come, and wel-come; God's free boun-ty glo - ri - fy;
 3. Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y la - den, Bruised and brok-en by the fall;
 4. Let not con-science make you lin-ger, Nor of fit-ness fond-ly dream;
 5. Lo! th'in-car-nate God, as-cend-ed, Pleads the mer - it of His blood;

Je - sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, joined with power:
 True be-lief and true re-pent-ance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings us nigh,
 If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev - er come at all:
 All the fit-ness He re-quir-eth Is to feel your need of Him:
 Ven-ture on Him, ven-ture whol-ly; Let no oth - er trust in-trude:

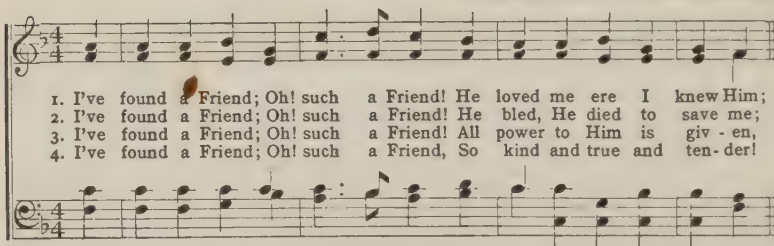
He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is a - ble,
 With-out mon - ey, with-out mon - ey, with-out mon - ey,
 Not the right-eous, not the right-eous, not the right-eous,
 This He gives you; this He gives you; this He gives you;
 None but Je - sus, none but Je - sus, none but Je - sus,
 He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is a - ble,

He is will - ing, doubt no more. He is will - ing, doubt no more.
 Come to Je - sus Christ and buy. Come to Je - sus Christ and buy.
 Sin - ners Je - sus came to call. Sin - ners Je - sus came to call.
 'Tis the Spir - it's ris - ing beam. 'Tis the Spir - it's ris - ing beam.
 Can do help-less sin - ners good. Can do help-less sin - ners good.

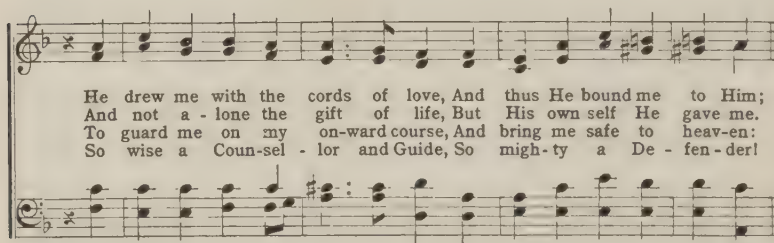
57 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!

JAMES G. SMALL

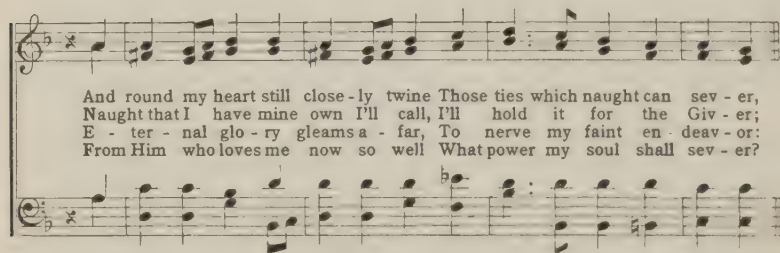
ARTHUR SULLIVAN



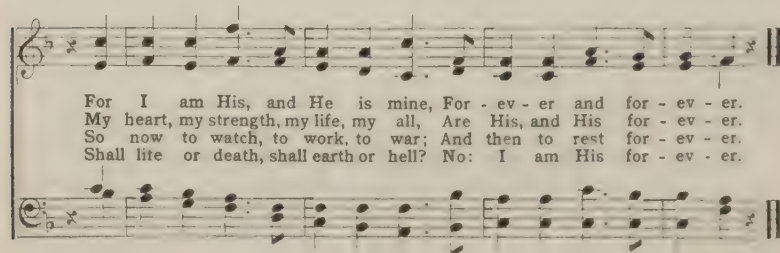
1. I've found a Friend; Oh! such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;
 2. I've found a Friend; Oh! such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;
 3. I've found a Friend; Oh! such a Friend! All power to Him is giv-en,
 4. I've found a Friend; Oh! such a Friend, So kind and true and ten-der!



He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him;
 And not a - lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me.
 To guard me on my on-ward course, And bring me safe to heav-en:
 So wise a Coun-sel - lor and Guide, So migh-ty a De - fen-der!



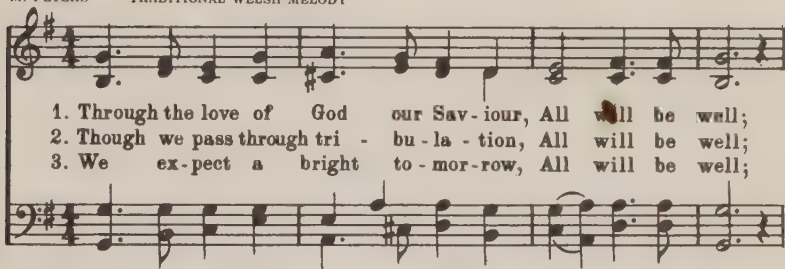
And round my heart still close-ly twine Those ties which naught can sev - er,
 Naught that I have mine own I'll call, I'll hold it for the Giv - er;
 E - ter - nal glo - ry gleams a - far, To nerve my faint en - deav - or:
 From Him who loves me now so well What power my soul shall sev - er?



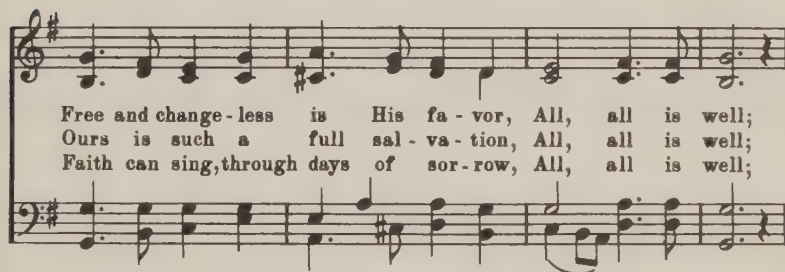
For I am His, and He is mine, For - ev - er and for - ev - er.
 My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for - ev - er.
 So now to watch, to work, to war; And then to rest for - ev - er.
 Shall life or death, shall earth or hell? No: I am His for - ev - er.

M. PETERS

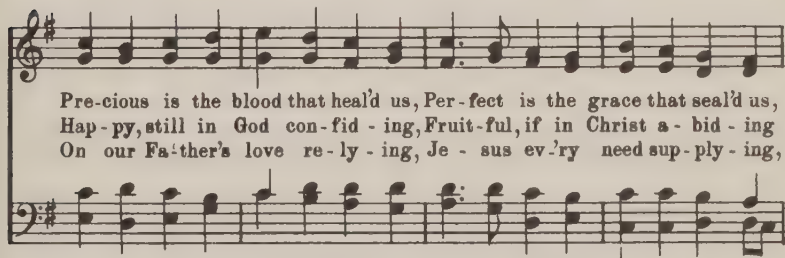
TRADITIONAL WELSH MELODY



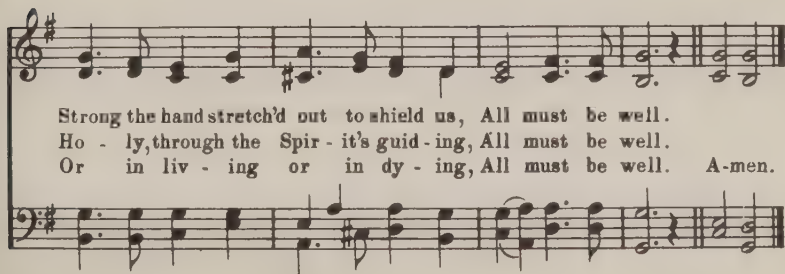
1. Through the love of God our Sav- iour, All will be well;
 2. Though we pass through tri - bu - la - tion, All will be well;
 3. We ex - pect a bright to - mor - row, All will be well;



Free and change - less is His fa - vor, All, all is well;
 Ours is such a full sal - va - tion, All, all is well;
 Faith can sing, through days of sor - row, All, all is well;



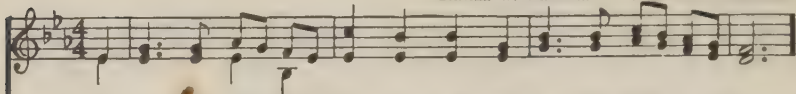
Pre - cious is the blood that heal'd us, Per - fect is the grace that seal'd us,
 Hap - py, still in God con - fid - ing, Fruit - ful, if in Christ a - bid - ing
 On our Fa - ther's love re - ly - ing, Je - sus ev'ry need sup - ply - ing,



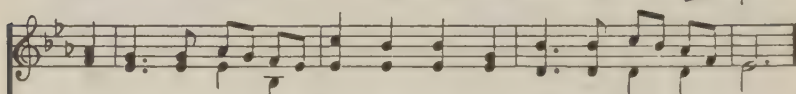
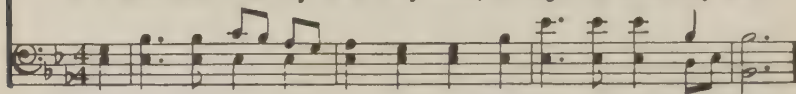
Strong the hand stretch'd out to shield us, All must be well.
 Ho - ly, through the Spir - it's guid - ing, All must be well.
 Or in liv - ing or in dy - ing, All must be well. A - men.

DANIEL W. WHITTLE

JAMES MC GRANAHAN



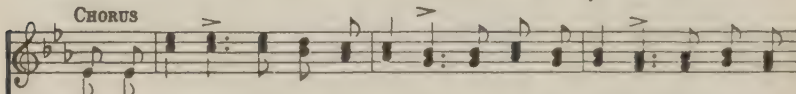
1. I know not why God's won-drous grace To me He hath made known,
2. I know not how this sav - ing faith To me He did im - part,
3. I know not how the Spir - it moves, Con - vinc - ing men of sin,
4. I know not what of good or ill May be re - served for me,
5. I know not when my Lord may come, At night or noon - day fair,



Nor why, un - wor - thy, Christ in love Re - deemed me for His own.
 Nor how be - liev - ing in His Word Wrought peace within my heart.
 Re - veal - ing Je - sus thro' the Word, Cre - at - ing faith in Him.
 Of wea - ry ways or gold - en days, Be - fore His face I see.
 Nor if I'll walk the vale with Him, Or "meet Him in the air."



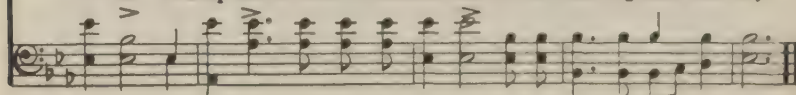
CHORUS



But "I know whom I have be - liev - ed, and am per - suad - ed that He is



a - ble To keep that which I've com - mit - ted Un - to Him a - gainst that day."

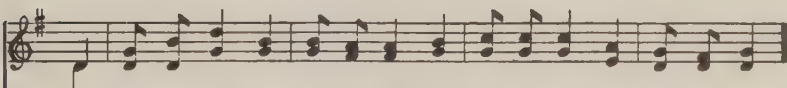


EDWARD MOTE

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY



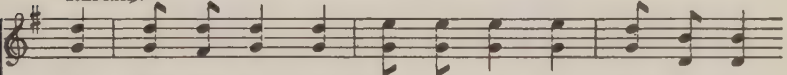
1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and right-eous-ness;
2. When dark-ness veils His love-ly face, I rest on His un-chang-ing grace;
3. His oath, His cov - e-nant, His blood, Sup-port me in the whelm-ing flood;
4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, Oh, may I then in Him be found;



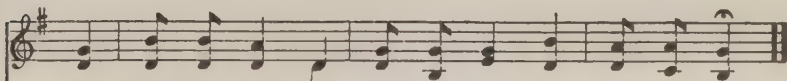
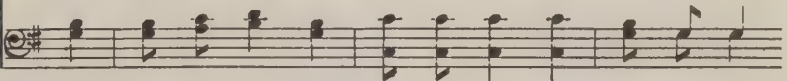
I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je - sus' name.
 In ev - ery high and storm-y gale, My an-chor holds with - in the veil.
 When all a - round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
 Dressed in His right-eous-ness a - lone, Fault-less to stand be - fore the throne



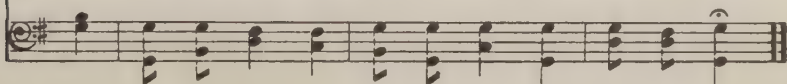
REFRAIN



On Christ, the sol - id Rock, I stand; All oth - er ground



is sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.



61 "Man of Sorrows" what a name

PHILIP P. BLISS

PHILIP P. BLISS

p *mf*

1. "Man of Sor-rows," what a name For the Son of God who came
 2. Bear-ing shame and scoff-ing rude, In my place condemned He stood;
 3. Guilt-y, vile and help-less, we: Spot-less Lamb of God was He:
 4. "Lift-ed up" was He to die, "It is fin-ished," was His cry;
 5. When He comes, our glo-rious King, All His ran-somed home to bring,

f *ff*

Ru-ined sin-ners to re-claim! Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-ior!
 Sealed my par-don with His blood: Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-ior!
 "Full a-tone-ment!" can it be? Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-ior!
 Now in heav'n ex-alt-ed high: Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-ior!
 Then a-new this song we'll sing: Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-ior!

62 Rock of ages, cleft for me

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY

TUNE OF HYMN 63

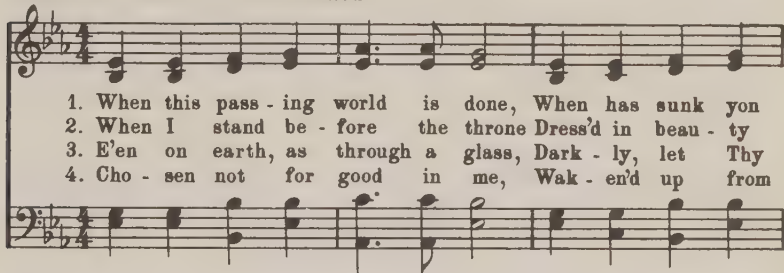
- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me
 Let me hide myself in Thee;
 Let the waters and the blood,
 From Thy riven side which flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.</p> | <p>3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
 Simply to Thy cross I cling;
 Naked, come to Thee for dress;
 Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
 Foul, I to the fountain fly;
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die!</p> |
| <p>2 Not the labors of my hands
 Can fulfill Thy law's demands;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears forever flow,
 All for sin could not atone;
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.</p> | <p>4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When mine eyes shall close in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee</p> |

When this passing world is done

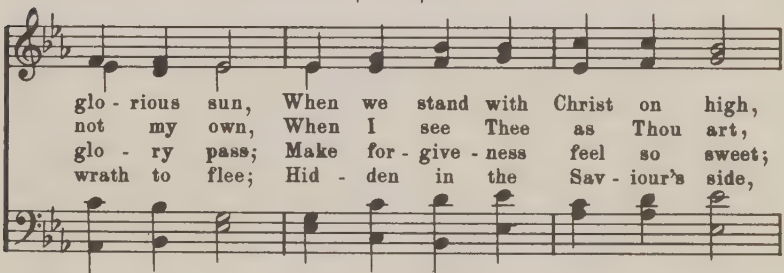
63

ROBERT M. MC CHEYNE

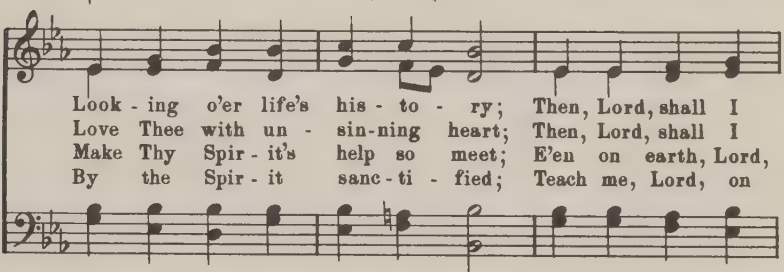
RICHARD REDHEAD



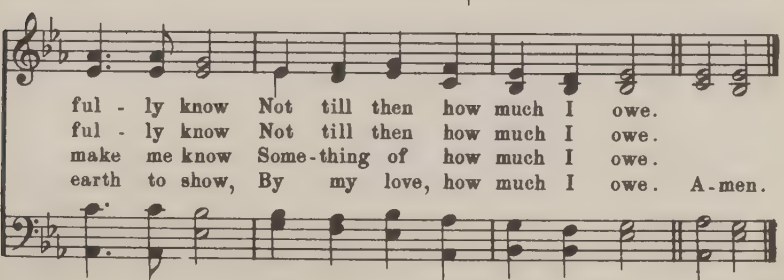
1. When this pass - ing world is done, When has sunk yon
 2. When I stand be - fore the throne Dress'd in beau - ty
 3. E'en on earth, as through a glass, Dark - ly, let Thy
 4. Cho - sen not for good in me, Wak - en'd up from



glo - rious sun, When we stand with Christ on high,
 not my own, When I see Thee as Thou art,
 glo - ry pass; Make for - give - ness feel so sweet;
 wrath to flee; Hid - den in the Sav - iour's side,



Look - ing o'er life's his - to - ry; Then, Lord, shall I
 Love Thee with un - sin - ning heart; Then, Lord, shall I
 Make Thy Spir - it's help so meet; E'en on earth, Lord,
 By the Spir - it sanc - ti - fied; Teach me, Lord, on



ful - ly know Not till then how much I owe.
 ful - ly know Not till then how much I owe.
 make me know Some - thing of how much I owe.
 earth to show, By my love, how much I owe. A - men.

64 God calling yet! Shall I not hear?

G. TERSTEEGEN (JANE BORTHWICK, TR.)

HENRY OLIVER

1. God call-ing yet! Shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
 2. God call-ing yet! Shall I not rise? Can I His lov-ing voice de-spise,
 3. God call-ing yet! And shall He knock, And I my heart the clos-er lock?
 4. God call-ing yet! And shall I give No heed, but still in bond-age live?
 5. God call-ing yet! I can-not stay; My heart I yield with-out de-lay:

Shall life's swift pass-ing years all fly, And still my soul in slum-ber lie?
 And base-ly His kind care re-pay? He calls me still—can I de-lay?
 He still is wait-ing to re-ceive, And shall I dare His Spir-it grieve?
 I wait, but He does not for-sake; He calls me still—my heart, a-wake!
 Vain world, farewell, from thee I part; The voice of God hath reached my heart. A-MEN.

65 I hear the words of love

HORATIUS BONAR

FROM THE GENEVAN PSALTER

1. I hear the words of love, I gaze up-on the blood, I
 2. 'Tis ev-er last-ing peace! Sure as Je-ho-vah's Name; 'Tis
 3. The clouds may come and go, And storms may sweep my sky This
 4. My love is oft-times low, My joy still ebbs and flows; But
 5. I change, He chang-es not, The Christ can nev-er die; His

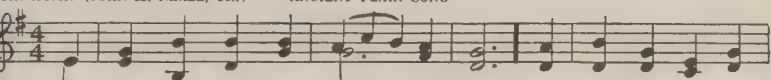
see the might-y sac-ri-fice And I have peace with God.
 sta-ble as His stead-fast throne, For ev-er-more the same.
 blood-seal'd friend-ship chang-es not: The cross is ev-er nigh.
 peace with Him re-mains the same No change Je-ho-vah knows.
 love, not mine, the rest-ing place, His truth, not mine, the tie. A-men.

O come, O come, Emmanuel

66

TIN HYMN (JOHN M. NEALE, TR.)

ANCIENT PLAIN SONG



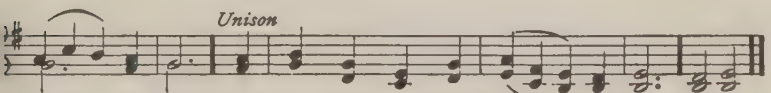
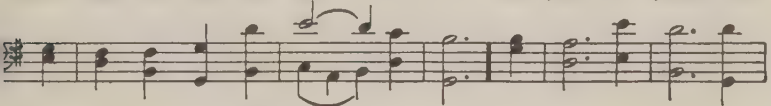
1. O come, O come, Em - man - u - el, And ran - som cap - tive
2. O come, Thou Day-spring, come and cheer Our spir - its by Thine
3. O come, Thou Key of Da - vid, come, And o - pen wide our



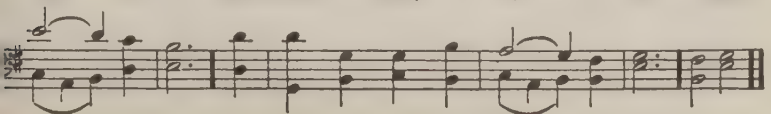
Is - ra - el, That mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here
ad - vent here; Dis - perse the gloom - y clouds of night,
heaven - ly home; Make safe the way that leads on high,



Un - til the Son of God ap - pear. Re - joice! Re - joice! Em -
And death's dark shad - ows put to flight. Re - joice! Re - joice! Em -
And close the path to mis - er - y. Re - joice! Re - joice! Em -



man - u - el Shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el!
man - u - el Shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el!
man - u - el Shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el! A-MEN.



67 In the cross of Christ I glory

JOHN BOWRING

JOHN STAINER

1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow'r-ing o'er the wrecks of time
 2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an-noy,
 3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up-on my way,
 4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleas-ure, By the cross are sanc-ti-fied;
 5. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow'r-ing o'er the wrecks of time;

All the light of sa-cred sto-ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime
 Nev-er shall the cross for-sake me: Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 From the cross the ra-diance stream-ing Adds more lus-ter to the day.
 Peace is there that knows no meas-ure, Joys that through all time a-bide.
 All the light of sa-cred sto-ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime

Music by permission of Novello and Company, Ltd.

68 I will sing the wondrous story

F. H. RAWLEY

TUNE OF HYMN 69

- 1 I will sing the wondrous story
 Of the Christ who died for me;
 How He left His home in glory,
 For the Cross on Calvary.

CHORDS

*Yes, I'll sing the wondrous story
 Of the Christ who died for me—
 Sing it with the saints in glory,
 Gathered by the crystal sea.*

- 2 I was lost; but Jesus found me—
 Found the sheep that went astray;
 Threw His loving arms around me,
 Drew me back into His way.

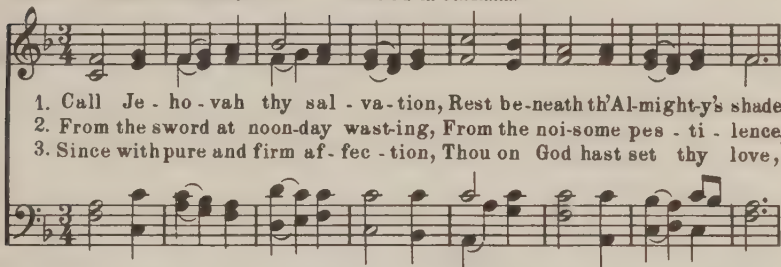
- 3 I was bruised: but Jesus healed me
 Faint was I from many a fall;
 Sight was gone, and fears possessed
 me:
 But He freed me from them all.

- 4 Days of darkness still come o'er me;
 Sorrow's paths I often tread:
 But the Saviour still is with me,
 By His hand I'm safely led.

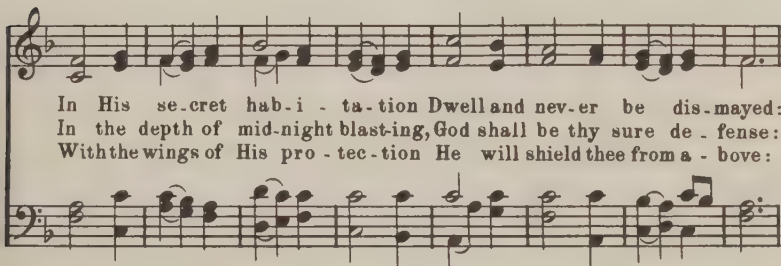
- 5 He will keep me till the river
 Rolls its waters at my feet:
 Then He'll bear me safely over,
 Where the loved ones I shall meet

PSALM 91 (JAMES MONTGOMERY. TR.)

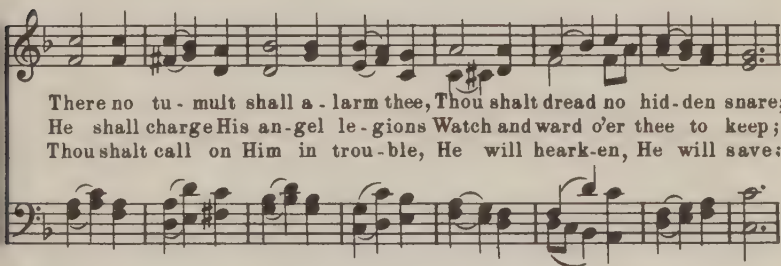
ROWLAND H. PRICHARD



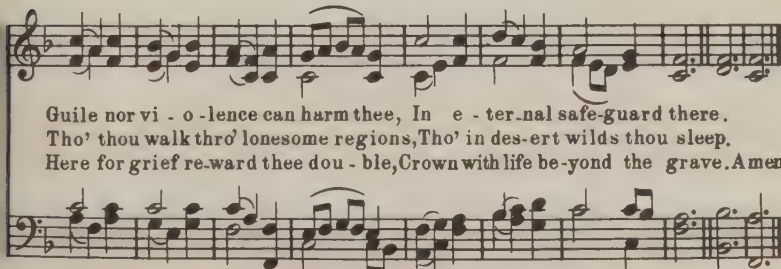
1. Call Je - ho - vah thy sal - va - tion, Rest be - neath th'Al - might - y's shade,
2. From the sword at noon - day wast - ing, From the noi - some pes - ti - lence,
3. Since with pure and firm af - fec - tion, Thou on God hast set thy love,



In His se - cret hab - i - ta - tion Dwell and nev - er be dis - mayed:
In the depth of mid - night blast - ing, God shall be thy sure de - fense:
With the wings of His pro - tec - tion He will shield thee from a - bove:



There no tu - mult shall a - larm thee, Thou shalt dread no hid - den snare;
He shall charge His an - gel le - gions Watch and ward o'er thee to keep;
Thou shalt call on Him in trou - ble, He will heark - en, He will save:



Guile nor vi - o - lence can harm thee, In e - ter - nal safe - guard there.
Tho' thou walk thro' lonesome regions, Tho' in des - ert wilds thou sleep.
Here for grief re - ward thee dou - ble, Crown with life be - yond the grave. Amen.

1. One day when heav - en was filled with His prais - es, One day when
 2. One day they led Him up Cal - va - ry's moun - tain, One day they
 3. One day they left Him a - lone in the gar - den, One day He
 4. One day the grave could con - ceal Him no lon - ger, One day the
 5. One day the trump - et will sound for His com - ing, One day the

sin was as black as could be, Je - sus came forth to be
 nailed Him to die on the tree; Suf - fer - ing an - guish, de -
 rest - ed, from suf - fer - ing free; An - gels came down o'er His
 stone rolled a - way from the door; Then He a - rose, o - ver
 skies with His glo - ry will shine; Won - der - ful day, my be -

born of a vir - gin - Dwelt a - mong men, my ex - am - ple is He!
 spised and re - ject - ed: Bear - ing our sins, my Re - deem - er is He!
 tomb to keep vig - il; Hope of the hope - less, my Sav - iour is He!
 death He had con - quered; Now is as - cend - ed, my Lord ev - er - more!
 lov - ed ones bring - ing; Glo - ri - ous Sav - iour, this Je - sus is mine!

CHORUS

Liv - ing, He loved me; dy - ing, He saved me; Bur - ied, He

car - ried my sins far a - way; Ris - ing, He jus - ti - fied

cres. *>* *>* *>* *>* *>* *rit.* *>* *>*

free-ly for-ev-er: One day He's com-ing—oh, glo-ri-ous day!

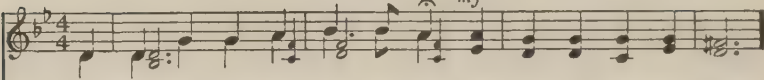
There is a fountain filled with blood 71

WILLIAM COWPER WILLIAM GARDINER

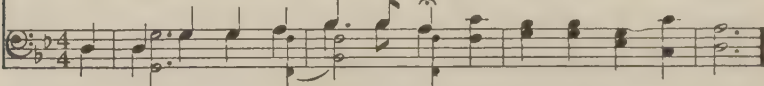
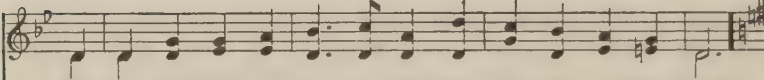
1. There is a foun-tain fill'd with blood Drawn from Im -
 2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain
 3. Dear dy-ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev-er
 4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow-ing

man-uel's veins; And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that
 in his day; And there may I, though vile as
 lose its pow'r, Till all the ran-somed Church of
 wounds sup-ply, Re-deem-ing love has been my

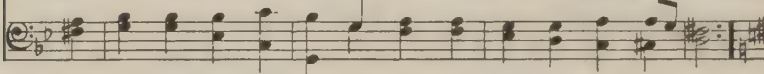

flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
 he, Wash all my sins a-way,
 God Be saved, to sin no more,
 theme, And shall be till I die, A-men.



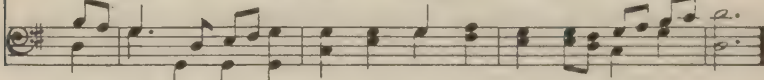
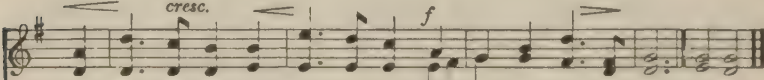
1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;
 2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
 3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's Light;


Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast."
 The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst - y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live."
 Look un - to Me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright."

I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;
 I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;
 I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;

I found in Him a rest - ing - place, And He has made me glad.
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in Him.
 And in that Light of life I'll walk, Till travel - ing days are done. A - MEN.



E. J. BELLERBY TUNE OF HYMN 72

1. Shine on me, O Lord Jesus,
And let me ever know
The grace that shone from Calvary,
Where Thou didst love me so.
"My child, I am thy Saviour.
'Tis not what thou dost feel,
But Mine own gracious promise,
Which does thy pardon seal."
2. Shine in me, O Lord Jesus,
And let Thy searching light
Reveal each hidden purpose,
Each thought as in Thy sight.
"My child, I am thy Searcher,
I try each loving heart,
For I would have most holy
All who in Me have part."
3. Shine through me then, Lord Jesus,
That all the world may see
The life I live is Thy life,
And thus be drawn to Thee.

"My child, I am thy Power;
With those who hear My voice
I ever dwell, and use them,
Thus making them rejoice."

4. Shine out, shine out, Lord Jesus,
Thou Light of all the world;
Oh, let Thy Gospel banner
Be everywhere unfurled!
"My child, hast thou forgotten
That name is also thine?
My fruit is borne on branches,
Not by the parent Vine."
5. Arise and shine, Lord Jesus,
Thou Bright and Morning Star;
I long for Thine appearing,
When peace shall follow war.
"My child, before I gather
My family in one,
Its number needs completing;
T'wards this, what hast thou
done?"

Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness 74

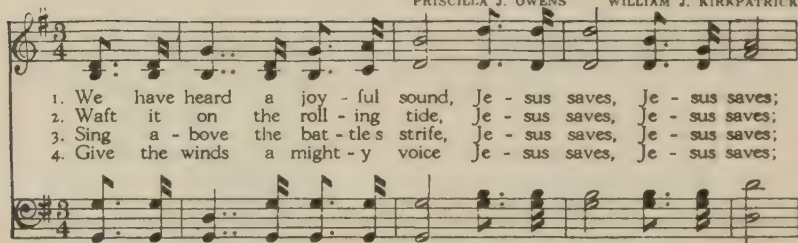
NICOLAUS L. ZINZENDORF (JOHN WESLEY, TR.) LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN

1. Je - sus, Thy blood and right-eous-ness My beau-ty are, my glo - rious dress;
2. Bold shall I stand in Thy great day, For who aught to my charge shall lay?
3. Lord, I be - lieve Thy pre-cious blood, Which, at the mer - cy - seat of God,
4. Lord, I be - lieve were sin - ners more Than sands up-on the o - cean shore,
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed, With joy shall I lift up my head.
Ful - ly absolved through these I am, From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
For - ev - er doth for sin-ners plead, For me, e'en for my soul, was shed.
Thou hast for all a ran-som paid, For all a full a-tone-ment made. AMEN.

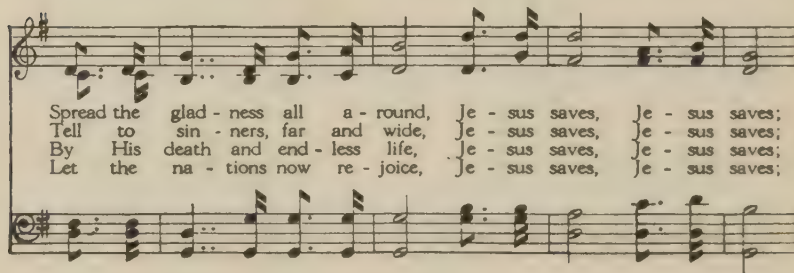
75 We have heard a joyful sound

PRISCILLA J. OWENS

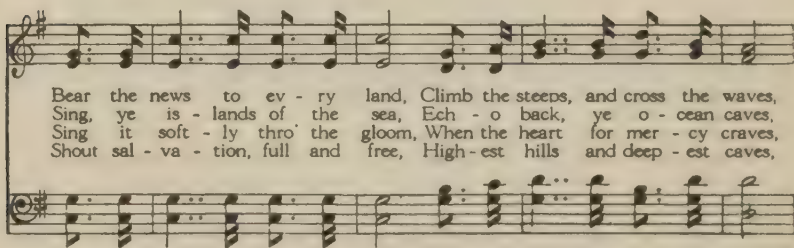
WILLIAM J. KIRKPATRICK



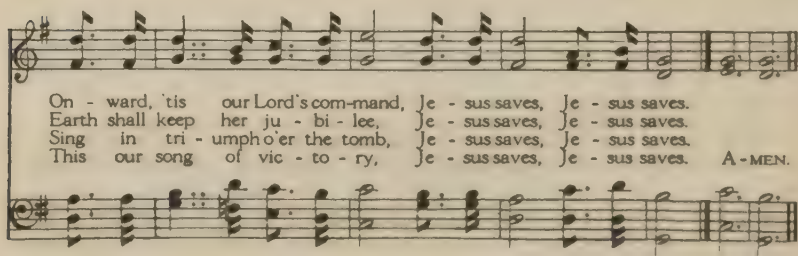
1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 3. Sing a - bove the bat - tles strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;



Spread the glad - ness all a - round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 Tell to sin - ners, far and wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 By His death and end - less life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 Let the na - tions now re - joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;



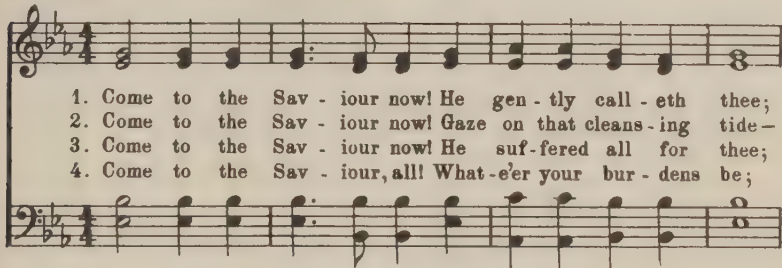
Bear the news to ev - ry land, Climb the steep, and cross the waves,
 Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves,
 Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves,
 Shout sal - va - tion, full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves,



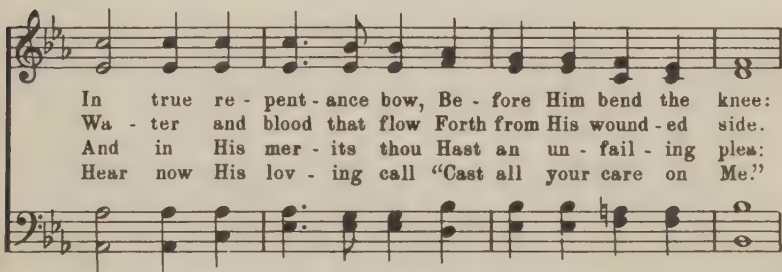
On - ward, 'tis our Lord's com - mand, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves. A - MEN.

JOHN M. WIGNER

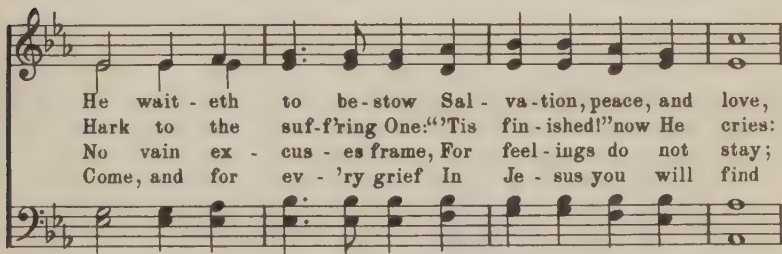
FREDERICK C. MAKER



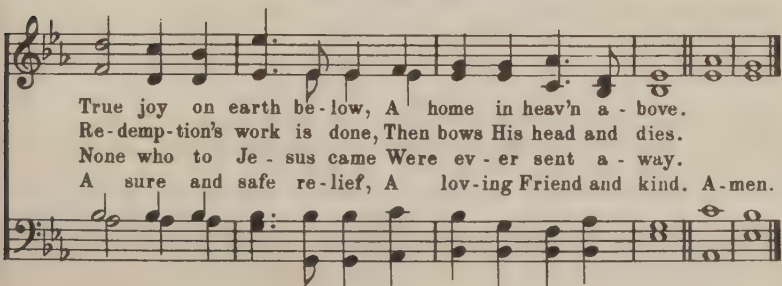
1. Come to the Sav - iour now! He gen - tly call - eth thee;
 2. Come to the Sav - iour now! Gaze on that cleans - ing tide -
 3. Come to the Sav - iour now! He suf - fered all for thee;
 4. Come to the Sav - iour, all! What - e'er your bur - dens be;



In true re - pent - ance bow, Be - fore Him bend the knee:
 Wa - ter and blood that flow Forth from His wound - ed side.
 And in His mer - its thou Hast an un - fail - ing plea:
 Hear now His lov - ing call "Cast all your care on Me."



He wait - eth to be - stow Sal - va - tion, peace, and love,
 Hark to the suf - f'ring One: "Tis fin - ished!" now He cries:
 No vain ex - cus - es frame, For feel - ings do not stay;
 Come, and for ev - 'ry grief In Je - sus you will find

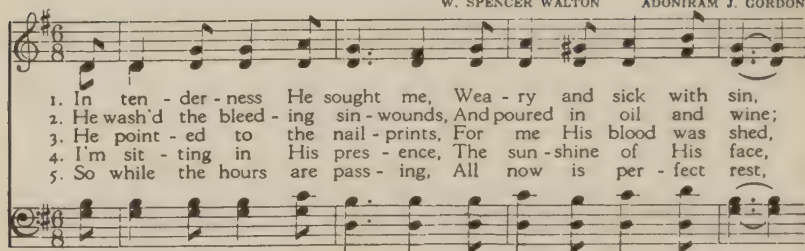


True joy on earth be - low, A home in heav'n a - bove.
 Re - demp - tion's work is done, Then bows His head and dies.
 None who to Je - sus came Were ev - er sent a - way.
 A sure and safe re - lief, A lov - ing Friend and kind. A - men.

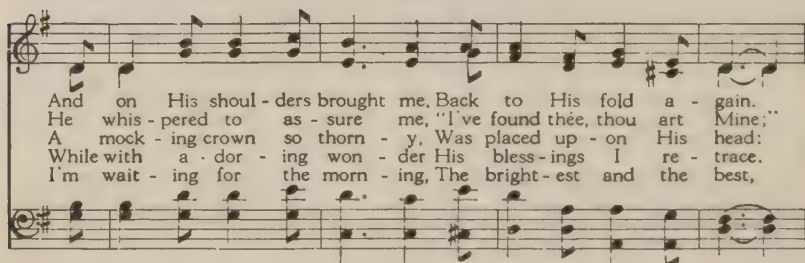
77 In tenderness He sought me

W. SPENCER WALTON

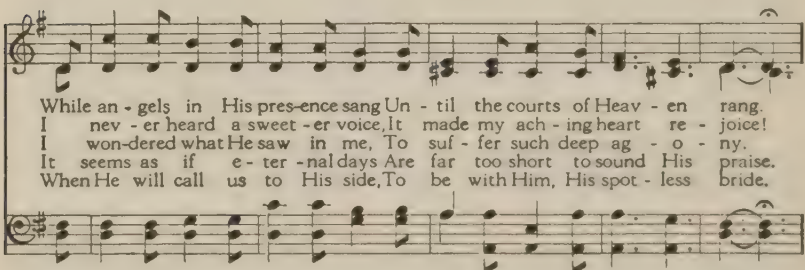
ADONIRAM J. GORDON



1. In ten - der - ness He sought me, Wea - ry and sick with sin,
 2. He wash'd the bleed - ing sin - wounds, And poured in oil and wine;
 3. He point - ed to the nail - prints, For me His blood was shed,
 4. I'm sit - ting in His pres - ence, The sun - shine of His face,
 5. So while the hours are pass - ing, All now is per - fect rest,

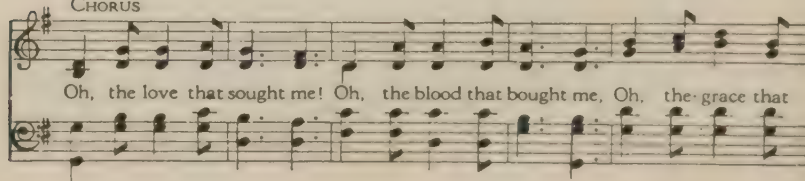


And on His shoul - ders brought me, Back to His fold a - gain.
 He whis - pered to as - sure me, "I've found thee, thou art Mine;"
 A mock - ing crown so thorn - y, Was placed up - on His head:
 While with a - dor - ing won - der His bless - ings I re - trace.
 I'm wait - ing for the morn - ing, The bright - est and the best,



While an - gels in His pres - ence sang Un - til the courts of Heav - en rang,
 I nev - er heard a sweet - er voice, It made my ach - ing heart re - joice!
 I won - dered what He saw in me, To suf - fer such deep ag - o - ny.
 It seems as if e - ter - nal days Are far too short to sound His praise,
 When He will call us to His side, To be with Him, His spot - less bride.

CHORUS



Oh, the love that sought me! Oh, the blood that bought me, Oh, the grace that

brought me to the fold, Won-drous grace that brought me to the fold!

I sought the Lord, and afterward I knew

78

ANON. GEORGE W. CHADWICK

1 I sought the Lord, and af - ter - ward I knew He moved my
 2 Thou didst reach forth Thy hand and mine en - fold; I walked and
 3 I find, I walk, I love; but O the whole Of love is

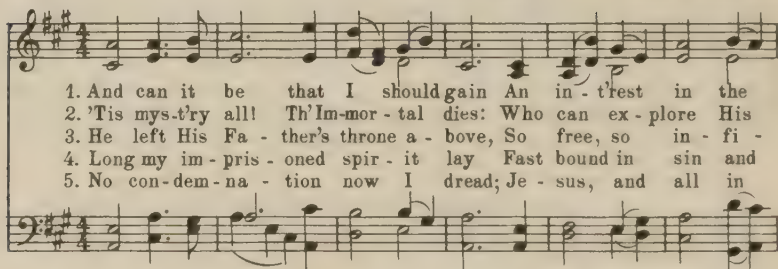
soul to seek Him, seek - ing me; It was not I that
 sank not on the storm-vexed sea; 'Twas not so much that
 but my an - swer, Lord, to Thee! For Thou wert long be-

found, O Sav - ior true; No, I was found of Thee.
 I on Thee took hold, As Thou, dear Lord, on me.
 fore - hand with my soul; Al - ways Thou lov - edst me.

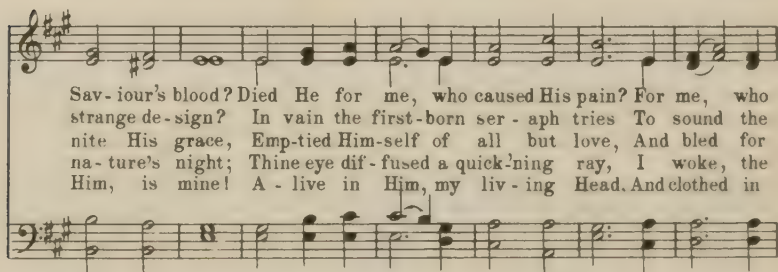
79 And can it be that I should gain

CHARLES WESLEY

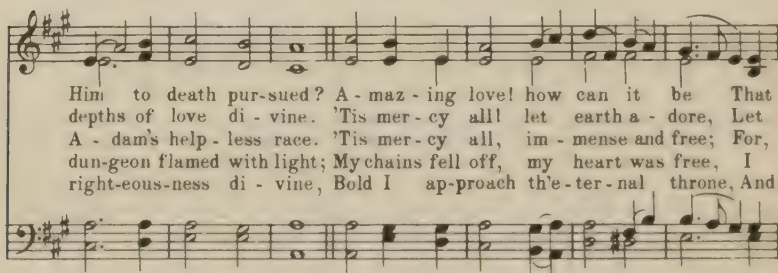
THOMAS CAMPBELL



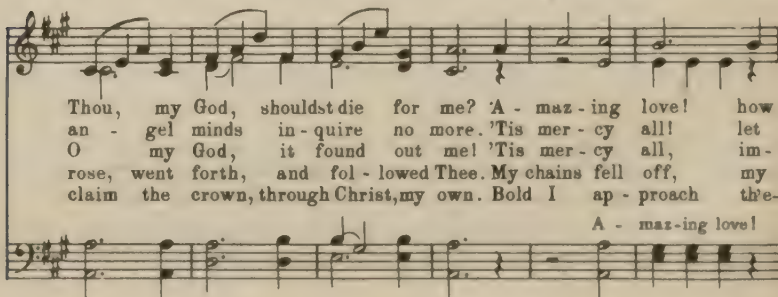
1. And can it be that I should gain An in - trest in the
 2. 'Tis mys - t'ry all! Th' Im - mor - tal dies: Who can ex - plore His
 3. He left His Fa - ther's throne a - bove, So free, so in - fi -
 4. Long my im - pris - oned spir - it lay Fast bound in sin and
 5. No con - dem - na - tion now I dread; Je - sus, and all in



Sav - iour's blood? Died He for me, who caused His pain? For me, who
 strange de - sign? In vain the first - born ser - aph tries To sound the
 nite His grace, Emp - tied Him - self of all but love, And bled for
 na - ture's night; Thine eye dif - fused a quick - ning ray, I woke, the
 Him, is mine! A - live in Him, my liv - ing Head. And clothed in



Him to death pur - sued? A - maz - ing love! how can it be That
 depths of love di - vine. 'Tis mer - cy all! let earth a - dore, Let
 A - dam's help - less race. 'Tis mer - cy all, im - mense and free; For,
 dun - geon flamed with light; My chains fell off, my heart was free, I
 right - eous - ness di - vine, Bold I ap - proach th'e - ter - nal throne, And



Thou, my God, shouldst die for me? A - maz - ing love! how
 an - gel minds in - quire no more. 'Tis mer - cy all! let
 O my God, it found out me! 'Tis mer - cy all, im -
 rose, went forth, and fol - lowed Thee. My chains fell off, my
 claim the crown, through Christ, my own. Bold I ap - proach th'e -
 A - maz - ing love!

can it be That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?
earth a - dore, Let an - gel minds in - quire no more.
mense and free; For, O my God, it found out me!
heart was free, I rose, went forth, and fol - lowed Thee.
er - nal throne, And claim the crown, through Christ, my own.
How can it be That Thou my God,

I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus 80

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL ETHELBERT W. BULLINGER

1. I am trust-ing Thee, Lord Je-sus, Trust-ing on - ly Thee;
2. I am trust-ing Thee for par-don, At Thy feet I bow;
3. I am trust-ing Thee for cleans-ing, In the crim-son flood;
4. I am trust-ing Thee to guide me, Thou a - lone shalt lead,
Trust-ing Thee for full sal - va-tion, Great and free.
For Thy grace and ten - der mer-cy, Trust-ing now.
Trust - ing Thee to make me ho - ly, By Thy blood.
Ev - 'ry day and hour sup - ply-ing All my need. A-men.

5 I am trusting Thee for power,
Thine can never fail;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt
give me
Must prevail.

6 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;
Never let me fall:
I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN



ISAAC WATTS

LOWELL MASON

1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,
 2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
 3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow min-gled down;
 4. Were the whole realm of na-ture mine, That were a pres-ent far too small;

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
 All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri-fice them to His blood.
 Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
 Love so a-maz-ing, so di-vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all. A-MEN.

Art thou weary, art thou languid?

83

GREEK HYMN (JOHN M. NEALE. TR.)

HENRY W. BAKER

1. Art thou wea-ry, art thou lan-guid, Art thou sore dis-tressed?
 2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my guide?
 3. is there di-a-dem, as mon-arch, That His brow a-dorns?
 4. If I find Him, if I fol-low, What His guer-don here?
 5. If I still hold close-ly to Him, What hath He at last?

'Come to me, saith One, 'and com-ing, Be at rest.
 In His feet and hands are wound-prints, And His side.
 Yea, a crown in ver-y sure-ty, But of thorns.
 Many a sor-row, many a la-bor, Many a tear.
 Sor-row van-quished, la-bor end-ed, Jor-dan passed. A-MEN.

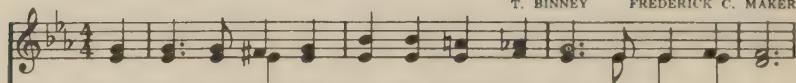
6 If I ask Him to receive me,
 Will He say me nay?
 Not till earth, and not till heaven
 Pass away.

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
 Is He sure to bless?
 Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
 Answer, 'Yes.'

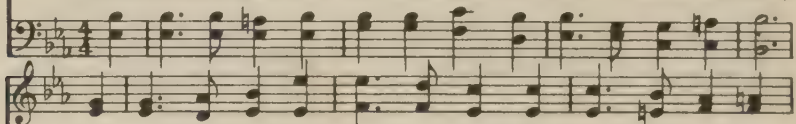
84 *Eternal Light! Eternal Light!*

T. BINNEY

FREDERICK C. MAKER



1. E - ter-nal Light! E - ter-nal Light! How pure the soul must be
2. The spir-its that sur-round Thy throne May bear the burn-ing bliss;
3. Oh, how shall I, whose na-tive sphere Is dark, whose mind is dim,
4. There is a way for man to rise To that sub-lime a-bode;
5. These, these pre-pare us for the sight Of ho-li-ness a-bove;



When, placed with-in Thy search-ing sight, It shrinks not, but with
But that is sure-ly theirs a-lone, Since they have nev-er,
Be-fore th'In-ef-fa-ble ap-pear, And on my na-ked
An Of-f'ring and a Sao-ri-fice, A Ho-ly Spir-it's
The sons of ig-nor-ance and night May dwell in the E-



calm de-light Can live, and look on Thee!
nev-er known A fall-en world like this.
spir-it bear The un-cre-at-ed beam?
en-er-gies, An Ad-vo-cate with God:
ter-nal Light, Thro the E-ter-nal Love. A-men.



85 *Souls of men, why will ye scatter*

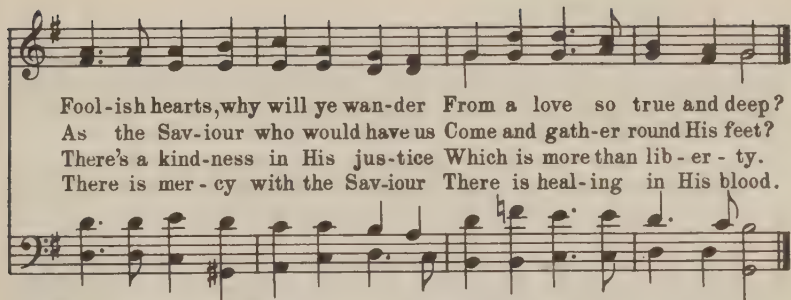
FREDERICK W. FABER

A. H. BROWN



1. Souls of men, why will ye scat-ter Like a crowd of fright-ened sheep?
2. Was there ev-er kind-est shep-herd Half so gen-tle, half so sweet,
3. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy Like the wide-ness of the sea,
4. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more grac-es for the good;





Fool-ish hearts, why will ye wan-der From a love so true and deep?
 As the Sav-iour who would have us Come and gath-er round His feet?
 There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice Which is more than lib-er-ty.
 There is mer-cy with the Sav-iour There is heal-ing in His blood.

5. There is plentiful redemption
 In the blood that has been shed;
 There is joy for all the members
 In the sorrows of the Head.

7. But we make His love too narrow
 By false limits of our own;
 And we magnify its strictness
 With a zeal He will not own.

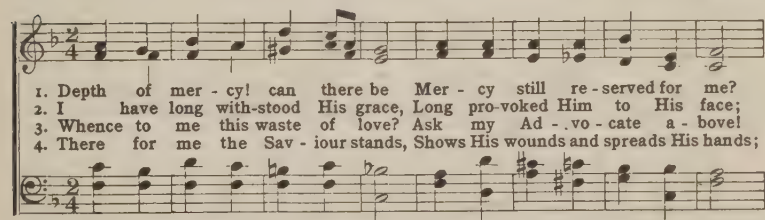
6. For the love of God is broader
 Than the measures of man's mind;
 And the heart of the Eternal
 Is most wonderfully kind.

8. If our love were but more simple
 We should take Him at His word:
 And our lives would be all sunshine
 In the sweetness of our Lord.

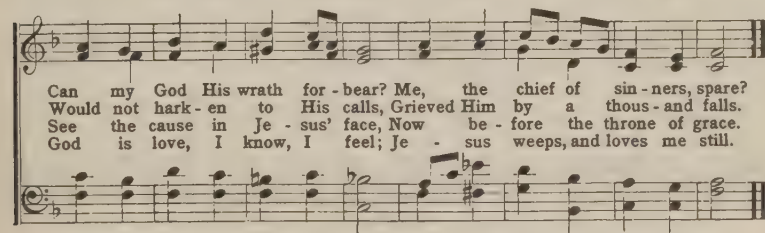
86 *Depth of mercy! can there be*

CHARLES WESLEY

CARL M. VON WEBER



1. Depth of mer-cy! can there be Mer-cy still re-served for me?
 2. I have long with-stood His grace, Long pro-voked Him to His face;
 3. Whence to me this waste of love? Ask my Ad-.vo-cate a-bove!
 4. There for me the Sav-iour stands, Shows His wounds and spreads His hands;



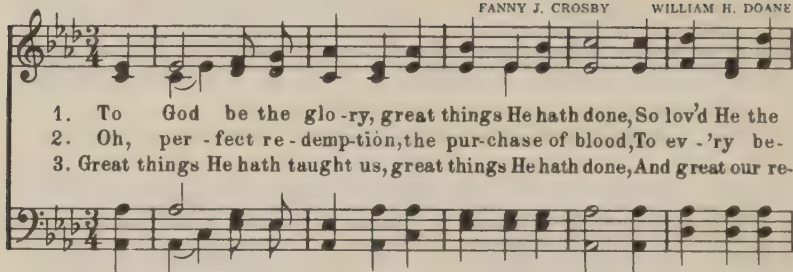
Can my God His wrath for-bear? Me, the chief of sin-ners, spare?
 Would not hark-en to His calls, Grieved Him by a thous-and falls.
 See the cause in Je-sus' face, Now be-fore the throne of grace.
 God is love, I know, I feel; Je-sus weeps, and loves me still.

5 Jesus, answer from above;
 Is not all Thy nature love?
 Wilt Thou not the wrong forget?
 Suffer me to kiss Thy feet?

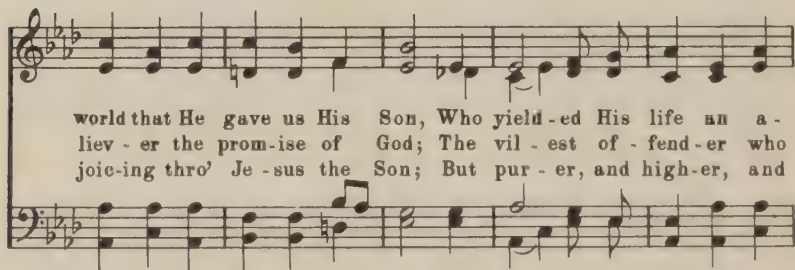
6 If I rightly read Thy heart,
 If Thou all compassion art,
 Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow,
 Pardon and accept me now!

FANNY J. CROSBY

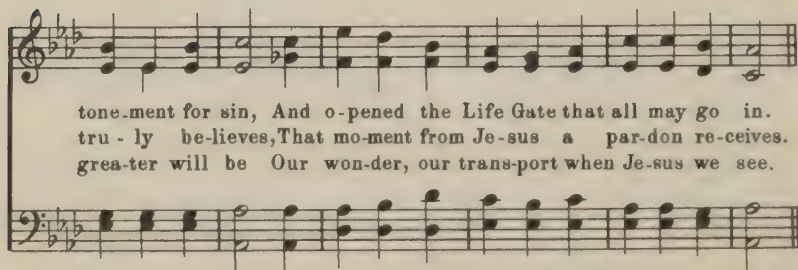
WILLIAM H. DOANE




1. To God be the glo-ry, great things He hath done, So lov'd He the
2. Oh, per - fect re - demp-tion, the pur - chase of blood, To ev - 'ry be -
3. Great things He hath taught us, great things He hath done, And great our re -



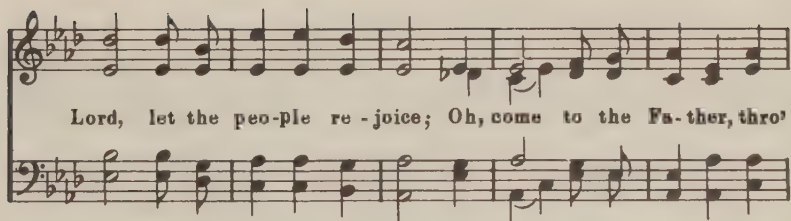
world that He gave us His Son, Who yield - ed His life an a -
liev - er the prom - ise of God; The vil - est of - fend - er who
joic - ing thro' Je - sus the Son; But pur - er, and high - er, and



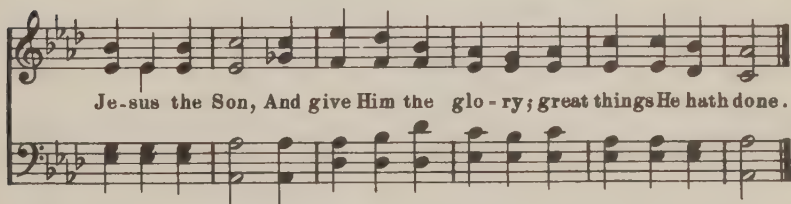
tone - ment for sin, And o - pened the Life Gate that all may go in.
tru - ly be - lies, That mo - ment from Je - sus a par - don re - ceives.
grea - ter will be Our won - der, our trans - port when Je - sus we see.

REFRAIN

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, let the earth hear His voice;
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord



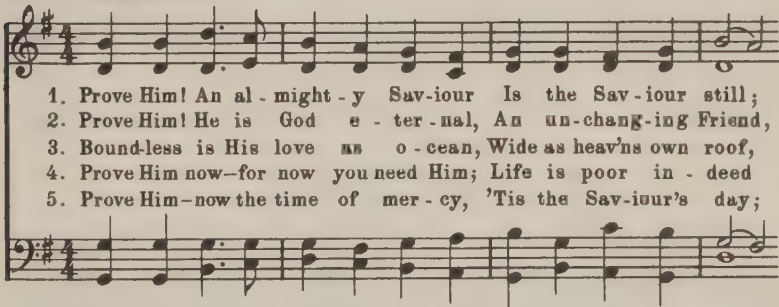
Lord, let the peo-ple re-joice; Oh, come to the Fa-ther, thro'



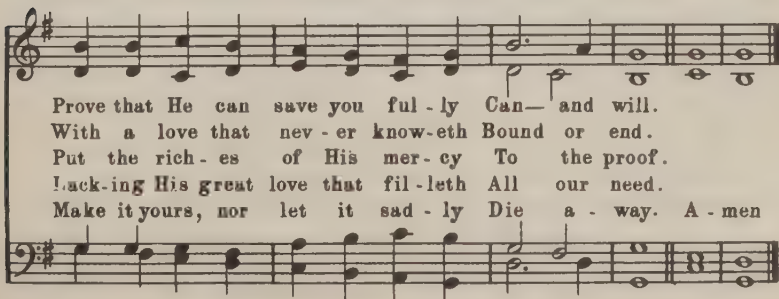
Je-sus the Son, And give Him the glo-ry; great things He hath done.

Prove Him! an almighty Saviour 88

ANON. EBENEZER PROUT



1. Prove Him! An al-might-y Sav-iour Is the Sav-iour still;
 2. Prove Him! He is God e-ter-nal, An un-chang-ing Friend,
 3. Bound-less is His love as o-cean, Wide as heav'n's own roof,
 4. Prove Him now—for now you need Him; Life is poor in-deed
 5. Prove Him—now the time of mer-cy, 'Tis the Sav-iour's day;

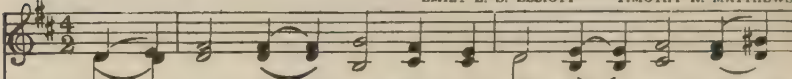


Prove that He can save you ful-ly Can—and will.
 With a love that nev-er know-eth Bound or end.
 Put the rich-es of His mer-cy To the proof.
 Lack-ing His great love that fil-leth All our need.
 Make it yours, nor let it sad-ly Die a-way. A-men

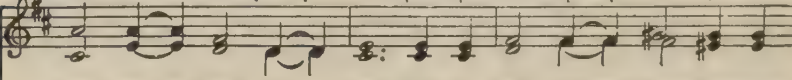
89 Thou didst leave Thy throne

EMIL E. S. ELLIOTT

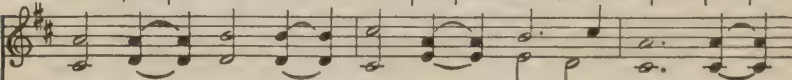
TIMOTHY R. MATTHEWS



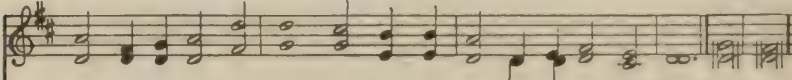
1. Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy king - ly crown, When Thou
 2. Heav - en's arch - es rang when the an - gels sang, Pro -
 3. The fox - es found rest, and the birds their nest In the
 4. Thou cam'st, O Lord, with the liv - ing word That should
 5. When heaven's arch - es shall ring and her choir shall sing At Thy



cam - est to earth for me; But in Beth - le - hem's home there was
 claim - ing Thy roy - al de - gree; But in low - ly birth didst Thou
 shade of the for - est tree; But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou
 set Thy peo - ple free; But with mock - ing scorn, and with
 com - ing to vic - to - ry, Let Thy voice call me home, say - ing.



found no room For Thy ho - ly Na - tiv - i - ty. O
 come to earth, And in great hu - mil - i - ty. O
 Son of God, In the des - erts of Gal - i - lee. O
 crown of thorn, They bore Thee to Cal - va - ry. O
 "Yet there is room, There is room at my side for thee!" And my



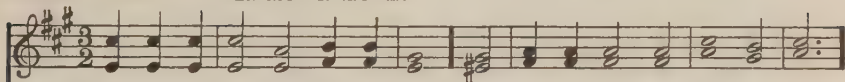
come to my heart, Lord Je - sus, There is room in my heart for Thee.
 come to my heart, Lord Je - sus, There is room in my heart for Thee.
 come to my heart, Lord Je - sus, There is room in my heart for Thee.
 come to my heart, Lord Je - sus, There is room in my heart for Thee.
 heart shall re-joyce, Lord Je - sus, When Thou com-est and callest for me. A-MEN.

Ye Christian heralds, go proclaim

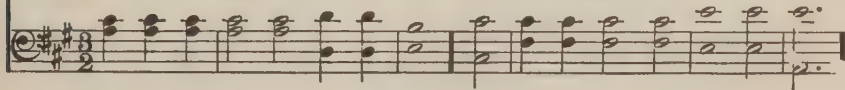
90

BOURNE H. DRAPER

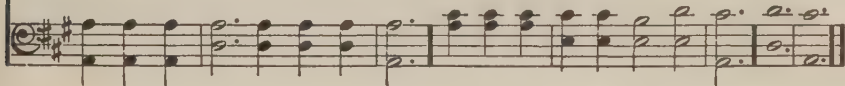
HEINRICH C. ZEUNER



1. Ye Chris-tian her-alds, go pro-claim Sal - va-tion through Em-man-uel's Name;
2. God shield you with a wall of fire, With flam-ing zeal your breasts in-spire,
3. And when our la - bors all are o'er, Then we shall meet to part no more;



To dis - tant climes the ti - dings bear, And plant the Rose of Shar-on there.
 Bid ra - ging winds their fu - ry cease, And hush the tem-pests in-to peace.
 Meet with the blood-bought throng to fall, And crown our Je-sus Lord of all. A-MEN.



Complete in Thee! no work of mine

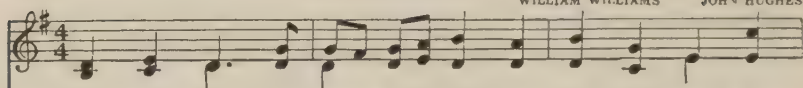
91

CECIL F. ALEXANDER

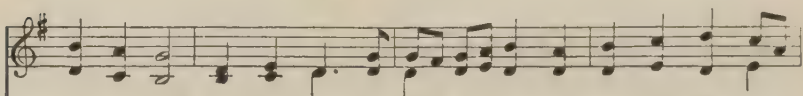
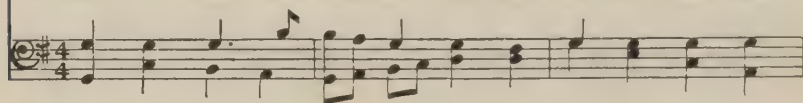
TUNE OF HYMN 90

- 1 Complete in Thee! no work of mine
 May take, dear Lord, the place of
 Thine;
 Thy blood hath pardon bought for
 me,
 And I am now complete in Thee.
- 2 Complete in Thee! no more shall
 sin,
 Thy grace hath conquered, reign
 within;
 Thy voice shall bid the tempter flee,
 And I shall stand complete in Thee.
- 3 Complete in Thee! each want
 supplied,
 And no good thing to me denied;
 Since Thou my portion, Lord, wilt
 be,
 I ask no more, complete in Thee.
- 4 Dear Saviour! when before thy bar
 All tribes and tongues assembled are,
 Among Thy chosen will I be,
 At Thy right hand complete in
 Thee.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS JOHN HUGHES



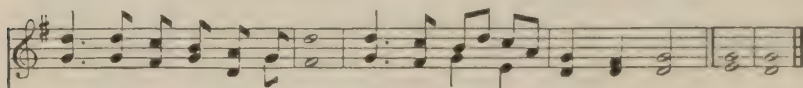
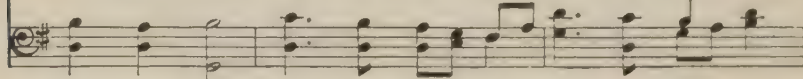
1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim through this
 2. O - pen now the crys tal foun - tain, Whence the heal - ing
 3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan Bid my anx - ious



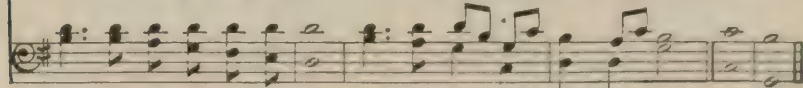
bar - ren land; I am weak, but Thou art might-y; Hold me with Thy
 stream doth flow; Let the fire and cloud-y pil - lar Lead me all my
 fears sub-side; Death of death, and hell's de-struc-tion, Land me safe on



power - ful hand; Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en,
 jour - ney through; Strong De - liv - erer, strong De - liv - erer,
 Ca - naan's side; Songs of prais - es, songs of prais - es



Feed me till I want no more, Feed me till I want no more.
 Be Thou still my strength and shield, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
 I will ev - er give to Thee, I will ev - er give to Thee. A-MEN.



1 Full salvation! Full salvation!
 Lo, the fountain opened wide,
 Streams through every land and
 nation
 From the Saviour's wounded side.
 Full salvation!
 Streams an endless crimson tide.

2 Love's resistless current sweeping
 All the regions deep within;
 Thought, and wish, and senses keep-
 ing
 Now and every instant, clean:
 Full salvation!
 From the guilt and power of sin.

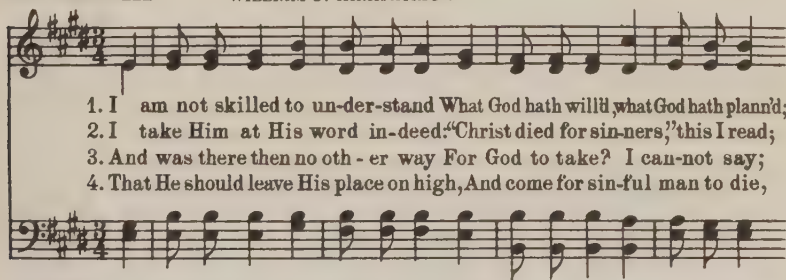
3 Life immortal, heaven descending,
 Lo! my heart the Spirit's shrine:
 God and man in oneness blending,
 Oh, what fellowship is mine!
 Full salvation!
 Raised in Christ to life divine!

4 Care and doubting, gloom and
 sorrow,
 Fear and shame are mine no
 more;
 Faith knows naught of dark to-
 morrow,
 For my Saviour goes before:
 Full salvation!
 Full and free for evermore!

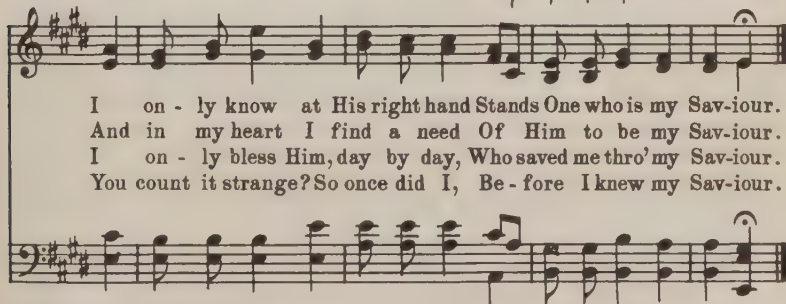
I am not skilled to understand

DORA GREENWELL

WILLIAM J. KIRKPATRICK



1. I am not skilled to un-der-stand What God hath will'd, what God hath plann'd;
 2. I take Him at His word in-deed, "Christ died for sin-ners," this I read;
 3. And was there then no oth-er way For God to take? I can-not say;
 4. That He should leave His place on high, And come for sin-ful man to die,



I on-ly know at His right hand Stands One who is my Sav-iour.
 And in my heart I find a need Of Him to be my Sav-iour.
 I on-ly bless Him, day by day, Who saved me thro' my Sav-iour.
 You count it strange? So once did I, Be-fore I knew my Sav-iour.

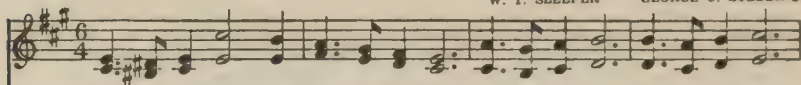
5 And oh, that He fulfilled may see
 The travail of His soul in me,
 And with His work contented be,
 As I with my dear Saviour.

6 Yes, living, dying, let me bring
 My strength, my solace from this
 spring,
 That He who lives to be my King
 Once died to be my Saviour.

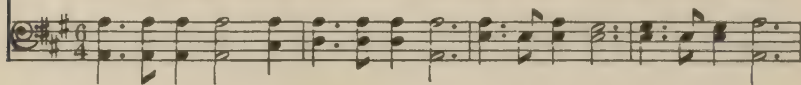
95 Out of my bondage, sorrow and night

W. T. SLEEPER

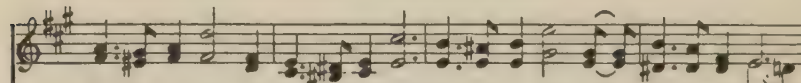
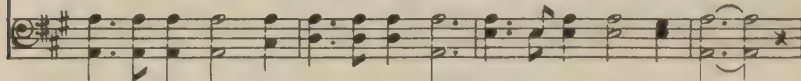
GEORGE C. STEBBINS



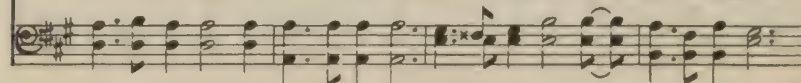
1. Out of my bond-age, sor-row and night, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
2. Out of my shame-ful fail-ure and loss, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
3. Out of un-rest and ar-ro-gant pride, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;



In - to Thy free-dom, glad-ness and light, Je - sus, I come to Thee;
 In - to the glo - rious gain of Thy cross, Je - sus, I come to Thee;
 In - to Thy bless - ed will to a - bide, Je - sus, I come to Thee;
 In - to the joy and light of Thy home, Je - sus, I come to Thee;



Out of my sick-ness in-to Thy health, Out of my want and in - to Thy wealth,
 Out of earth's sorrows into Thy balm, Out of life's storms and in - to Thy calm,
 Out of my-self to dwell in Thy love, Out of de-spair in - to rap-tures a-bove,
 Out of the depths of ru - in un-told, In - to the peace of Thy sheltering fold,



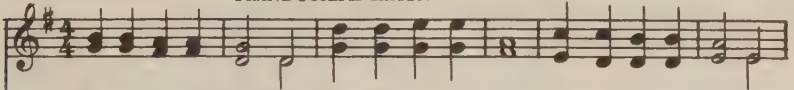
Out of my sin and in - to Thy-self, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
 Out of dis-tress to ju-bi-lant psalm, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
 Up-ward for aye on wings like a dove, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
 Ev - er Thy glo-rious face to be - hold, Je - sus, I come to Thee.

A-MEN.

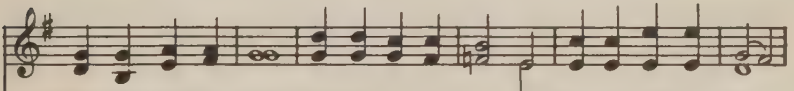
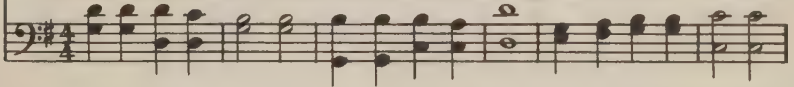


MARY J. WALKER

FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN



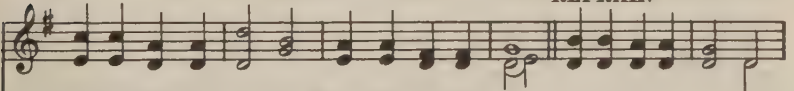
1. Je-sus, I will trust Thee, Trust Thee with my soul, Guilt-y, lost and help-less,
2. Je-sus, I must trust Thee, Pon-der-ing Thy ways, Full of love and mer-cy
3. Je-sus, I can trust Thee, Trust Thy writ-ten Word, Tho' Thy voice of pit-y
4. Je-sus, I do trust Thee, Trust with-out a doubt; Who-so-ev-er com-eth,



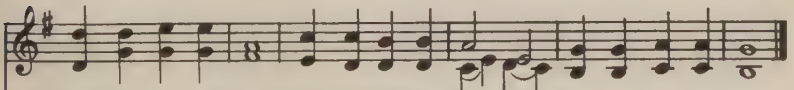
Thou canst make me whole: There is none in heav-en Or on earth like Thee:
 All Thine earth-ly days: Sin-ners gath-ered round Thee, Lep-ers sought Thy face:
 I have nev-er heard: When Thy Spir-it teach-eth, To my taste how sweet!
 Thou wilt not cast out: Faith-ful is Thy prom-ise, Pre-cious is Thy blood:



REFRAIN



Thou hast died for sin-ners, There-fore, Lord, for me.
 None too vile or loath-some For a Sav-iour's grace.
 On-ly may I heark-en, Sit-ting at Thy feet. Je-sus I will trust Thee,
 These my soul's sal-va-tion, Thou my Sav-iour God!



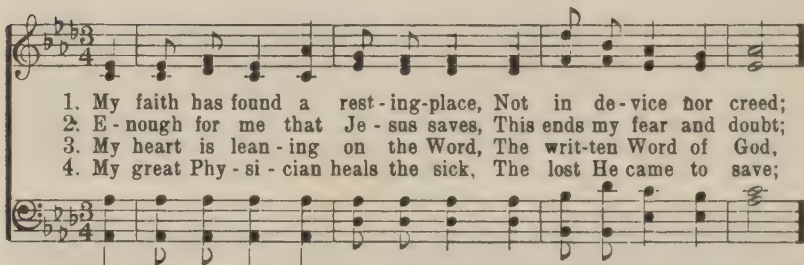
Trust Thee with my soul, Guilt-y, lost and help-less, Thou canst make me whole.



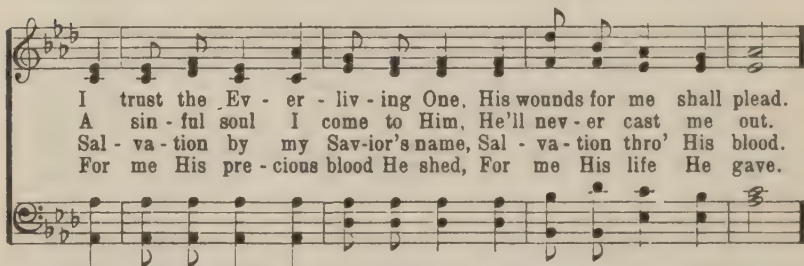
97 *My faith has found a resting place*

LIDIE H. EDMUNDS

NORSE AIR (W. J. KIRKPATRICK, ARR.)

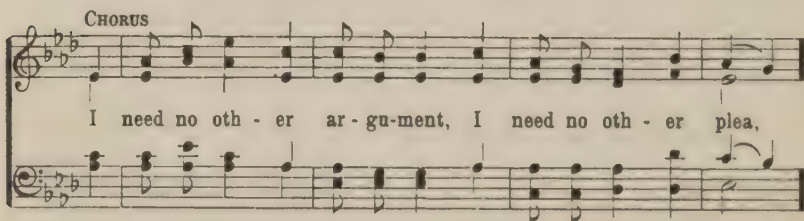


1. My faith has found a rest-ing-place, Not in de-vice nor creed;
 2. E-nough for me that Je-sus saves, This ends my fear and doubt;
 3. My heart is lean-ing on the Word, The writ-ten Word of God,
 4. My great Phy-si-cian heals the sick, The lost He came to save;

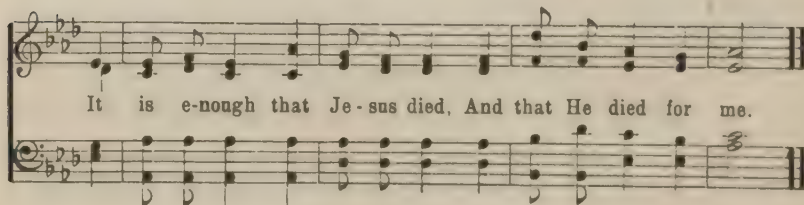


I trust the Ev-er-liv-ing One, His wounds for me shall plead.
 A sin-ful soul I come to Him, He'll nev-er cast me out.
 Sal-va-tion by my Sav-i-or's name, Sal-va-tion thro' His blood.
 For me His pre-cious blood He shed, For me His life He gave.

CHORUS



I need no oth-er ar-gu-ment, I need no oth-er plea,



It is e-nough that Je-sus died, And that He died for me.

When you Pray

WHEN YOU PRAY individually or in prayer groups, you will want to use these hymns. In singing a hymn of prayer, you make it possible for the entire group to enter into the same prayer. In this section are included hymns for preparation for prayer as well as those which set forth the doctrine of prayer as it is in the Scriptures.

Speak, Lord, in the stillness 98

E. MAY GRIMES H. GREEN

1. Speak, Lord, in the still - ness, While I wait on Thee;
 2. Speak, O bless - ed Mas - ter, In this qui - et hour,
 3. For the words Thou speak - est, "They are life" in - deed;
 4. All to Thee is yield - ed, I am not my own;

Hushed my heart to lis - ten In ex - pec - tan - cy.
 Let me see Thy face, Lord, Feel Thy touch of power.
 Liv - ing Bread from heav - en, Now my spir - it feed!
 Bliss - ful, glad sur - ren - der I am Thine a - lone. A - men.

5. Speak, Thy servant heareth!
 Be not silent, Lord:
 Waits my soul upon Thee
 For the quickening word!

6. Fill me with the knowledge
 Of Thy glorious will;
 All Thine own good pleasure
 In Thy child fulfil.

99 Come, ye disconsolate

THOMAS MOORE SAMUEL WEBBE

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish, Come to the
 2. Joy of the des - o - late, Light of the stray - ing, Hope of the
 3. Here see the Bread of Life; see wa - ters flow - ing Forth from the

mer - cy seat, fer - vent - ly kneel! Here bring your wound - ed hearts,
 pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure! Here speaks the Com - fort - er,
 throne of God, pure from a - bove: Come to the feast of love;

here tell your an - guish: Earth has no sor - row that heaven can - not heal.
 ten - der - ly say - ing, "Earth has no sor - row that heaven can - not cure.
 come, ev - er know - ing Earth has no sor - row but heaven can re - move. A.MEN.

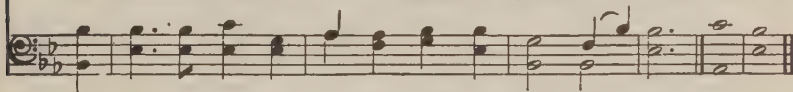
100 Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed

HARRIET AUBER JOHN B. DYKES

1. Our blest Re - deem - er, ere He breathed His ten - der last fare - well,
 2. He came in tongues of liv - ing flame, To teach, con - vince, sub - due;
 3. He comes sweet in - fluence to im - part, A gra - cious, will - ing Guest,
 4. And His that gen - tle voice we hear, Soft as the breath of even,



A Guide, a Com-fort - er, be-queathed With us to dwell.
 All-power-ful as the wind He came, As view-less, too.
 While He can find one hum-ble heart Where-in to rest.
 That checks each fault, that calms each fear, And speaks of heaven. A-MEN.



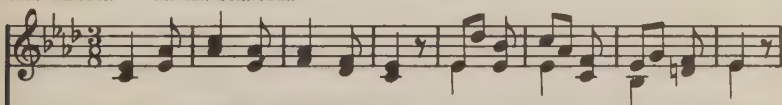
5. And every virtue we possess,
 And every victory won,
 And every thought of holiness
 Are His alone.

6. Spirit of purity and grace,
 Our weakness, pitying see:
 O make our hearts Thy dwelling
 place,
 And worthier Thee!

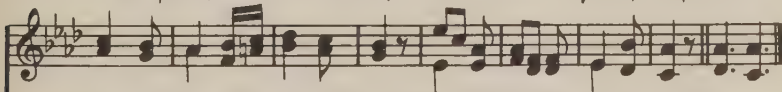
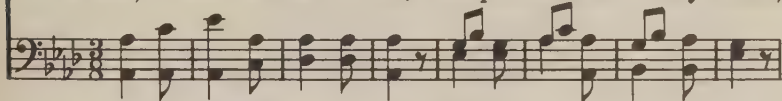
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare 101

JOHN NEWTON

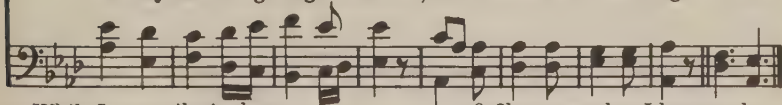
XAVIER SCHNYDER



1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre-pare: Je - sus loves to an - swer prayer;
 2. Thou art com-ing to a King, Large pe-ti - tions with thee bring;
 3. With my bur-den I be-gin: Lord, re-move this load of sin;
 4. Lord, I come to Thee for rest, Take pos-ses-sion of my breast;



He Him-self has bid thee pray, There-fore will not say thee nay.
 For His grace and power are such, None can ev-er ask too much.
 Let Thy blood, for sin-ners spilt, Set my con-science free from guilt.
 There Thy blood-bought right main-tain, And with-out a ri-val reign. A-men.



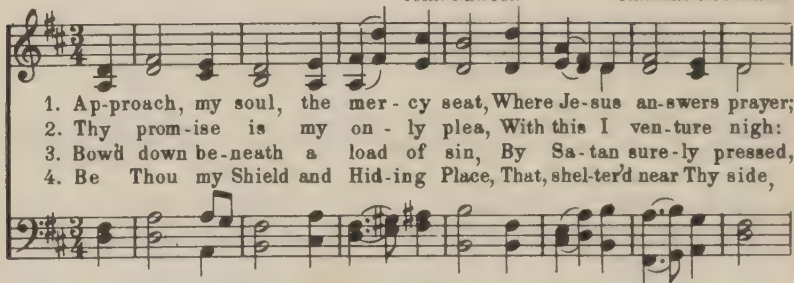
5. While I am a pilgrim here,
 Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
 As my Guide, my Guard, my
 Friend,
 Lead me to my journey's end.

6. Show me what I have to do,
 Every hour my strength renew:
 Let me live a life of faith,
 Let me die Thy people's death.

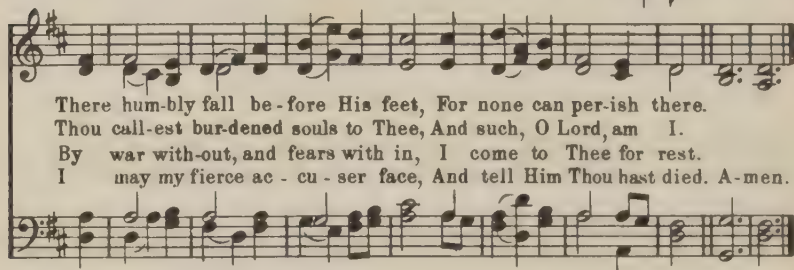
102 Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat

JOHN NEWTON

CHARLES HUTCHESON



1. Ap-proach, my soul, the mer - cy seat, Where Je-sus an-swers prayer;
2. Thy prom-ise is my on - ly plea, With this I ven-ture nigh:
3. Bow'd down be-neath a load of sin, By Sa-tan sure-ly pressed,
4. Be Thou my Shield and Hid-ing Place, That, shel-ter'd near Thy side,



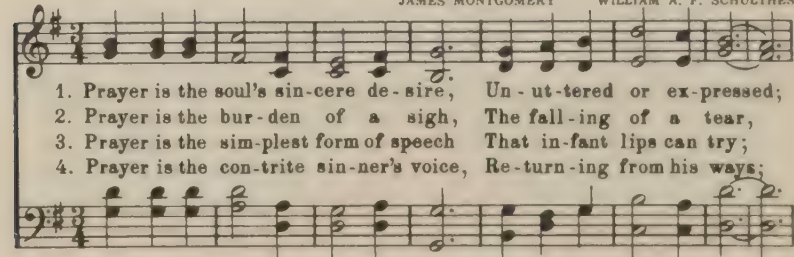
There hum-bly fall be-fore His feet, For none can per-ish there.
 Thou call-est bur-den-ed souls to Thee, And such, O Lord, am I.
 By war with-out, and fears with in, I come to Thee for rest.
 I may my fierce ac - cu - ser face, And tell Him Thou hast died. A-men.

5. O wondrous love, to bleed and die,
 To bear the Cross and shame,
 That guilty sinners, such as I,
 Might plead Thy gracious Name!

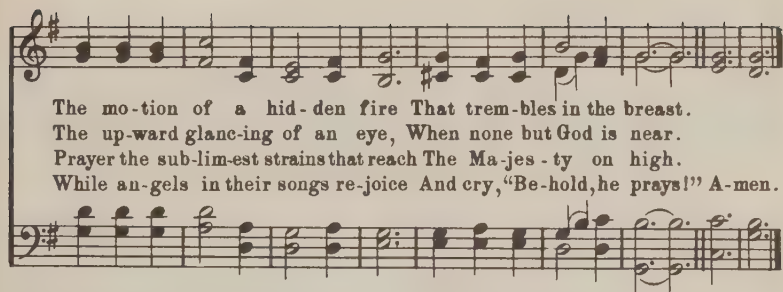
103 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire

JAMES MONTGOMERY

WILLIAM A. F. SCHULTHEIS



1. Prayer is the soul's sin-cere de-sire, Un - ut-tered or ex-pressed;
2. Prayer is the bur-den of a sigh, The fall-ing of a tear,
3. Prayer is the sim-plest form of speech That in-fant lips can try;
4. Prayer is the con-trite sin-ner's voice, Re-tur-n-ing from his ways;



The mo-tion of a hid-den fire That trem-bles in the breast.
 The up-ward glanc-ing of an eye, When none but God is near.
 Prayer the sub-lim-est strains that reach The Ma-jes - ty on high.
 While an-gels in their songs re-joice And cry, "Be-hold, he prays!" A-men.

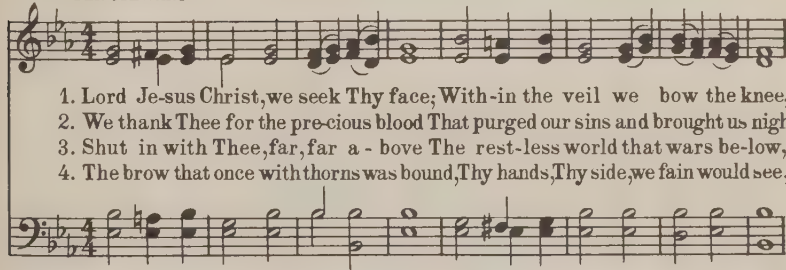
5. Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
 The Christian's native air,
 His watchword at the gates of death;
 He enters heaven with prayer.

6. O Thou, by whom we come to God,
 The Life, the Truth, the Way;
 The path of prayer Thyself hast trod:
 Lord, teach us how to pray!

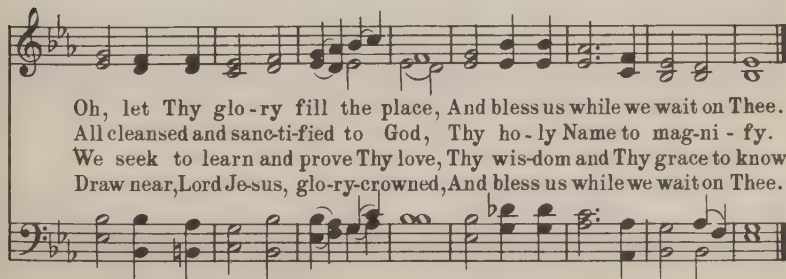
Lord Jesus Christ, we seek Thy face 104

ALEXANDER STEWART

GEORGE HEWS



1. Lord Je-sus Christ, we seek Thy face; With-in the veil we bow the knee,
 2. We thank Thee for the pre-cious blood That purged our sins and brought us nigh,
 3. Shut in with Thee, far, far a - bove The rest-less world that wars be-low,
 4. The brow that once with thorns was bound, Thy hands, Thy side, we fain would see,

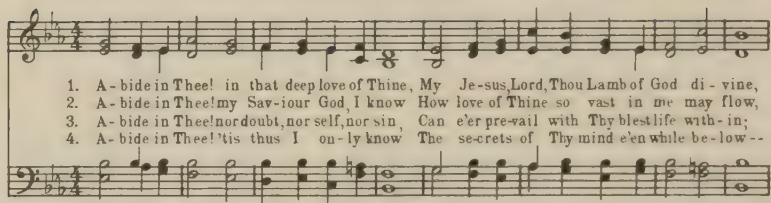


Oh, let Thy glo-ry fill the place, And bless us while we wait on Thee.
 All cleansed and sancti-fied to God, Thy ho-ly Name to mag-ni - fy.
 We seek to learn and prove Thy love, Thy wis-dom and Thy grace to know.
 Draw near, Lord Je-sus, glo-ry-crowned, And bless us while we wait on Thee.

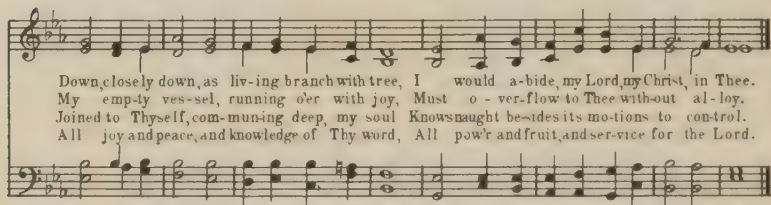
105 Abide in Thee

J. DENHAM SMITH

A. S. SULLIVAN



1. A-bide in Thee! in that deep love of Thine, My Je-sus, Lord, Thou Lamb of God di-vine,
 2. A-bide in Thee! my Sav-iour God, I know How love of Thine so vast in me may flow,
 3. A-bide in Thee! nor doubt, nor self, nor sin, Can e'er pre-vail with Thy blest life with-in;
 4. A-bide in Thee! 'tis thus I on-ly know The se-crets of Thy mind e'en while be-low--

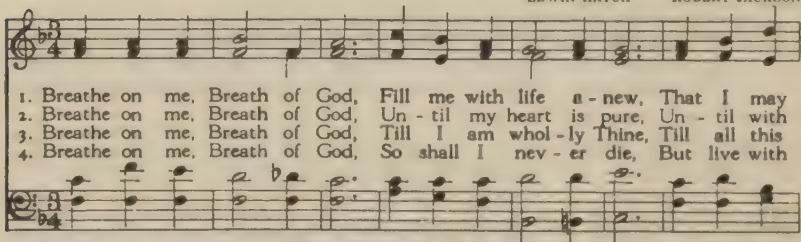


Down, closely down, as liv-ing branch with tree, I would a-bide, my Lord, my Christ, in Thee.
 My em-ply ves-sel, running o'er with joy, Must o-ver-flow to Thee with-out al-loy.
 Joined to Thyself, com-mun-ing deep, my soul Knows naught be-sides its mo-tions to con-trol.
 All joy and peace, and knowledge of Thy word, All pow'r and fruit, and ser-vice for the Lord.

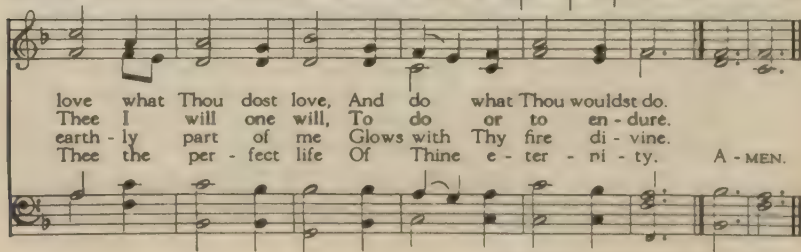
106 Breathe on me, breath of God

EDWIN HATCH

ROBERT JACKSON



1. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Fill me with life a-new, That I may
 2. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Un-til my heart is pure, Un-til with
 3. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Till I am whol-ly Thine, Till all this
 4. Breathe on me, Breath of God, So shall I nev-er die, But live with



love what Thou dost love, And do what Thou wouldst do.
 Thee I will one will, To do or to en-dure.
 earth-ly part of me Glows with Thy fire di-vine.
 Thee the per-fect life Of Thine e-ter-ni-ty. A-MEN.

Peace, perfect peace 107

EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH

WILLIAM H. JUDE

1. Peace, per - fect peace, in this dark world of
 2. Peace, per - fect peace, by throng-ing du - ties
 3. Peace, per - fect peace, with sor - rows surg - ing
 4. Peace, per - fect peace, with loved ones far a -

sin? The blood of Je - sus whis - pers peace with - in.
 pressed? To do the will of Je - sus, this is rest.
 round? On Je - sus' bos - om nought but calm is found.
 way? In Je - sus' keep - ing we are safe, and they.

5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all
unknown?

Jesus we know, and He is on the
throne.

6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadow-
ing us and ours?

Jesus has vanquished death and all
its powers.

7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon
shall cease,
And Jesus calls us to heaven's per-
fect peace.

Jesus, I live to Thee 108

HENRY HARBAUGH

TUNE OF HYMN 106

1. Jesus, I live to Thee,
The Loveliest and Best;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
In Thy blest love I rest.

2. Jesus, I die to Thee,
Whenever death shall come;
To die in Thee is life to me
In my eternal home.

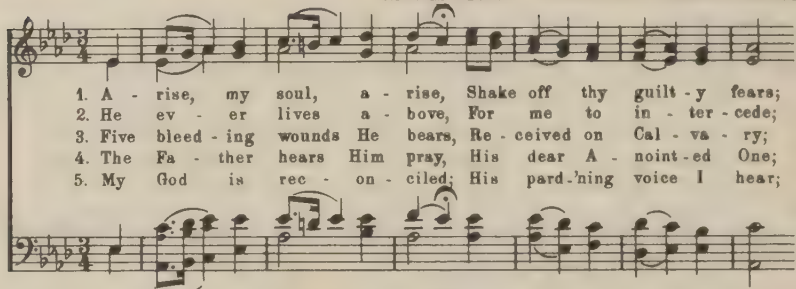
3. Whether to live or die,
I know not which is best;
To live in Thee is bliss to me,
To die is endless rest.

4. Living or dying, Lord,
I ask but to be Thine;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
Makes heaven forever mine.

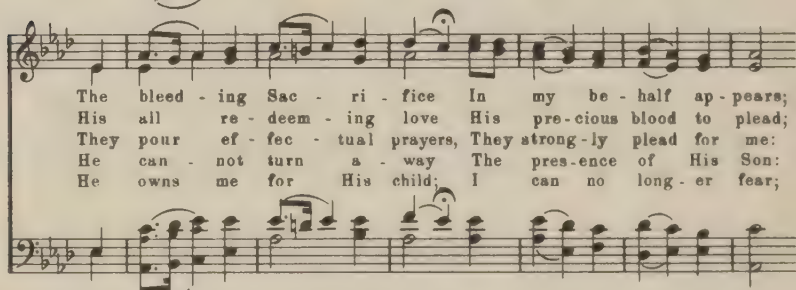
109 Arise, my soul, arise

CHARLES WESLEY

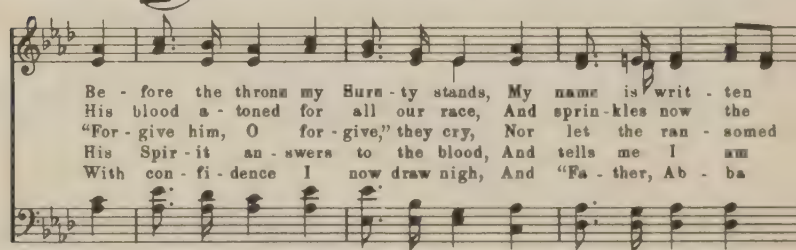
TRADITIONAL AMERICAN MELODY



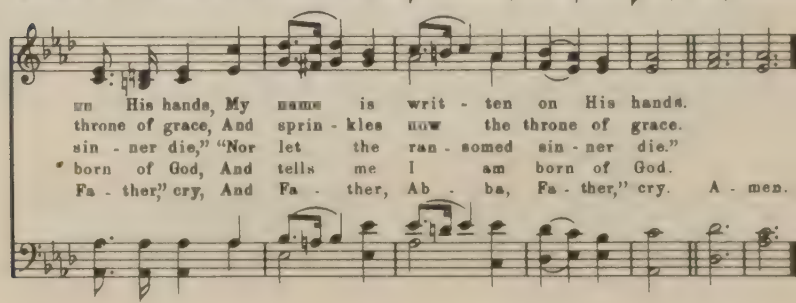
1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise, Shake off thy guilt - y fears;
 2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - cede;
 3. Five bleed - ing wounds He bears, Re - ceived on Cal - va - ry;
 4. The Fa - ther hears Him pray, His dear A - nointed One;
 5. My God is rec - on - ciled; His pard'ning voice I hear;



The bleed - ing Sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap - pears;
 His all re - deem - ing love His pre - cious blood to plead;
 They pour ef - fec - tual prayers, They strong - ly plead for me;
 He can - not turn a - way The pres - ence of His Son:
 He owns me for His child; I can no long - er fear;



Be - fore the throne my Hur - ty stands, My name is writ - ten
 His blood a - toned for all our race, And sprin - kles now the
 "For - give him, O for - give," they cry, Nor let the ran - somed
 His Spir - it an - swers to the blood, And tells me I am
 With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, And "Fa - ther, Ab - ba




on His hands, My name is writ - ten on His hands.
 throne of grace, And sprin - kles now the throne of grace.
 sin - ner die," "Nor let the ran - somed sin - ner die."
 "born of God, And tells me I am born of God.
 Fa - ther," cry, And Fa - ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther," cry. A - men.


My faith looks up to Thee 110

RAY PALMER

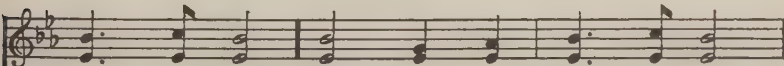
LOWELL MASON



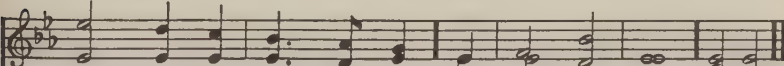
1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of
 2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a -
 4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold,



Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour di - vine: Now hear me
 faint - ing heart, My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast
 round me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark - ness
 sul - len stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - iour,



while I pray, Take all my guilt a - way,
 died for me, O may my love to Thee
 turn to day, Wipe sor - row's tears a - way,
 then, in love, Fear and dis - trust re - move;

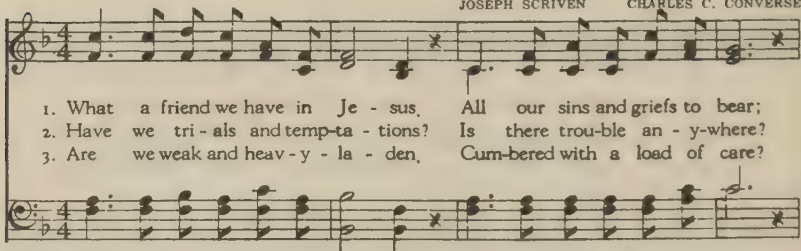


O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
 Pure, warm, and change - less be, A liv - ing fire!
 Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
 O bear me safe a - bove, A ran - somed soul! A-MEN.

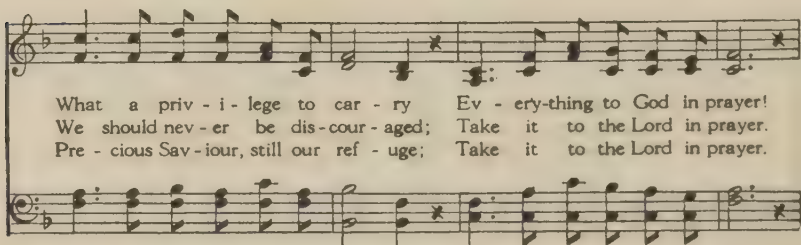
111 What a friend we have in Jesus

JOSEPH SCRIVEN

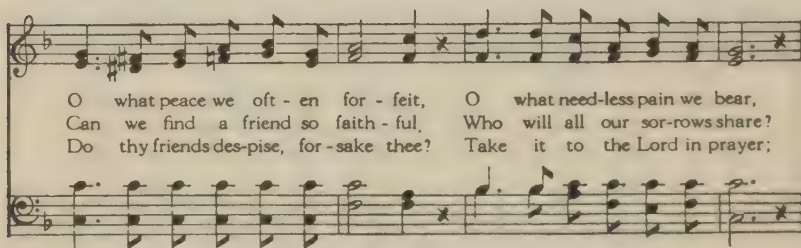
CHARLES C. CONVERSE



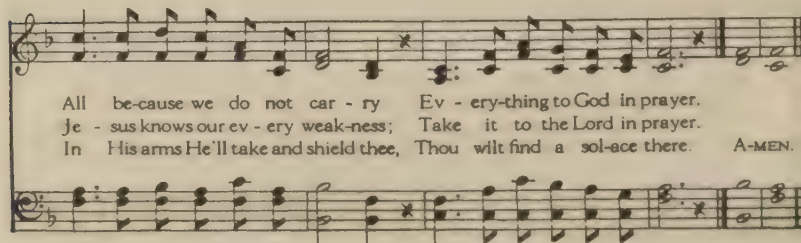
1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
 2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou - ble an - y - where?
 3. Are we weak and heav - y - la - den, Cum - bered with a load of care?



What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - ery - thing to God in prayer!
 We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged; Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Pre - cious Sav - iour, still our ref - uge; Take it to the Lord in prayer.



O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need - less pain we bear,
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows share?
 Do thy friends des - pise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;



All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - ery - thing to God in prayer.
 Je - sus knows our ev - ery weak - ness; Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there. A - MEN.

When you search the Scriptures

WHEN YOU meet together to study the Bible, you will probably not want to do much singing, but rather confine yourself to the business at hand. You may not want to use more than one of the hymns from this section on the Word of God at any Bible study. The songs from the section "When you gather for

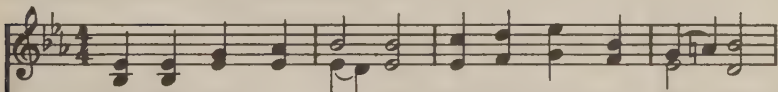
Christian fellowship," can also be used.

A hymn about the Word of God can be used in any meeting which centers on the Scriptures. For instance, at a conference such a hymn could precede a message on Bible study, and any of them could very appropriately be used before the reading of the Scriptures in a worship service.

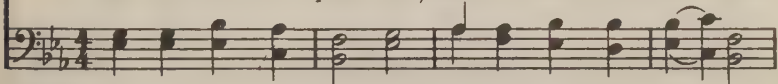
Lord, Thy Word abideth 112

H. W. BAKER

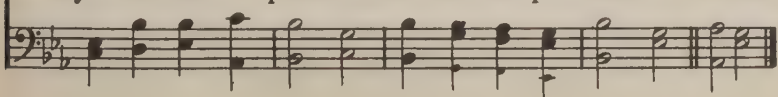
FROM GESANGBUCH (W. H. MONK, ARR.)



1. Lord, Thy Word a - bid - eth, And our foot-steps guid - eth;
2. When our foes are near us, Then Thy Word doth cheer us,
3. When the storms are o'er us, And dark clouds be - fore us,
4. Who can tell the pleas - ure, Who re - count the treas - ure



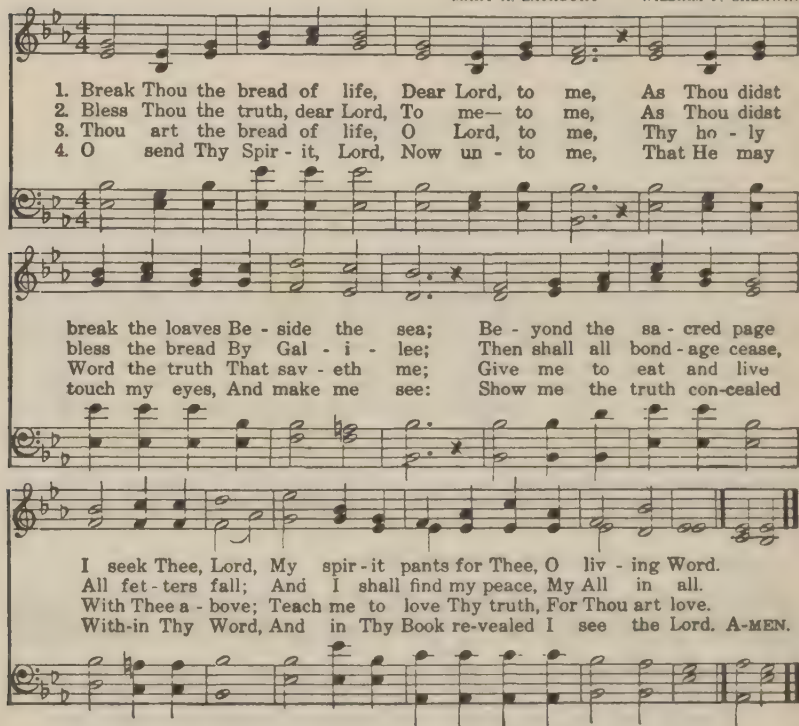
Who its truth be - liev - eth Light and joy re - ceiv - eth.
Word of con - so - la - tion, Mes - sage of sal - va - tion.
Then its light di - rect - eth, And our way pro - tect - eth.
By the Word im - part - ed To the sim - ple heart - ed? A - men.



113 Break Thou the Bread of life

MARY A. LATHBURY

WILLIAM F. SHERWIN



1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst
 2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me—to me, As Thou didst
 3. Thou art the bread of life, O Lord, to me, Thy ho - ly
 4. O send Thy Spir - it, Lord, Now un - to me, That He may

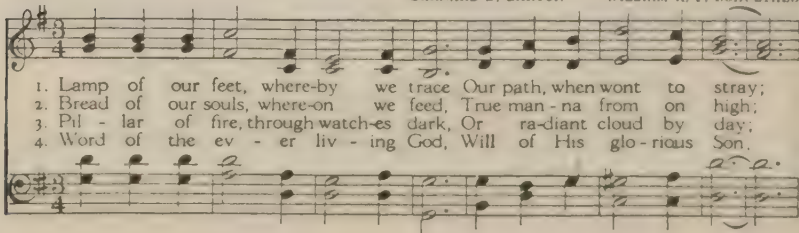
break the loaves Be - side the sea; Be - yond the sa - cred page
 bless the bread By Gal - i - lee; Then shall all bond - age cease,
 Word the truth That sav - eth me; Give me to eat and live
 touch my eyes, And make me see: Show me the truth con - cealed

I seek Thee, Lord, My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word.
 All fet - ters fall; And I shall find my peace, My All in all.
 With Thee a - bove; Teach me to love Thy truth, For Thou art love.
 With-in Thy Word, And in Thy Book re - vealed I see the Lord. A-MEN.

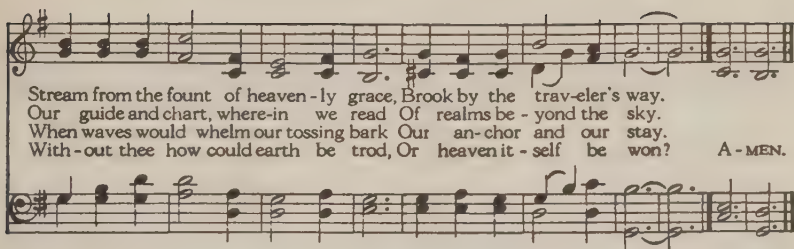
114 Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace

BERNARD D. BARTON

WILLIAM A. F. SCHULTHES



1. Lamp of our feet, where-by we trace Our path, when wont to stray;
 2. Bread of our souls, where-on we feed, True man - na from on high;
 3. Pil - lar of fire, through watch - es dark, Or ra - diant cloud by day;
 4. Word of the ev - er liv - ing God, Will of His glo - rious Son.

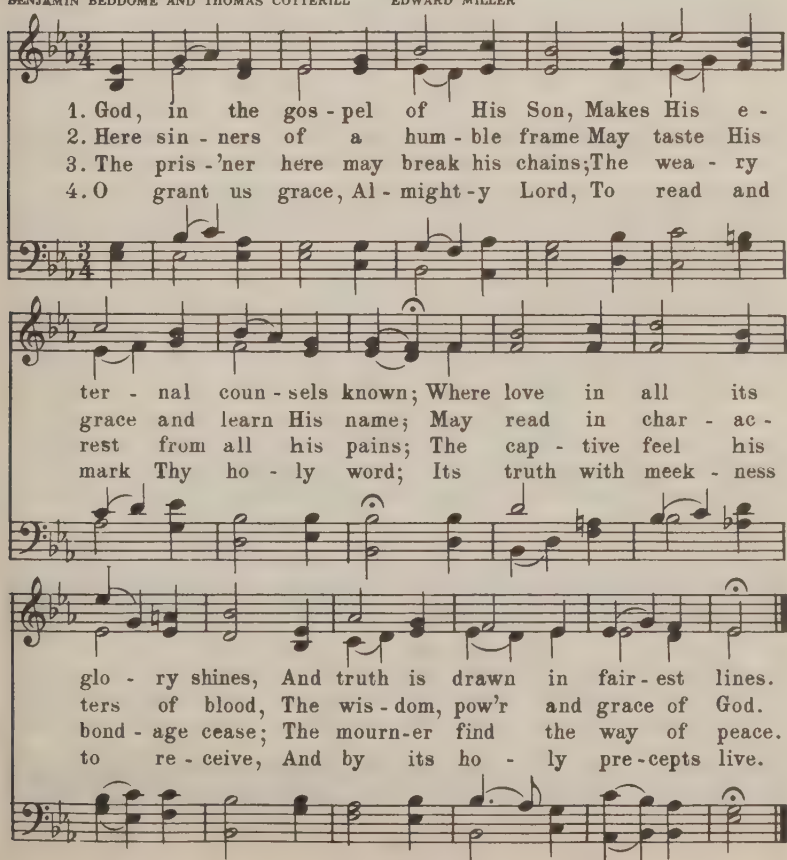


Stream from the fount of heaven-ly grace, Brook by the trav-eler's way.
 Our guide and chart, where-in we read Of realms be-yond the sky.
 When waves would whelm our tossing bark Our an-chor and our stay.
 With-out thee how could earth be trod, Or heaven it-self be won? A - MEN.

God, in the gospel of His Son 115

BENJAMIN BEDDOME AND THOMAS COTTERILL

EDWARD MILLER



1. God, in the gos - pel of His Son, Makes His e -
 2. Here sin - ners of a hum - ble frame May taste His
 3. The pris - 'ner here may break his chains; The wea - ry
 4. O grant us grace, Al - mighty Lord, To read and

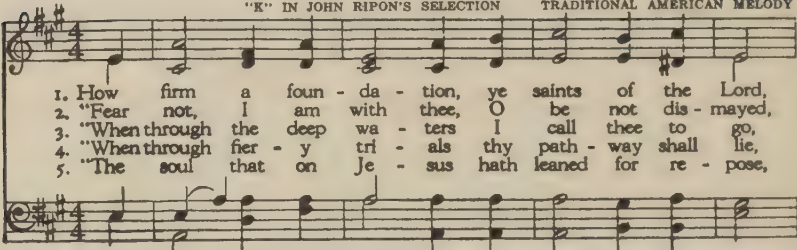
ter - nal coun - sels known; Where love in all its
 grace and learn His name; May read in char - ac -
 rest from all his pains; The cap - tive feel his
 mark Thy ho - ly word; Its truth with meek - ness

glo - ry shines, And truth is drawn in fair - est lines.
 ters of blood, The wis - dom, pow'r and grace of God.
 bond - age cease; The mourn - er find the way of peace.
 to re - ceive, And by its ho - ly pre - cepts live.

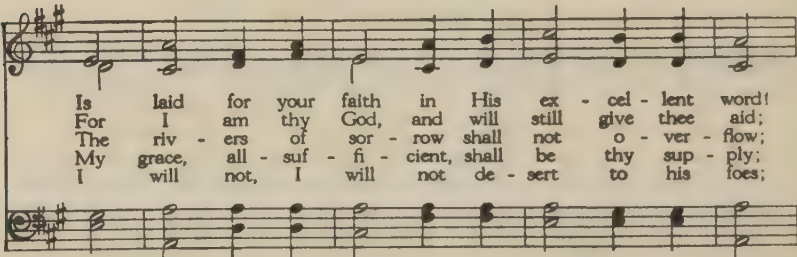
116 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord

"K" IN JOHN RIPON'S SELECTION

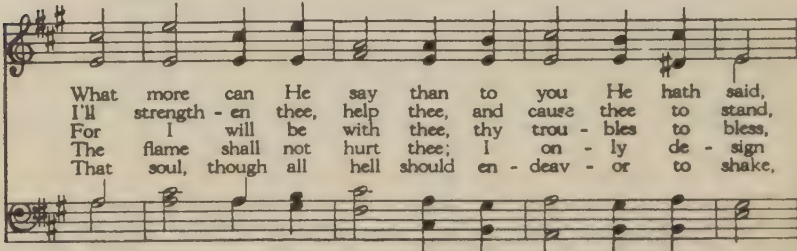
TRADITIONAL AMERICAN MELODY



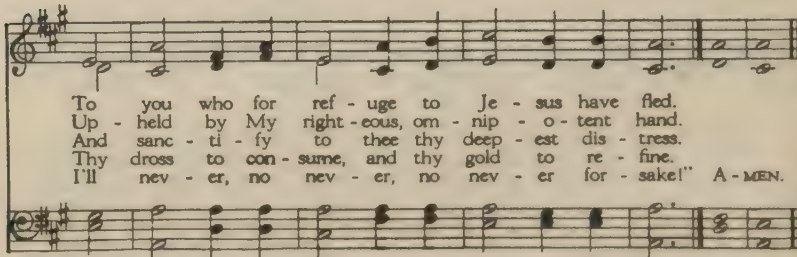
1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord,
 2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis - mayed,
 3. "When through the deep wa - ters I call thee to go,
 4. "When through fier - y tri - als thy path - way shall lie,
 5. "The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose,



Is laid for your faith in His ex - cel - lent word!
 For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
 The riv - ers of sor - row shall not o - ver - flow;
 My grace, all - suf - fi - cient, shall be thy sup - ply;
 I will not de - sert to his foes;



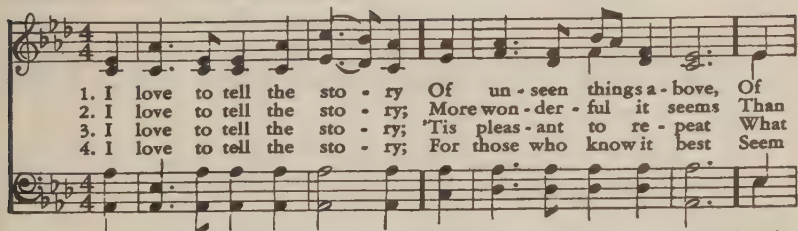
What more can He say than to you He hath said,
 I'll strength - en thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
 For I will be with thee, thy trou - bles to bless,
 The flame shall not hurt thee; I on - ly de - sign
 That soul, though all hell should en - deav - or to shake,



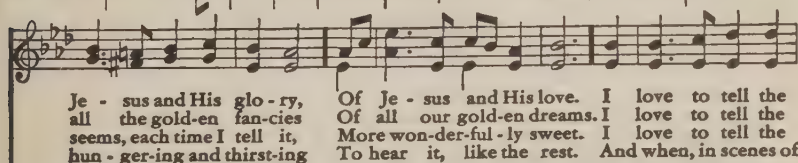
To you who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled.
 Up - held by My right - eous, om - nip - o - tent hand.
 And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress.
 Thy dross to con - sume, and thy gold to re - fine.
 I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er for - sake!" A - MEN.

KATHERINE HANKEY

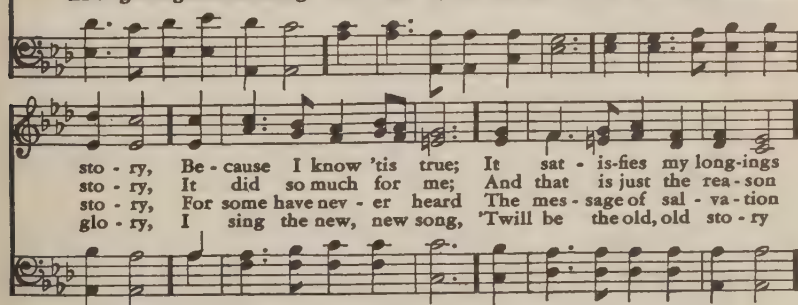
WILLIAM G. FISCHER



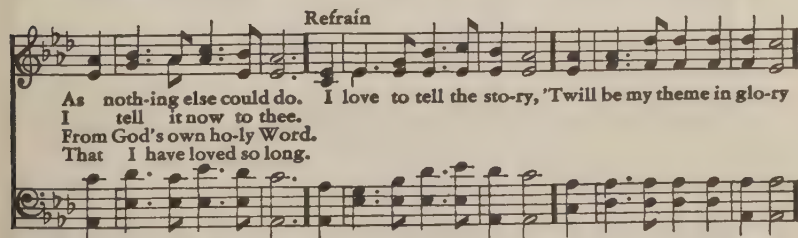
1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What
 4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem



Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the
 all the gold-en fan-cies Of all our gold-en dreams. I love to tell the
 seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the
 hun - ger-ing and thirst-ing To hear it, like the rest. And when, in scenes of

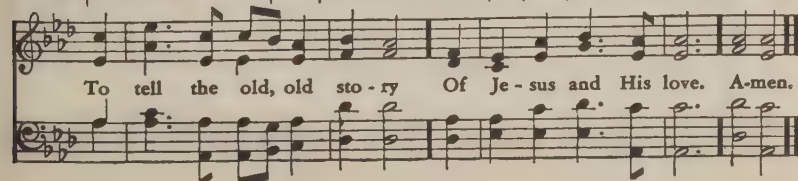


sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is-fies my long-ings
 sto - ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the rea - son
 sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal - va - tion
 glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry



Refrain

As noth-ing else could do. I love to tell the sto-ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo-ry
 I tell it now to thee.
 From God's own ho-ly Word.
 That I have loved so long.

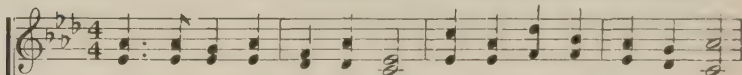


To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love. Amen.

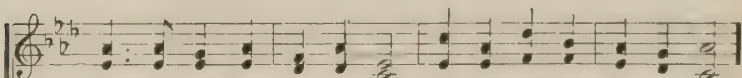
How I love Thy law, O Lord!

PSALM 119

ANON (BENJAMIN CARR, ARR.)



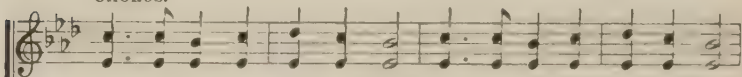
1. How I love Thy law, O Lord! Dai-ly joy its truths af-ford;
2. Thy commandments in my heart Tru-est wis-dom can im-part;
3. While my heart Thy word o-beys, I am kept from e-vil ways;



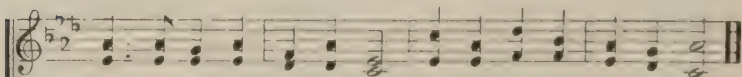
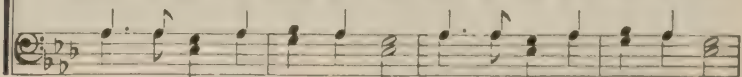
In its con-stant light I go, Wise to con-quer ev-'ry foe.
 To mine eyes Thy pre-cepts show Wis-dom more than sa-ges know.
 From Thy law, with Thee to guide, I have nev-er turned a-side.



CHORUS.



Sweet-er are Thy words to me Than all oth-er good can be;



Safe I walk, Thy truth my light, Hat-ing falsehood, lov-ing right.



When you seek personal fellowship with God

THE DEEPEST hunger and yearning of the human soul redeemed by Christ is for an intimate, personal, experimental knowledge of God. Through singing the hymns in this section, you will gain a deeper longing for the heights which they express, and you will find your desire fulfilled in Christ.

These hymns are intensely personal.

Use them in your "quiet time," but not as a substitute for the Scriptures. Memorize the words and make them your own. Use them also in prayer meetings, devotional meetings, and in your conferences, when the theme is a personal, intimate relationship with Christ. Many are also appropriate to sing when you meet together to observe the Lord's Supper.

Saviour, breathe an evening blessing 119

JAMES EDMESTON

GEORGE C. STEBBINS

The image shows the first two systems of musical notation for the hymn. The first system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a range of approximately an octave. The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic support with chords and moving lines. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, ending with a double bar line.

1. Sav - iour, breathe an eve - ning bless - ing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal;
2. Though the night be dark and drear - y, Dark - ness can - not hide from Thee;
3. Though de - struc - tion walk a - round us, Though the ar - row past us fly,
4. Bless - ed Spir - it, brood - ing o'er us, Chase the dark - ness of our night,

Sin and want we come con - fess - ing; Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

Thou art He who, nev - er wea - ry, Watchest where Thy peo - ple be.

An - gel - guards from Thee sur - round us, We are safe if Thou art nigh.

Till the per - fect day be - fore us Breaks in ev - er - last - ing light. A - MEN.

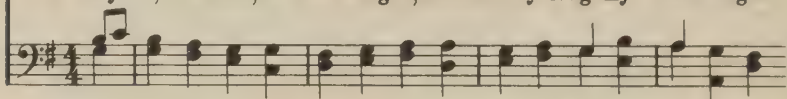
The image shows the third system of musical notation, continuing the vocal and piano parts from the previous systems. It follows the same key signature and time signature. The melody concludes with a final cadence, and the piano accompaniment provides a sustained harmonic background.

120 Awake, my soul, and with the sun

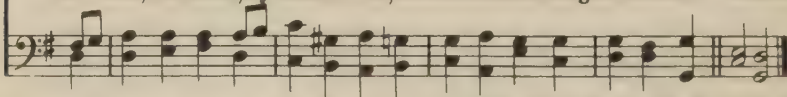
THOMAS KEN FRANCOIS H. BARTHELEMON



1. A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run;
2. In con - ver - sa - tion be sin - cere, Keep con - science as the noon - day clear;
3. Wake, and lift up thy - self, my heart And with the an - gels bear thy part,
4. May I, like them, in God de - light; Have all day long my God in sight!



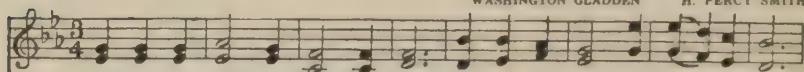
Shake off dull sloth, and joy - ful rise To pay thy morn - ing sa - cri - fice.
Think how all - see - ing God thy ways And all thy se - cret tho'ts sur - veys.
Who all night long un - wearied sing High praise to the e - ter - nal King.
Per - form, like them, my Maker's will, And cel - e - brate His glo - ries still. A - men



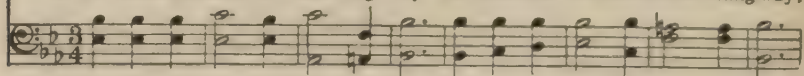
- | | |
|---|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 5. Glory to Thee who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me whilst I
slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death
shall wake,
I may of endless light partake. 6. Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew; | <p>Guard my first springs of thought
and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 7. Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their
might,
In Thy sole glory may unite. |
|---|--|

121 O Master, let me walk with Thee

WASHINGTON GLADDEN H. PERCY SMITH



1. O Mas - ter, let me walk with Thee In low - ly paths of serv - ice free;
2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear, win - ning word of love;
3. Teach me Thy pa - tience; still with Thee In clos - er, dear - er com - pa - ny;
4. In hope that sends a shin - ing ray Far down the fu - ture's broad - ening way;



Tell me Thy se-cret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.
 Teach me the way-ward feet to stay, And guide them in the home-ward way.
 In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that tri-umphs o-ver wrong;
 In peace that on - ly Thou canst give, With Thee, O Mas-ter, let me live. A-MEN.

The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended 122

JOHN ELLERTON

CLEMENT C. SCHOLEFIELD

1. The day Thou gav - est, Lord, is end - ed, The dark - ness
 2. We thank Thee that Thy Church un - sleep - ing, While earth rolls
 3. As o'er each con - ti - nent and is - land The dawn leads
 4. So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall nev - er, Like earth's proud

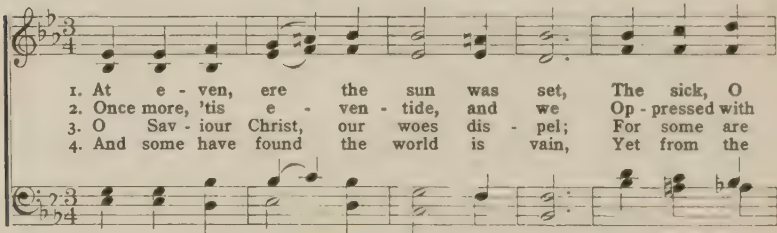
falls at Thy be - hest; To Thee our morn - ing hymns as -
 on - ward in - to light, Through all the world her watch is
 on an - oth - er day, The voice of prayer is nev - er
 em - pires, pass a - way; Thy king - dom stands, and grows for

ced - ed, Thy praise shall hal - low now our rest.
 keep - ing, And rests not now by day or night.
 si - lent, Nor die the strains of praise a - way.
 ev - er, Till all Thy crea - tures own Thy sway. A - MEN.

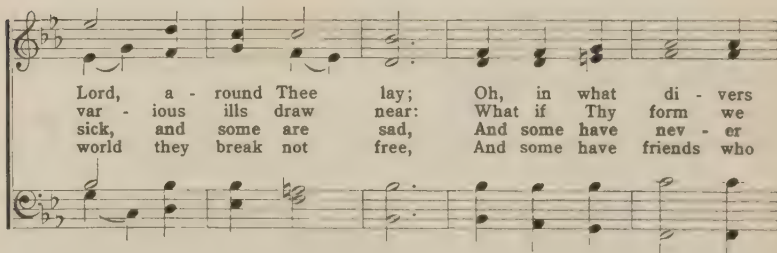
123 At even, ere the sun was set

HENRY TWELLS

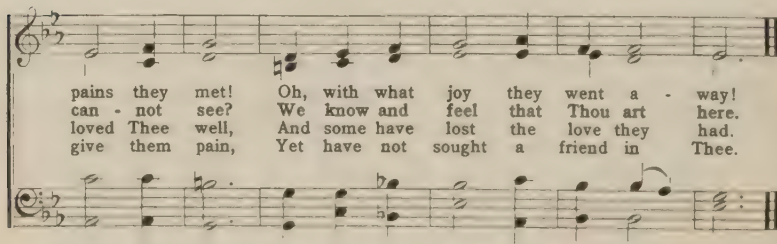
GEORGE JOSEPHI



1. At e - ven, ere the sun was set, The sick, O
 2. Once more, 'tis e - ven - tide, and we Op - pressed with
 3. O Sav - iour Christ, our woes dis - pel; For some are
 4. And some have found the world is vain, Yet from the



Lord, a - round Thee lay; Oh, in what di - vers
 var - ious ills draw near: What if Thy form we
 sick, and some are sad, And some have nev - er
 world they break not free, And some have friends who



pains they met! Oh, with what joy they went a - way!
 can - not see? We know and feel that Thou art here.
 loved Thee well, And some have lost the love they had.
 give them pain, Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.

5 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
 For none are wholly free from sin;
 And they who fain would serve
 Thee best
 Are conscious most of wrong
 within.

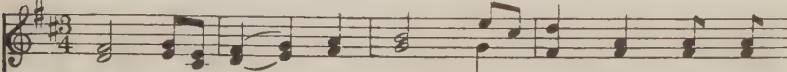
6 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art man;
 Thou hast been troubled, tempted,
 tried;
 Thy kind but searching glance can
 scan
 The very wounds that shame
 would hide.

7 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
 No word from Thee can fruitless
 fall;
 Hear in this solemn evening hour,
 And in Thy mercy heal us all.


Come, my soul, thou must be waking 124

F. R. L. VON CANITZ (H. J. BUCKOLL, TR.)

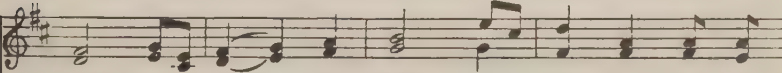
FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN



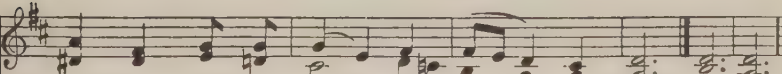
1. Come, my soul, thou must be wak - ing; Now is
 2. Glad - ly hail the sun re - turn - ing; Read - y
 3. Pray that He may pros - per ev - er Each en -
 4. Our God's boun - teous gifts a - buse not, Light re -



break - ing O'er the earth an - oth - er day:
 burn - ing Be the in - cense of thy powers;
 deav - or, When thine aim is good and true;
 fuse not, But His Spir - it's voice o - bey;



Come to Him who made this splen - dor; See thou
 For the night is safe - ly end - ed; God hath
 But that He may ev - er thwart thee, And con -
 Thou with Him shalt dwell, be - hold - ing Light en -

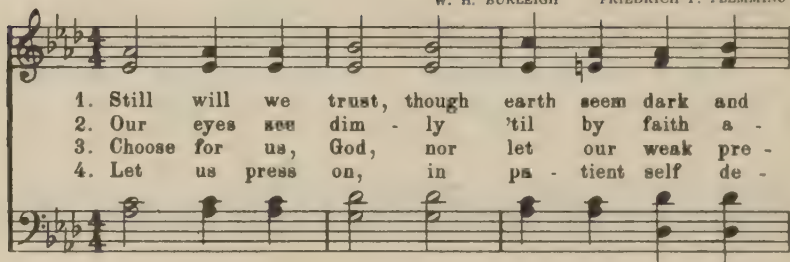


ren - der All thy fee - ble strength can pay.
 tend - ed With His care thy help - less hours.
 vert thee, When thou e - vil wouldst pur - sue.
 fold - ing All things in un - cloud - ed day. A - MEN.

125 Still will we trust

W. H. BURLEIGH

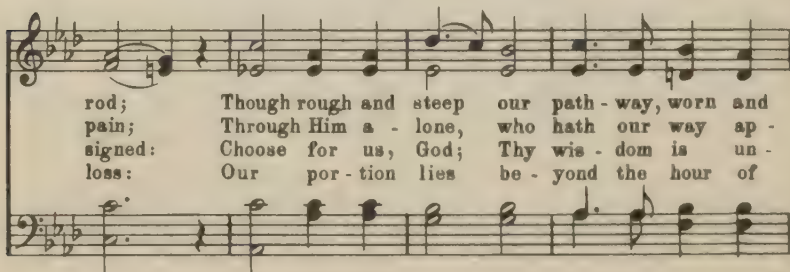
FRIEDRICH F. FLEMMING



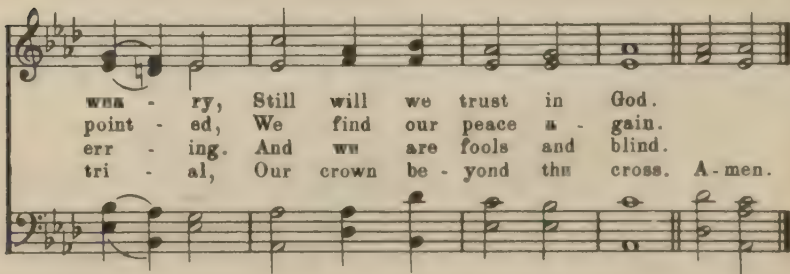
1. Still will we trust, though earth seem dark and
 2. Our eyes see dim - ly 'til by faith a -
 3. Choose for us, God, nor let our weak pre -
 4. Let us press on, in pa - tient self de -



dear - y, And the heart faint be - neath His cha - st'ning
 noint - ed, And our blind chos - ing brings us grief and
 fer - ring Cheat us of good Thou hast for us de -
 ni - al, Ac - cept the hard - ship, shrink not from the



rod; Though rough and steep our path - way, worn and
 pain; Through Him a - lone, who hath our way ap -
 signed: Choose for us, God; Thy wis - dom is un -
 loss: Our por - tion lies be - yond the hour of

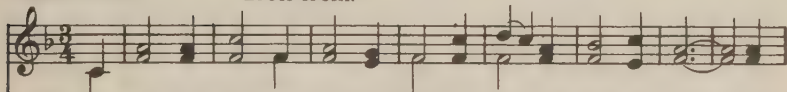


won - ry, Still will we trust in God.
 point - ed, We find our peace a - gain.
 err - ing. And we are fools and blind.
 tri - al, Our crown be - yond the cross. A - men.

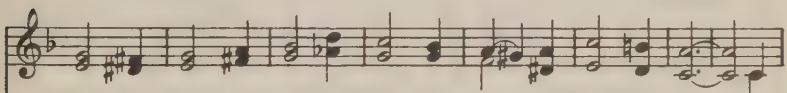
O Christ, what burdens bowed Thy head! 126

ANNIE R. COUSIN

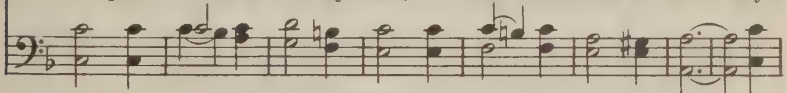
LOUIS SPOHR



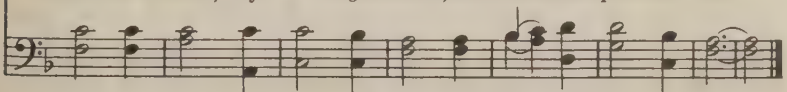
1. O Christ what bur-dens bow'd Thy head: Our load was laid on Thee; Thou
2. Death and the curse were in our cup: O Christ 'twas full for Thee! But
3. Je - ho - vah lift - ed up His rod: O Christ it fell on Thee! Thou
4. The tem-pest's aw - ful voice was heard; O Christ it broke on Thee! Thy



stood - est in the sin - ners' stead Did'st bear all ill for me. A
Thou hast drain'd the last dark drop, 'Tis emp - ty now for me. That
wast sore strick - en of Thy God; There's not one stroke for me. Thy
o - pen bo - som was my ward, It braved the storm for me. Thy



vic - tim led, Thy blood was shed! Now there's no load for me.
bit - ter cup, love drank it up, Now bless - ing's draught for me.
tears, Thy blood, be - neath it flowed; Thy bruising heal - eth me.
form was scarred, Thy vi - sage marr'd, Now cloud-less peace for me.



- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>5. Jehovah bade His sword awake:
O Christ, it woke 'gainst Thee;
Thy blood the flaming blade must slake,
Thy heart its sheath must be.
All for my sake, my peace to make:
Now sleeps that sword for me.</p> | <p>6. For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,
And I have died in Thee:
Thou'rt risen—my bands are all untied;
And now Thou liv'st in me:
When purified, made white, and tried,
Thy glory then for me.</p> |
|--|---|

127 O, my Saviour, crucified!

ROBERT CHAPMAN

MARTIN HERBST

1. O my Sav-iour cru-ci-fied! Near Thy cross would I a-bide,
 2. Je-sus bruise'd and put to shame, Tells the glo-ries of God's name:
 3. God is love I sure-ly know, In the Sav-iour's depth of woe;
 4. In His spot-less soul's dis-tress I have learnt my guilt-i-ness;

Gaz-ing with a-dor-ing eye On Thy dy-ing a-gon-y.
 Ho-ly judg-ment there I found, Grace did there o'er sin a-bound.
 In the Sin-less, in God's sight, Sin is just-ly brought to light.
 O how vile my low es-tate, Since my ran-som was so great. A-men.

5. Rent the veil that closed the way
 To my home of heav'nly day,
 In the flesh of Christ the Lord;
 Ever be His name adored!

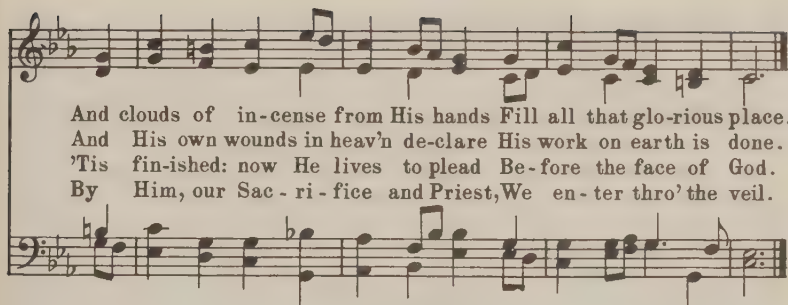
6. Yet in sight of Calvary,
 Contrite should my spirit be,—
 Rest and holiness there find.
 Fashioned like my Saviour's mind.

128 The veil is rent! Lo, Jesus stands

JAMES G. DECK

WILLIAM TANS'UR

1. The veil is rent! Lo! Je-sus stands Be-fore the throne of grace;
 2. His pre-cious blood is sprin-kled there, Be-fore and on the throne;
 3. 'Tis fin-ished!" on the cross He said, In ag-o-nies and blood;
 4. 'Tis fin-ished! here our souls can rest, His work can nev-er fail;

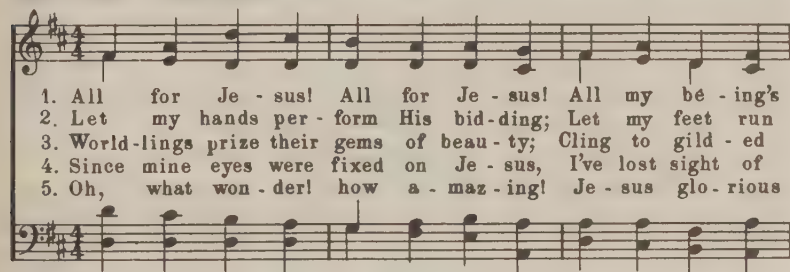


And clouds of in-cense from His hands Fill all that glo-rious place.
 And His own wounds in heav'n de-clare His work on earth is done.
 'Tis fin-ished: now He lives to plead Be-fore the face of God.
 By Him, our Sac - ri - fice and Priest, We en - ter thro' the veil.

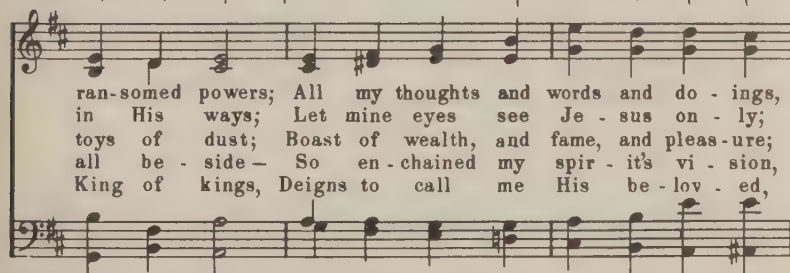
MARY D. JAMES

JOHN STAINER

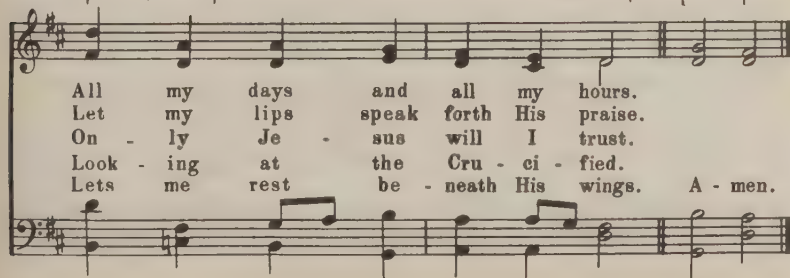
All for Jesus! 129



1. All for Je - sus! All for Je - sus! All my be - ing's
 2. Let my hands per - form His bid - ding; Let my feet run
 3. World-ings prize their gems of beau - ty; Cling to gild - ed
 4. Since mine eyes were fixed on Je - sus, I've lost sight of
 5. Oh, what won - der! how a - maz - ing! Je - sus glo - rious



ran-somed powers; All my thoughts and words and do - ings,
 in His ways; Let mine eyes see Je - sus on - ly;
 toys of dust; Boast of wealth, and fame, and pleas - ure;
 all be - side - So en - chained my spir - it's vi - sion,
 King of kings, Deigns to call me His be - lov - ed,

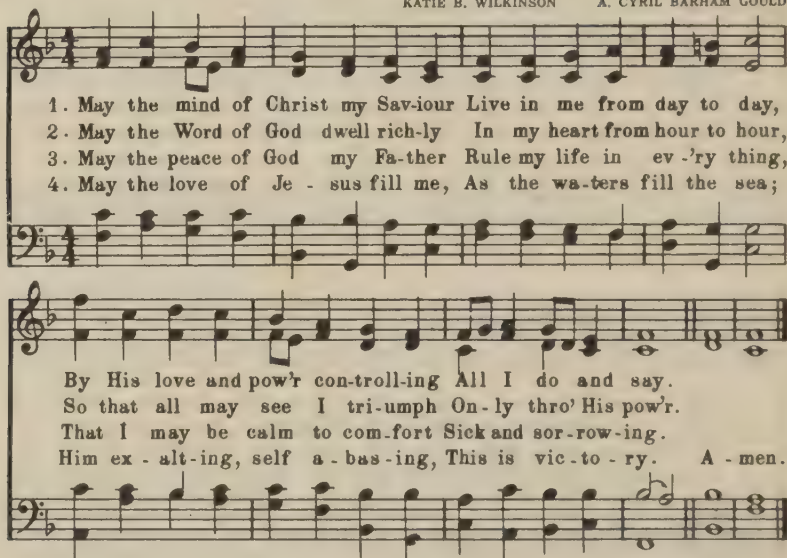


All my days and all my hours.
 Let my lips speak forth His praise.
 On - ly Je - sus will I trust.
 Look - ing at the Cru - ci - fied.
 Lets me rest be - neath His wings. A - men.

130 May the mind of Christ my Saviour

KATIE B. WILKINSON

A. CYRIL BARHAM GOULD



1. May the mind of Christ my Sav-iour Live in me from day to day,
 2. May the Word of God dwell rich-ly In my heart from hour to hour,
 3. May the peace of God my Fa-ther Rule my life in ev-'ry thing,
 4. May the love of Je - sus fill me, As the wa-ters fill the sea;

By His love and pow'r con-troll-ing All I do and say.
 So that all may see I tri-umph On-ly thro' His pow'r.
 That I may be calm to com-fort Sick and sor-row-ing.
 Him ex - alt-ing, self a - bas-ing, This is vic-to - ry. A - men.

5. May I run the race before me,
 Strong and brave to face the foe,
 Looking only unto Jesus
 As I onward go.

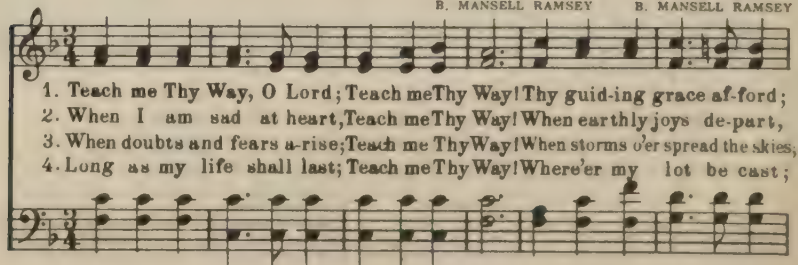
6. May His beauty rest upon me
 As I seek the lost to win,
 And may they forget the channel,
 Seeing only Him.

Words and music by permission of C. Barham Gould

131 Teach me Thy way, O Lord

B. MANSELL RAMSEY

B. MANSELL RAMSEY



1. Teach me Thy Way, O Lord; Teach me Thy Way! Thy guid-ing grace af-ford;
 2. When I am sad at heart, Teach me Thy Way! When earthly joys de-part,
 3. When doubts and fears a-rise; Teach me Thy Way! When storms o'er spread the skies,
 4. Long as my life shall last; Teach me Thy Way! Where'er my lot be cast;

By permission of John T. Park

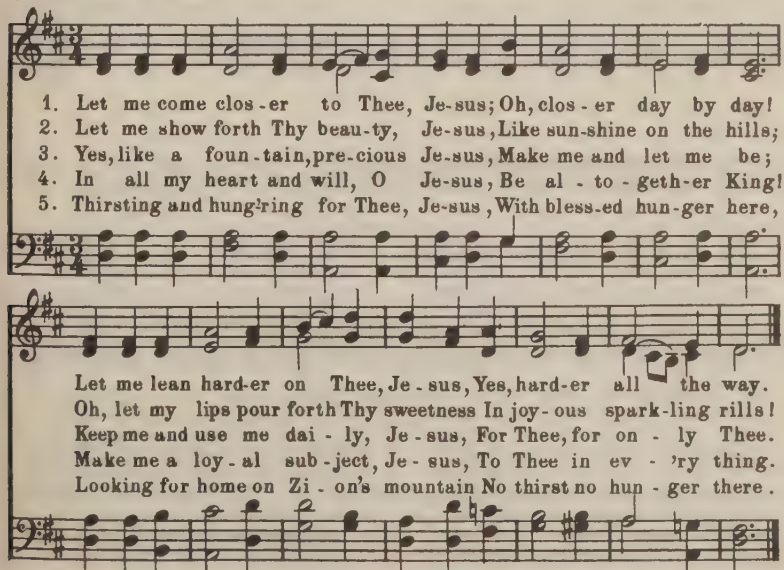


Teach me Thy Way! Help me to walk a-right, more by faith
 Teach me Thy Way! In hours of lone-li-ness, in times of
 Teach me Thy Way! Shine through the cloud and rain, thro' sor-row,
 Teach me Thy Way! Un-til the race is run, un-til the

less by sight, Lead me with heav'n-ly light; Teach me Thy way!
 dire dis-tress, In fail-ure or suc-cess, Teach me Thy Way!
 toil and pain, Make Thou my path-way plain; Teach me Thy Way!
 jour-ney's done, Un-til the Crown is won; Teach me Thy Way! A-men.

Let me come closer to Thee, Jesus 132

J. L. LYNE J. H. LESTER



1. Let me come clos-er to Thee, Je-sus; Oh, clos-er day by day!
2. Let me show forth Thy beau-ty, Je-sus, Like sun-shine on the hills;
3. Yes, like a foun-tain, pre-cious Je-sus, Make me and let me be;
4. In all my heart and will, O Je-sus, Be al-to-geth-er King!
5. Thirsting and hung'ring for Thee, Je-sus, With bless-ed hun-ger here,

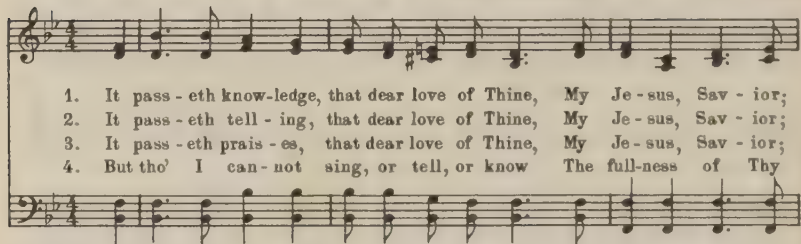
Let me lean hard-er on Thee, Je-sus, Yes, hard-er all the way.
 Oh, let my lips pour forth Thy sweetness In joy-ous spark-ling rills!
 Keep me and use me dai-ly, Je-sus, For Thee, for on-ly Thee.
 Make me a loy-al sub-ject, Je-sus, To Thee in ev-'ry thing.
 Looking for home on Zi-on's mountain No thirst no hun-ger there.

The author permits the ascription "Lord Jesus," when preferred, in the first line of verses, and line 3 in verses 1, 3, and 4.

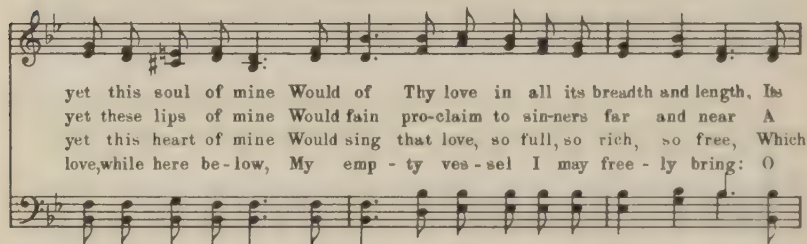
133 *It passeth knowledge*

MARY SHEKLETON

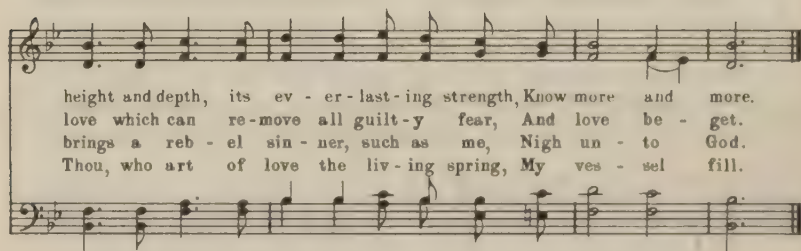
IRA D. SANKEY



1. It pass - eth know - ledge, that dear love of Thine, My Je - sus, Sav - ior;
 2. It pass - eth tell - ing, that dear love of Thine, My Je - sus, Sav - ior;
 3. It pass - eth prais - es, that dear love of Thine, My Je - sus, Sav - ior;
 4. But tho' I can - not sing, or tell, or know The full - ness of Thy



yet this soul of mine Would of Thy love in all its breadth and length, Its
 yet these lips of mine Would fain pro - claim to sin - ners far and near A
 yet this heart of mine Would sing that love, so full, so rich, so free, Which
 love, while here be - low, My emp - ty ves - sel I may free - ly bring: O



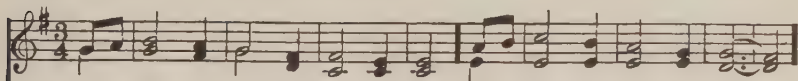
height and depth, its ev - er - last - ing strength, Know more and more.
 love which can re - move all guilt - y fear, And love be - get.
 brings a reb - el sin - ner, such as me, Nigh un - to God.
 Thou, who art of love the liv - ing spring, My ves - sel fill.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>5 I am an empty vessel—not one thought
 Or look of love, I ever to Thee brought;
 Yet I may come, and come again to Thee,
 With this, the empty sinner's only plea—
 Thou lovest me.</p> | <p>6 Oh, fill me, Jesus, Savior, with Thy love!
 Lead, lead me to the living fount above;
 Thither may I, in simple faith, draw nigh,
 And never to another fountain fly,
 But unto Thee.</p> |
|---|---|

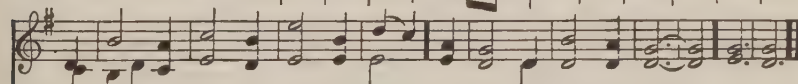
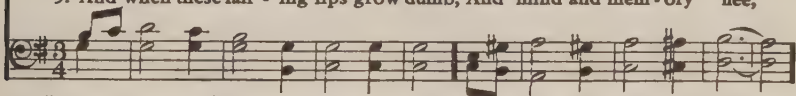
According to Thy gracious Word 134

JAMES MONTGOMERY

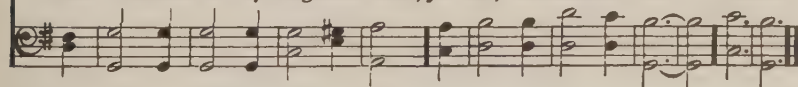
GREATOREX' "COLLECTION"



1. Ac - cord - ing to Thy gra - cious word, In meek hu - mil - i - ty,
2. Thy bod - y, bro - ken for my sake, My bread from heaven shall be;
3. When to the cross I turn mine eyes, And rest on Cal - va - ry,
4. Re - mem - ber Thee, and all Thy pains, And all Thy love to me:
5. And when these fail - ing lips grow dumb, And mind and mem - ory flee,



This will I do, my dy - ing Lord, I will re - mem - ber Thee.
 Thy tes - ta - men - tal cup I take, And thus re - mem - ber Thee.
 O Lamb of God, my Sac - ri - fice, I must re - mem - ber Thee;
 Yea, while a breath, a pulse re - mains Will I re - mem - ber Thee.
 When Thou shalt in Thy King - dom come, Je - sus, re - mem - ber me. A - men.



O Jesus Christ, grow Thou in me 135

J. C. LAVATER (H. B. SMITH, TR.)

TUNE OF HYMN 134

1. O Jesus Christ, grow Thou in me,
 And all things else recede!
 My heart be daily nearer Thee,
 From sin be daily freed.
2. Each day let Thy supporting might
 My weakness still embrace;
 My darkness vanish in Thy light,
 Thy life my death efface.
3. In Thy bright beams which on me fall,
 Fade every evil thought;
 That I am nothing, Thou art all,
 I would be daily taught.
4. More of Thy glory let me see.
 Thou Holy, Wise, and True!
 I would Thy living image be,
 In joy and sorrow too.
5. Fill me with gladness from above,
 Hold me by strength Divine;
 Lord, let the glow of Thy great love
 Through my whole being shine.
6. Make this poor self grow less and less,
 Be Thou my life and aim;
 Oh, make me daily through Thy grace,
 More meet to bear Thy name!

136 Jesus, the very thought of Thee

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX (EDWARD CASWALL. TR.)

JOHN B. DYKES

1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought of Thee With sweet-ness fills my breast;
 2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem - ory find
 3. O Hope of ev - ery con - trite heart, O Joy of all the meek;
 4. But what to those who find? Ah, this Nor tongue nor pen can show:
 5. Je - sus, our on - ly Joy be Thou, As Thou our Prize wilt be;

But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres-ence rest.
 A sweet-er sound than Thy blest Name, O Sav-iour of man-kind!
 To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!
 The love of Je - sus, what it is None but His loved ones know.
 Je - sus, be Thou our Glo - ry now, And through e - ter - ni - ty. A - MEN.

137 Oh, teach me what it meaneth

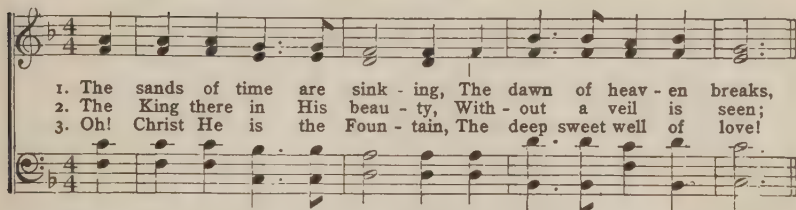
LUCY A. BENNETT

TUNE OF HYMN 138

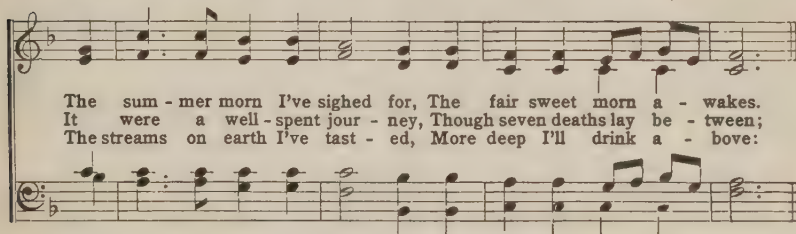
1. Oh, teach me what it meaneth—
 That cross uplifted high,
 With One—the Man of Sorrows—
 Condemned to bleed and die!
 Oh, teach me what it cost Thee
 To make a sinner whole;
 And teach me, Saviour, teach me
 The value of a soul!
2. Oh, teach me what it meaneth—
 That sacred crimson tide—
 The blood and water flowing
 From Thine own wounded side
 Teach me that if none other
 Had sinned, but I alone,
 Yet still, Thy blood, Lord Jesus,
 Thine only, must atone.
3. Oh, teach me what it meaneth—
 Thy love beyond compare,
 The love that reacheth deeper
 Than depths of self-despair!
4. Oh, teach me what it meaneth,
 For I am full of sin;
 And grace alone can reach me,
 And love alone can win.
 Oh, teach me, for I need Thee—
 I have no hope beside,—
 The chief of all the sinners
 For whom the Saviour died!
5. O Infinite Redeemer!
 I bring no other plea,
 Because Thou dost invite me,
 I cast myself on Thee.
 Because Thou dost accept me,
 I love and I adore;
 Because Thy love constraineth,
 I'll praise Thee evermore!

The sands of time are sinking 138

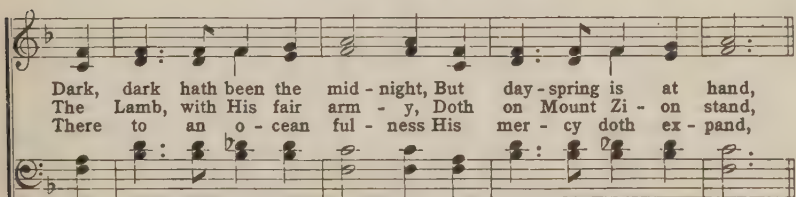
ANNE R. COUSIN CHRETIAN D'URHAN (E. F. RIMBAULT, ARR.)



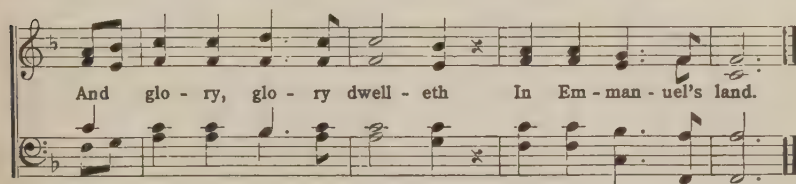
1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav - en breaks,
 2. The King there in His beau - ty, With - out a veil is seen;
 3. Oh! Christ He is the Foun - tain, The deep sweet well of love!



The sum - mer morn I've sighed for, The fair sweet morn a - wakes.
 It were a well - spent jour - ney, Though seven deaths lay be - tween;
 The streams on earth I've tast - ed, More deep I'll drink a - bove:



Dark, dark hath been the mid - night, But day - spring is at hand,
 The Lamb, with His fair arm - y, Doth on Mount Zi - on stand,
 There to an o - cean ful - ness His mer - cy doth ex - pand,



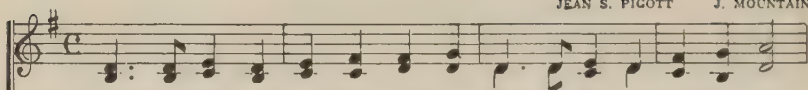
And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Em - man - uel's land.

4 Oh, I am my Beloved's
 And my Beloved's mine!
 He brings a poor vile sinner
 Into His "house of wine":
 I stand upon His merit,
 I know no other stand,
 Not e'en where glory dwelleth
 In Emmanuel's land.

5 The bride eyes not her garment,
 But her dear bridegroom's face;
 I will not gaze at glory,
 But on my King of grace:
 Not at the crown He giveth,
 But on His piercé hand;
 The Lamb is all the glory
 Of Emmanuel's land.


139 Jesus, I am resting, resting

JEAN S. PIGOTT J. MOUNTAIN

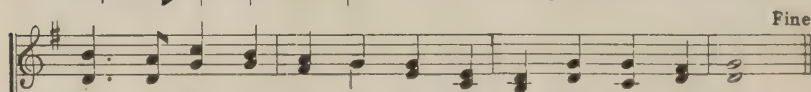


1. Je - sus! I am rest - ing, rest - ing In the joy of what Thou art;
 2. Oh, how great Thy lov - ing kind - ness, Vas - ter, broader than the sea!
 3. Sim - ply trust - ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, I be - hold Thee as Thou art;
 4. Ev - er lift Thy face up - on me, As I work and wait for Thee;

Refrain: Je - sus, I am rest - ing, rest - ing, In the joy of what Thou art;

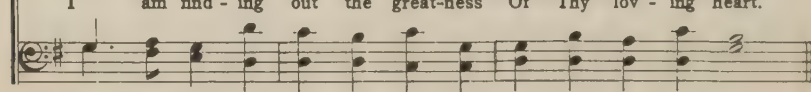



Fine




I am find - ing out the great - ness Of Thy lov - ing heart.
 Oh, how mar - vel - lous Thy good - ness, Lav - ished all on me!
 And Thy love so pure, so change - less, Sat - is - fies my heart;
 Rest - ing 'neath Thy smile, Lord Je - sus, Earth's dark shad - ows flee.


I am find - ing out the great - ness Of Thy lov - ing heart.


Thou hast bid me gaze up - on Thee, And Thy beau - ty fills my soul,
 Yes, I rest in Thee, Be - lov - ed, Know what wealth of grace is Thine,
 Sat - is - fies its deep - est long - ings, Meets, supplies its ev - 'ry need,
 Bright - ness of my Fa - ther's glo - ry, Sun - shine of my Fa - ther's face,



D.C.



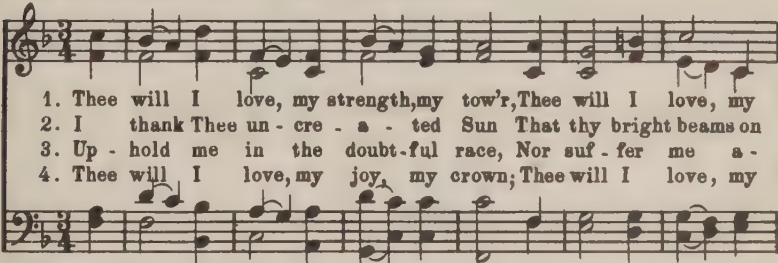
For, by Thy trans - form - ing pow - er, Thou hast made me whole.
 Know Thy cer - tain - ty of prom - ise, And have made it mine.
 Com - pass - ion me round with bless - ings: Thine is love in - deed!
 Keep me ev - er trust - ing, rest - ing, Fill me with Thy grace.



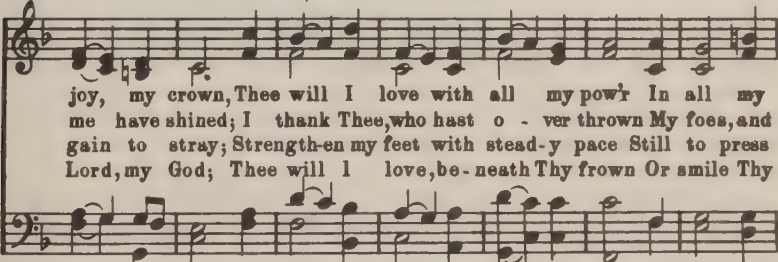
Thee will I love, my Strength, my Tower 140

JOHANN SCHEFFLER (JOHN WESLEY, TR.)

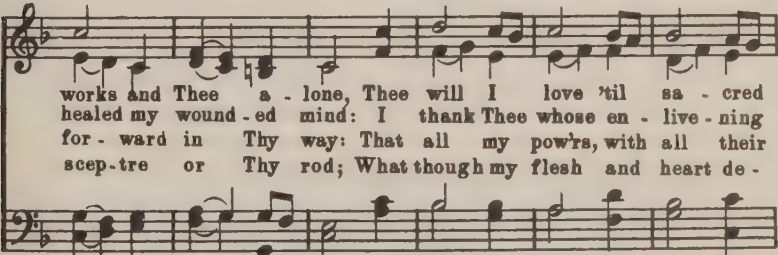
HENRY CAREY




1. Thee will I love, my strength, my tow'r, Thee will I love, my
 2. I thank Thee un - cre - a - ted Sun That thy bright beams on
 3. Up - hold me in the doubt - ful race, Nor suf - fer me a -
 4. Thee will I love, my joy, my crown; Thee will I love, my



joy, my crown, Thee will I love with all my pow'r In all my
 me have shined; I thank Thee, who hast o - ver thrown My foes, and
 gain to stray; Strength - en my feet with stead - y pace Still to press
 Lord, my God; Thee will I love, be - neath Thy frown Or smile Thy



works and Thee a - lone, Thee will I love 'til sa - cred
 healed my wound - ed mind: I thank Thee whose en - live - ning
 for - ward in Thy way: That all my pow'rs, with all their
 scep - tre or Thy rod; What though my flesh and heart de -

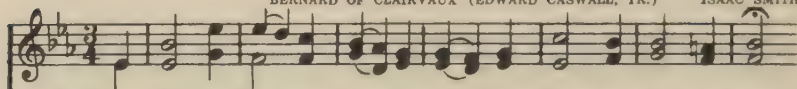


fire Fills my whole soul with pure de - sire.
 voice Bids my freed heart in Thee re - joice.
 might, In Thy sole glo ry may u - nite.
 cay, Thee shall I love in end - less day. A - men.

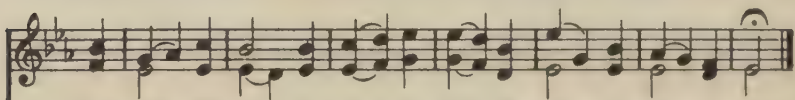
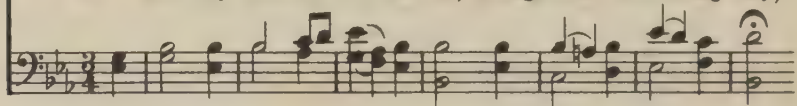
141 O Jesus, King most wonderful

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX (EDWARD CASWALL, TR.)

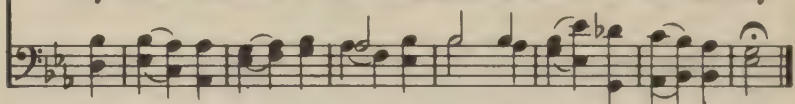
ISAAC SMITH



1. O Je - sus, King most won - der - ful, Thou Con - quer - or re - nowned;
2. When once Thou vis - it - est the heart, Then truth be - gins to shine;
3. Je - sus! Thy mer - cies are un - told, Through each re - turn - ing day;



Thou Sweet - ness most in - ef - fa - ble, In whom all joys are found;
Then earth - ly van - i - ties de - part, Then kin - dles love di - vine.
Thy love ex - ceeds a thou - sand fold What ev - er we can say.



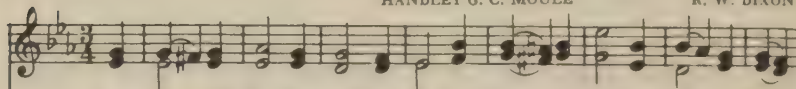
4. May every heart confess Thy
Name,
And ever Thee adore;
And, seeking Thee, itself inflame
And seek Thee more and more.

5. Thee may our tongues for ever
bless;
Thee may we love alone:
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine own.

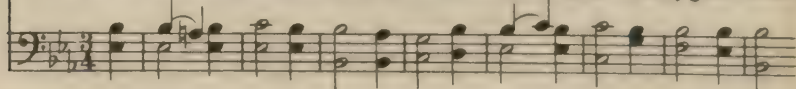
142 My glorious Victor, Prince Divine

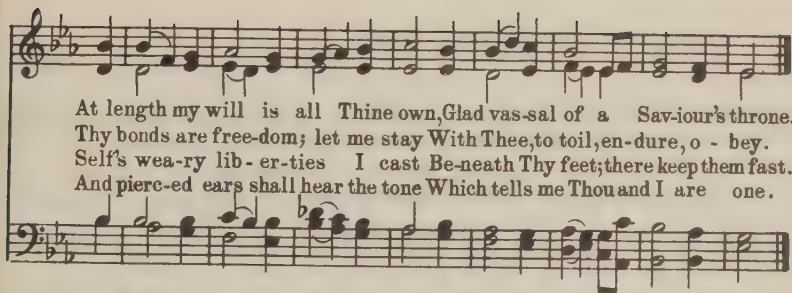
HANDLEY G. C. MOULE

R. W. DIXON



1. My glo - rious Vic - tor, Prince Di - vine, Clasp these sur - ren - der'd hands in Thine;
2. My Mas - ter lead me to Thy door; Pierce this now will - ing ear once more:
3. Yes, ear and hand, and thought and will, Use all in Thy dear slav'ry still!
4. Tread them still down; and then I know, These hands shall with Thy gifts derflow;



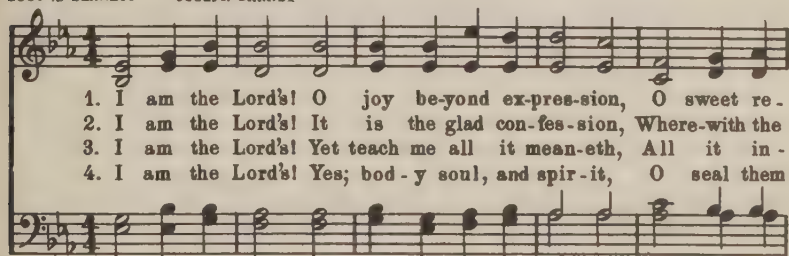


At length my will is all Thine own, Glad vas-sal of a Sav-iour's throne.
Thy bonds are free-dom; let me stay With Thee, to toil, en-dure, o - bey.
Self's wea-ry lib-er-ties I cast Be-neath Thy feet; there keep them fast.
And pierc-ed ears shall hear the tone Which tells me Thou and I are one.

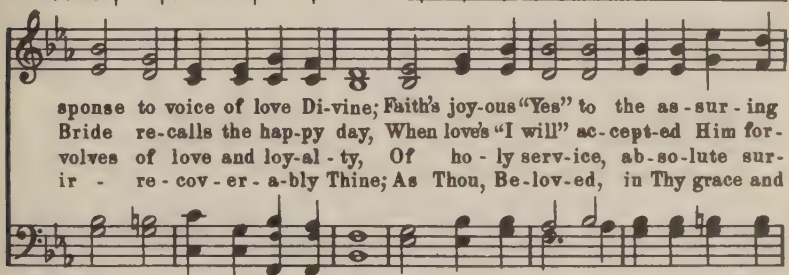
I am the Lord's! O joy beyond expression **143**

LUCY A. BENNETT

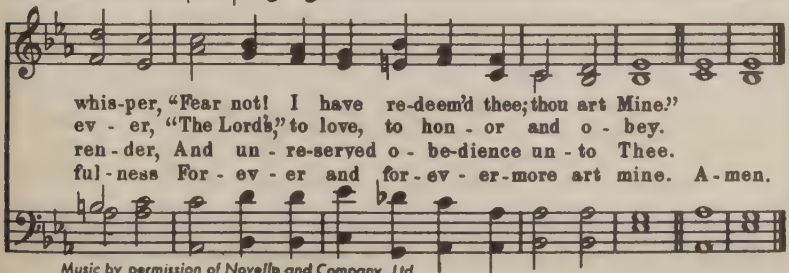
JOSEPH BARNEY



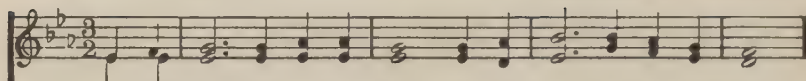
1. I am the Lord's! O joy be-yond ex-pres-sion, O sweet re-
2. I am the Lord's! It is the glad con-fes-sion, Where-with the
3. I am the Lord's! Yet teach me all it mean-eth, All it in-
4. I am the Lord's! Yes; bod-y soul, and spir-it, O seal them



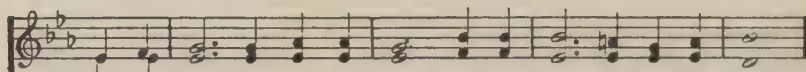
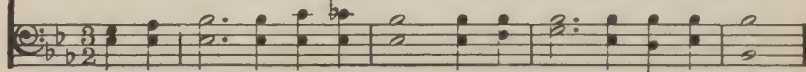
sponse to voice of love Di-vine; Faith's joy-ous "Yes" to the as-sur-ing
Bride re-calls the hap-py day, When love's "I will" ac-cept-ed Him for-
voves of love and loy-al-ty, Of ho-ly serv-ice, ab-so-lute sur-
ir - re-cov-er-a-bly Thine; As Thou, Be-lov-ed, in Thy grace and



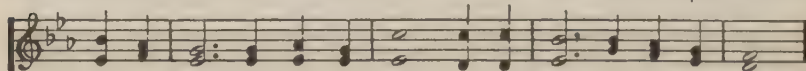
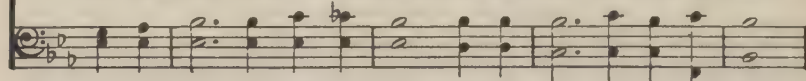
whis-per, "Fear not! I have re-deem'd thee; thou art Mine."
ev - er, "The Lord's" to love, to hon - or and o - bey.
ren - der, And un - re-served o - be-dience un - to Thee.
ful-ness For - ev - er and for - ev - er-more art mine. A-men.



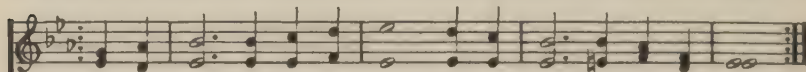
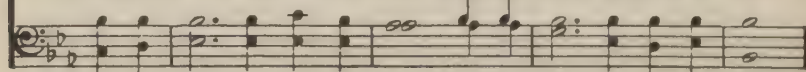
1. Loved with ev - er - last - ing love, Led by grace that love to know;
2. Heav'n a - bove is soft - er blue, Earth a - round is sweet - er green!
3. Things that once were wild a - larms Can - not now dis - turb my rest;
4. His for - ev - er, on - ly His; Who the Lord and me shall part?



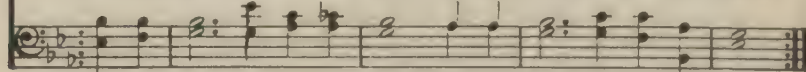
Spir - it, breath - ing from a - bove, Thou hast taught me it is so!
 Some - thing lives in ev - 'ry hue Christ - less eyes have nev - er seen:
 Closed in ev - er - last - ing arms, Pil - lowed on the lov - ing breast.
 Ah, with what a rest of bliss, Christ can fill the lov - ing heart!



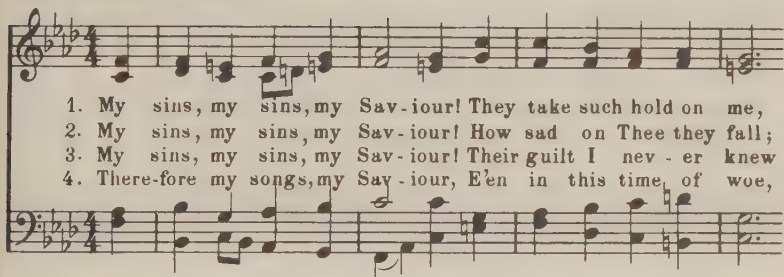
Oh, this full and per - fect peace! Oh, this trans - port all di - vine!
 Birds with glad - der songs o'er - flow, Flow'rs with deep - er beau - ties shine,
 Oh, to lie for - ev - er here, Doubt, and care, and self re - sign,
 Heav'n and earth may fade and flee, First - born light in gloom de - cline;



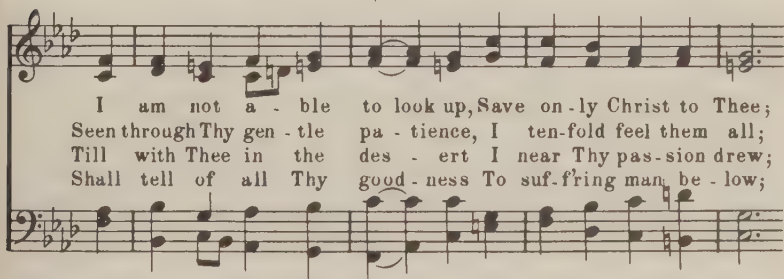
In a love which can - not cease, I am His, and He is mine.
 Since I know, as now I know, I am His, and He is mine.
 While He whis - pers in my ear— I am His, and He is mine.
 But while God and I shall be, I am His, and He is mine.



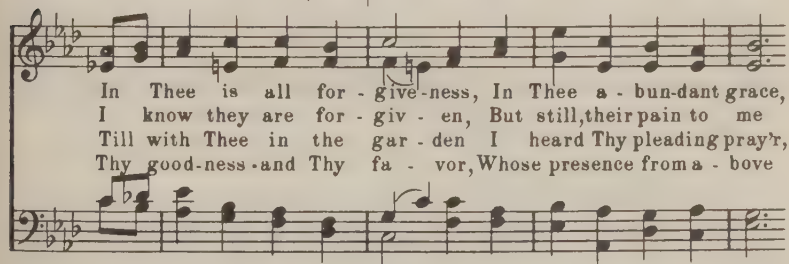
JOHN S. B. MONSELL ANON.



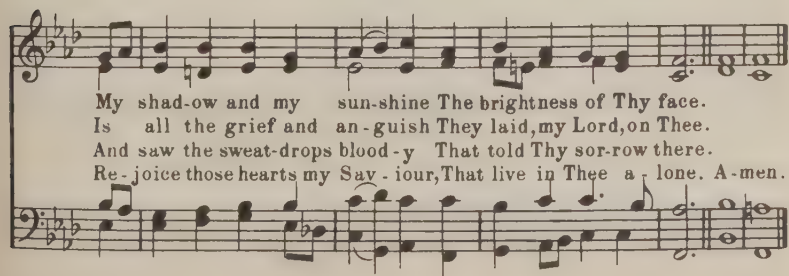
1. My sins, my sins, my Sav-iour! They take such hold on me,
 2. My sins, my sins, my Sav-iour! How sad on Thee they fall;
 3. My sins, my sins, my Sav-iour! Their guilt I nev-er knew
 4. There-fore my songs, my Say-iour, E'en in this time of woe,



I am not a-ble to look up, Save on-ly Christ to Thee;
 Seen through Thy gen-tle pa-tience, I ten-fold feel them all;
 Till with Thee in the des-ert I near Thy pas-sion drew;
 Shall tell of all Thy good-ness To suf-fring man, be-low;



In Thee is all for-giv-ness, In Thee a-bun-dant grace,
 I know they are for-giv-en, But still, their pain to me
 Till with Thee in the gar-den I heard Thy pleading pray'r,
 Thy good-ness-and Thy fa-vor, Whose presence from a-bove

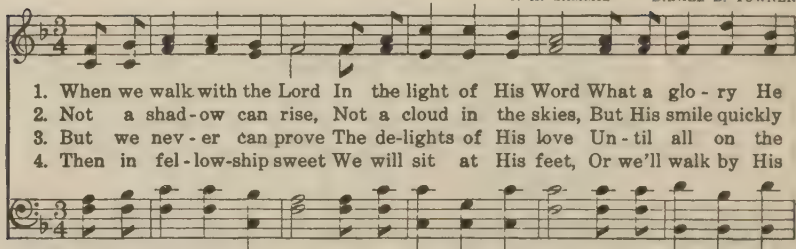


My shad-ow and my sun-shine The brightness of Thy face.
 Is all the grief and an-guish They laid, my Lord, on Thee.
 And saw the sweat-drops blood-y That told Thy sor-row there.
 Re-joice those hearts my Say-iour, That live in Thee a-lone. A-men.

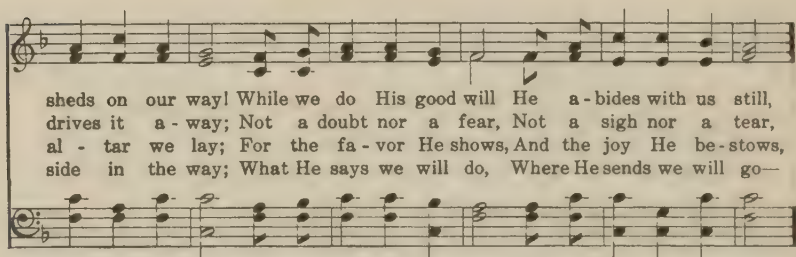
146 When we walk with the Lord

J. H. SAMMIS

DANIEL B. TOWNER

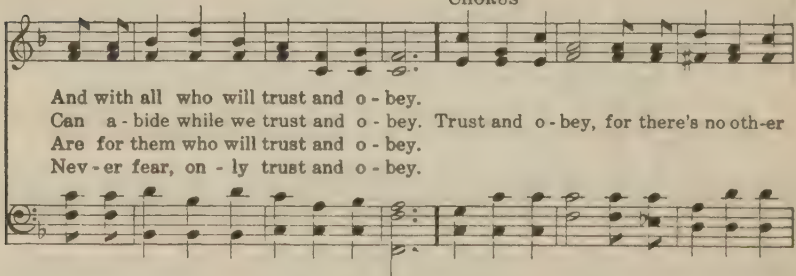


1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of His Word What a glo - ry He
 2. Not a shad - ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly
 3. But we nev - er can prove The de - lights of His love Un - til all on the
 4. Then in fel - low - ship sweet We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His

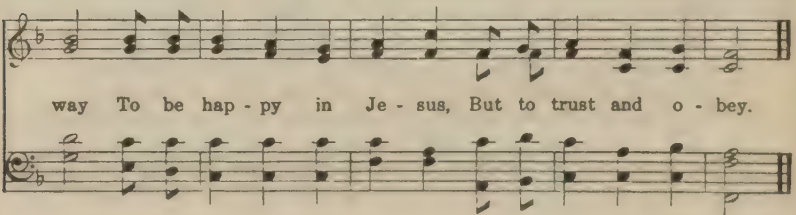


sheds on our way! While we do His good will He a - bides with us still,
 drives it a - way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a tear,
 al - tar we lay; For the fa - vor He shows, And the joy He be - stows,
 side in the way; What He says we will do, Where He sends we will go—

CHORUS



And with all who will trust and o - bey.
 Can a - bide while we trust and o - bey. Trust and o - bey, for there's no oth - er
 Are for them who will trust and o - bey.
 Nev - er fear, on - ly trust and o - bey.

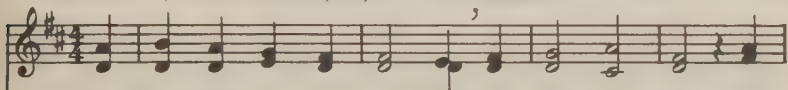


way To be hap - py in Je - sus, But to trust and o - bey.

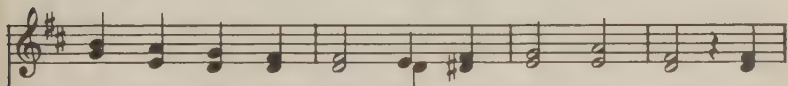
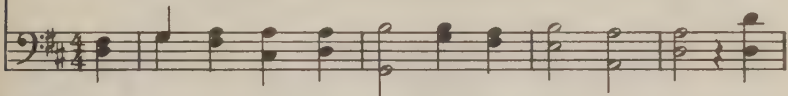
Take Thou my hands and lead me 147

JULIA HAUSMAN (MARTHA D. LANGE, TR.)

F. SILCHER



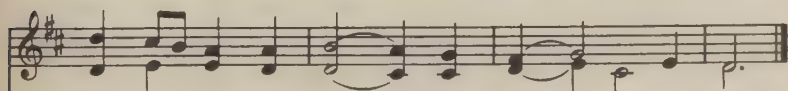
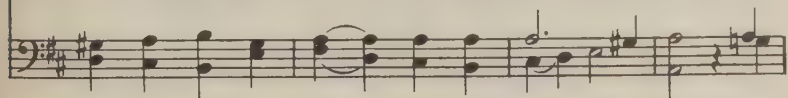
1. Take Thou my hands and lead me A - long life's way, Un-
 2. With - in Thy grace so ten - der I would a - bide. Thy
 3. I may not glimpse Thy foot-prints, Nor feel Thy pow'r, Yet



til earth's night is ban - ished By ra - diant day. I
 per - fect peace my por - tion What-e'er be - tide. I
 Thou dost draw me goal - ward Tho' dark the hour. Then,



would not take a sin - gle step A - part from Thee; Where
 kneel, dear Lord, be - fore Thee, Be - liev - ing - ly. Thy
 take my hands and lead me, Thro' storm-swept night, Till



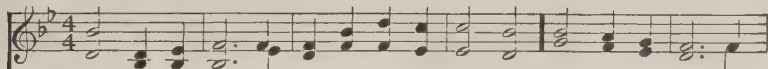
Thou dost walk or tar - ry, There let me be.
 help - less child would trust Though it can not see.
 earth's de - vi - ous ways have end - ed. In heav'n's pure de - light.



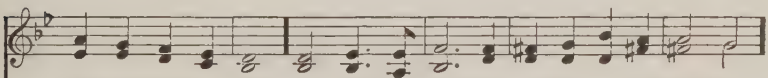
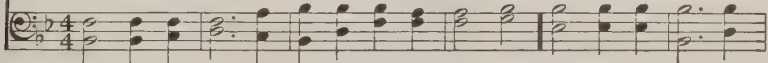
O Zion haste, thy mission high fulfilling 149

MARY A. THOMSON

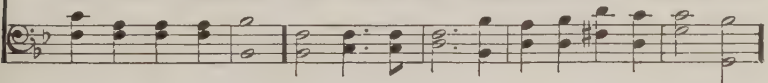
JAMES WALCH



1. O Zi - on, haste, thy mis - sion high ful - fill - ing, To tell to all the
2. Be - hold how man - y thou - sands still are ly - ing Bound in the dark - some
3. Pro - claim to ev - ery peo - ple, tongue, and na - tion That God, in whom they
4. Give of thy sons to bear the mes - sage glo - rious; Give of thy wealth to
5. He comes a - gain: O Zi - on, ere thou meet Him, Make known to ev - ery



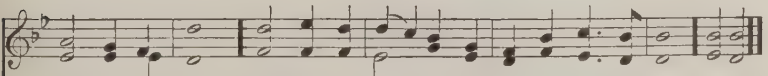
world that God is Light, That He who made all na - tions is not will - ing
pris - on house of sin, With none to tell them of the Sav - iour's dy - ing,
live and move, is Love: Tell how He stooped to save His lost cre - a - tion,
speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in prayer vic - to - rious;
heart His sav - ing grace; Let none whom He hath ran - somed fail to greet Him,



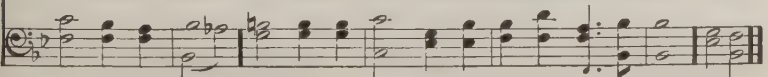
Refrain



One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of night. Pub - lish glad ti - dings,
Or of the life He died for them to win.
And died on earth that man might live a - bove.
And all thou spend - est Je - sus will re - pay.
Through thy neg - lect, un - fit to see His face.



ti - dings of peace, Ti - dings of Je - sus, re - demp - tion and re - lease. A - men.



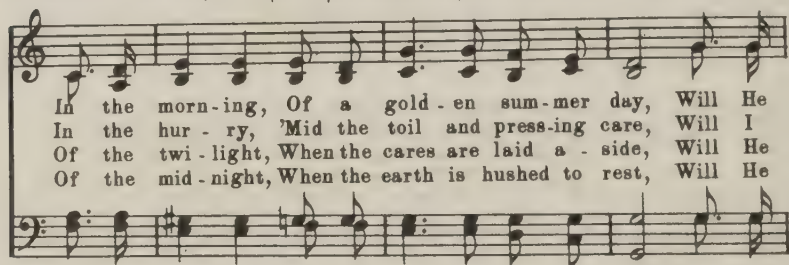
150 If the Lord my Saviour comes

MARIETTA C. PRINCE

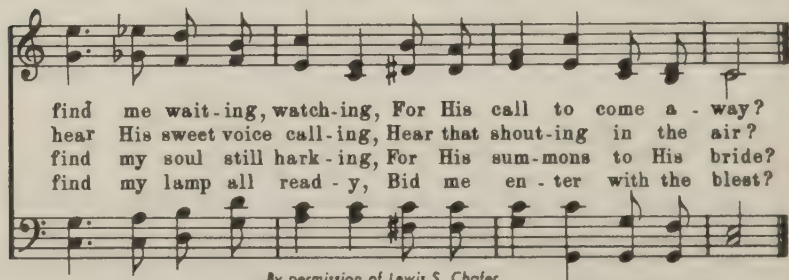
LEWIS S. CHAFER



1. If the Lord my Sav - iour comes, At the dawn - ing,
 2. If the Lord my Sav - iour comes, At the noon time
 3. If the Lord my Sav - iour comes, In the shad - ows
 4. If the Lord my Sav - iour comes, In the qui - et



In the morn - ing, Of a gold - en sum - mer day, Will He
 In the hur - ry, 'Mid the toil and press - ing care, Will I
 Of the twi - light, When the cares are laid a - side, Will He
 Of the mid - night, When the earth is hushed to rest, Will He



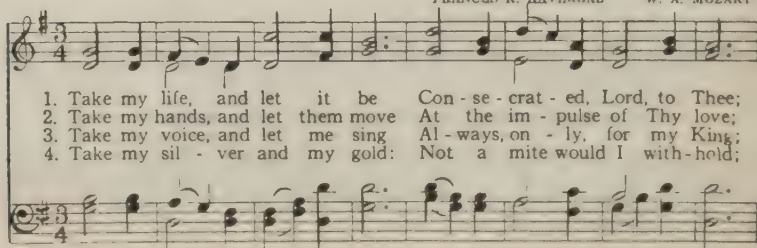
find me wait - ing, watch - ing, For His call to come a - way?
 hear His sweet voice call - ing, Hear that shout - ing in the air?
 find my soul still hark - ing, For His sum - mons to His bride?
 find my lamp all read - y, Bid me en - ter with the blest?

By permission of Lewis S. Chafar

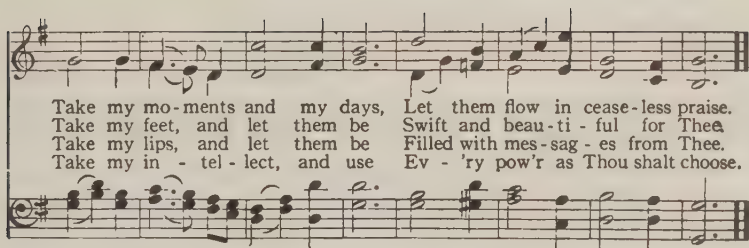
151 Take my life, and let it be

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL

W. A. MOZART



1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee;
 2. Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love;
 3. Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly, for my King;
 4. Take my sil - ver and my gold: Not a mite would I with - hold;



Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in cease-less praise.
 Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti-ful for Thee
 Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes-sag-es from Thee.
 Take my in-tel-lect, and use Ev-'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.

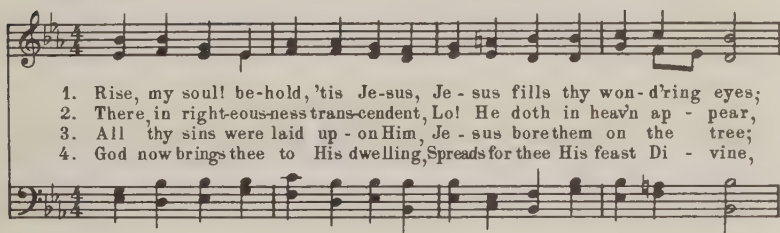
5. Take my will, and make it Thine,
 It shall be no longer mine;
 Take my heart, it is Thine own,
 It shall be Thy royal throne.

6. Take my love, my Lord, I pour
 At Thy feet its treasure store;
 Take myself, and I will be,
 Ever, only, all for Thee.

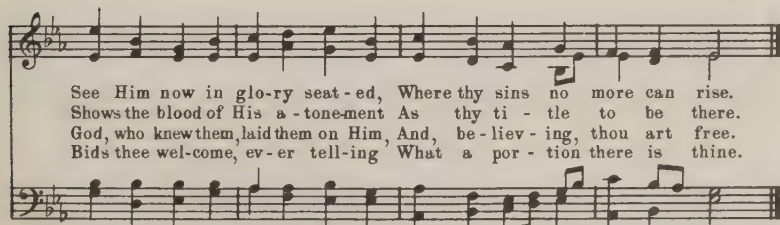
Rise, my soul! behold, 'tis Jesus 152

J. DENHAM SMITH

H. R. H., THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT



1. Rise, my soul! be-hold, 'tis Je-sus, Je-sus fills thy won-d'ring eyes;
 2. There, in right-eous-ness trans-cendent, Lo! He doth in heav'n ap-pear,
 3. All thy sins were laid up-on Him, Je-sus bore them on the tree;
 4. God now brings thee to His dwelling, Spreads for thee His feast Di-vine,



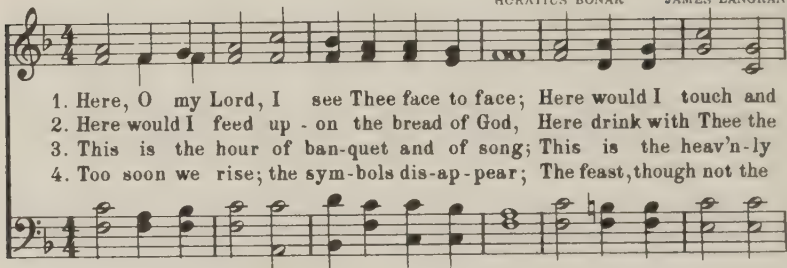
See Him now in glo-ry seat-ed, Where thy sins no more can rise.
 Shows the blood of His a-tone-ment As thy ti-tle to be there.
 God, who knew them, laid them on Him, And, be-liev-ing, thou art free.
 Bids thee wel-come, ev-er tell-ing What a por-tion there is thine.

5. In that circle of God's favor,
 Circle of the Father's love,
 All is rest, and rest for ever;
 All is perfectness above.

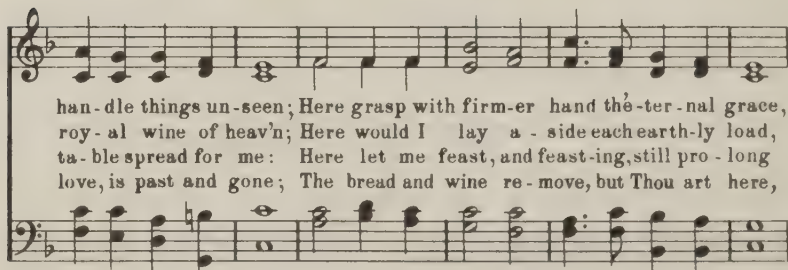
6. Blessed, glorious word "for ever!"
 Yea, "for ever!" is the word;
 Nothing can the ransomed sever,
 Nought divide them from the Lord.

153 Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face

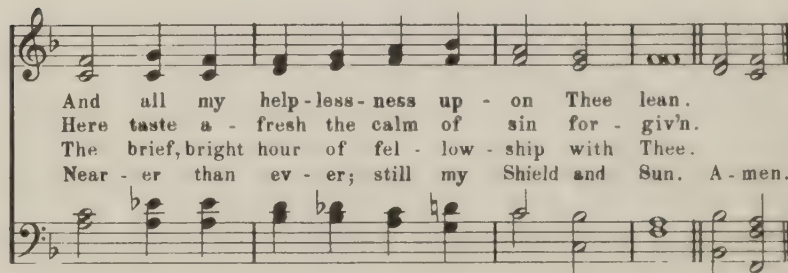
HORATIUS BONAR JAMES LANGRAN



1. Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face; Here would I touch and
 2. Here would I feed up - on the bread of God, Here drink with Thee the
 3. This is the hour of ban-quet and of song; This is the heav'n-ly
 4. Too soon we rise; the sym-bols dis-ap-pear; The feast, though not the



han-dle things un-seen; Here grasp with firm-er hand thè-ter-nal grace,
 roy-al wine of heav'n; Here would I lay a-side each earth-ly load,
 ta-ble spread for me: Here let me feast, and feast-ing, still pro-long
 love, is past and gone; The bread and wine re-move, but Thou art here,



And all my help-less-ness up-on Thee lean.
 Here taste a-fresh the calm of sin for-giv'n.
 The brief, bright hour of fel-low-ship with Thee.
 Near-er than ev-er; still my Shield and Sun. A-men.

5 I have no help but Thine; nor do I
 need
 Another arm save Thine to lean
 upon;
 It is enough, my Lord, enough
 indeed;
 My strength is in Thy might, Thy
 might alone.

6 Feast after feast thus comes and
 passes by,
 Yet passing, points to the glad
 feast above,
 Giving sweet foretaste of the festal
 joy,
 The Lamb's great bridal feast of
 bliss and love.

And is it so — I shall be like Thy Son? 154

JOHN NELSON DARBY

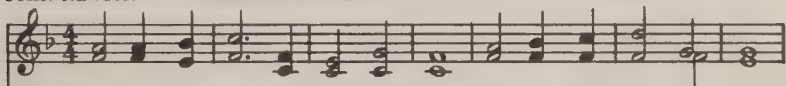
TUNE OF HYMN 153

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 And is it so, I shall be like Thy Son?
Is this the grace which He for me
has won?
Father of glory (thought beyond all
thought!)
In glory, to His own blest likeness
brought!</p> <p>2 Oh, Jesus, Lord, who loved me like
to Thee?
Fruit of Thy work, with Thee, too,
there to see
Thy glory, Lord, while endless ages
roll,
Myself the prize and travail of Thy
soul.</p> | <p>3 Yet it must be: Thy love had not
its rest
Were Thy redeemed not with Thee
fully blest,
That love that gives not as the
world, but shares
All it possesses with its loved
co-heirs.</p> <p>4 Nor I alone; Thy loved ones, all
complete
In glory, round Thee there with joy
shall meet;
All like Thee, for Thy glory like
Thee, Lord,
Object supreme of all, by all adored.</p> |
|--|--|

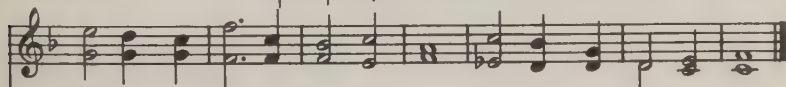
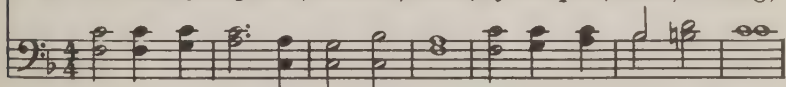
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds 155

JOHN NEWTON

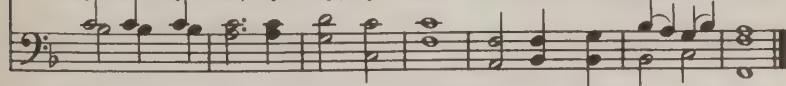
CUTHBERT HOWARD



1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!
2. It makes the wound-ed spir - it whole, And calms the trou-bled breast;
3. Dear Name! the Rock on which I build, My Shield and Hid - ing-place,
4. Je - sus! my Shep-herd, Hus-band, Friend, My Pro-phet, Priest, and King;



It soothes his sor-rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.
'Tis man - na to the hun-gry soul, And to the wea - ry, rest.
My nev - er fail-ing Treasury, filled With bound-less stores of grace.
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End, Ac - cept the praise I bring.

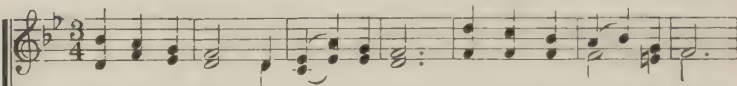


- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.</p> | <p>6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.</p> |
|---|--|

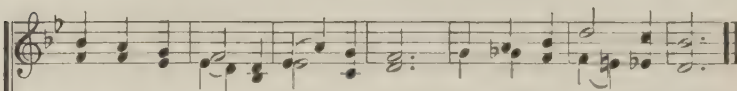
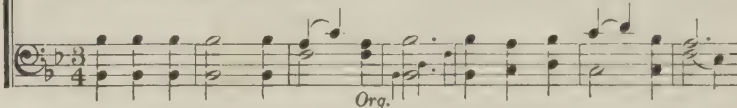
156 Oh, for a heart to praise my God

CHARLES WESLEY

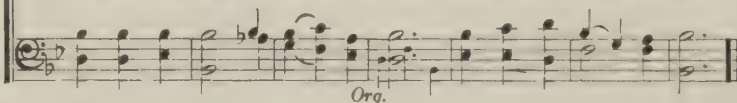
J. WALCH



1. Oh, for a heart to praise my God,— A heart from sin set free;
2. A heart re-signed, sub-mis-sive, meek, My dear Re-deem-er's throne;
3. A hum-ble, low - ly, con - trite heart, Be - liev-ing, true, and clean,
4. A heart in ev - 'ry thought re-newed, And filled with love di-vine;
5. Thy nature, gra-cious Lord, im - part, Come quickly from a - bove;



- | | |
|--|---------------------------------|
| A heart that's sprinkled with the blood | So free - ly shed for me. |
| Where on - ly Christ is heard to speak, | Where Je - sus reigns a - lone. |
| Which neither death nor life can part | From Him that dwells with-in. |
| Per - fect and right, and pure and good— | A cop - y, Lord, of Thine. |
| Write Thy new name up - on my heart; | Thy new, best name of Love. |



157 There is a green hill far away

CECIL F. ALEXANDER

TUNE OF HYMN 156

- | | |
|---|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1 There is a green hill far away,
Outside a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified
Who died to save us all. 2 We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there. 5 O dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood. 4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in. |
|---|---|

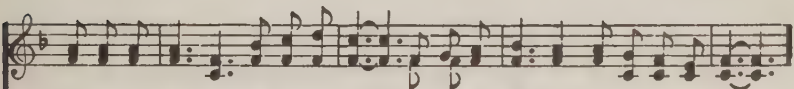
Fill all my vision, Saviour, I pray 158

AVIS B. CHRISTIANSEN

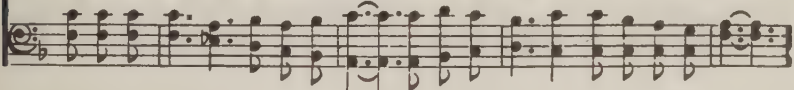
HOMER HAMMONTREE



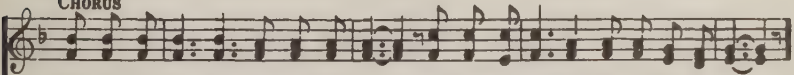
1. Fill all my vi - sion, Sav-iour, I pray, Let me see on - ly Je - sus to - day;
2. Fill all my vi - sion, ev - 'ry de - sire Keep for Thy glo - ry; My soul in - spire
3. Fill all my vi - sion, let naught of sin Shad-ow the brightness shin-ing with-in.



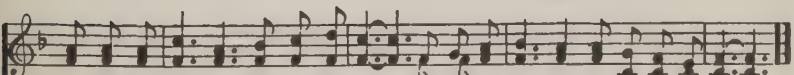
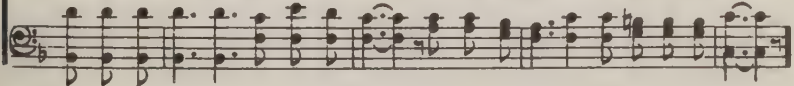
Tho' thro' the val - ley Thou leadest me, Thy fade-less glo - ry en-com-pass-eth me.
With Thy per-fec-tion, Thy ho - ly love Flood-ing my pathway with light from a-bove.
Let me see on - ly Thy blessed face, Feast-ing my soul on Thy in - fi - nite grace.



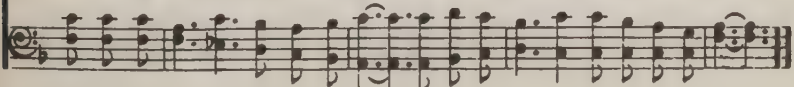
CHORUS



Fill all my vi - sion, Sav-iour di - vine, Till with Thy glo - ry my spir-it shall shine.



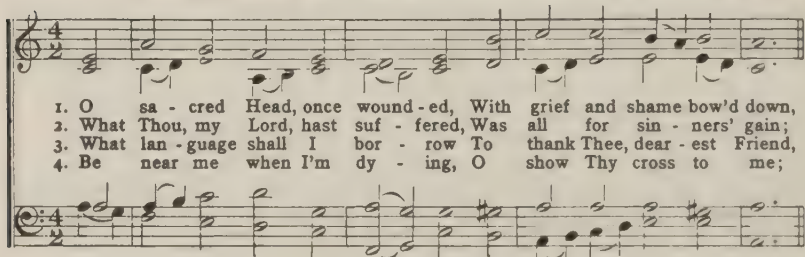
Fill all my vi - sion, that all may see Thy Ho - ly Im - age re - flect - ed in me.



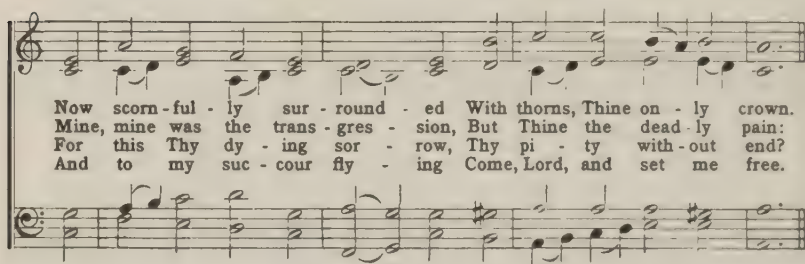
159 O sacred Head, once wounded

ANON. (P. GERHARDT AND J. ALEXANDER, TRS.)

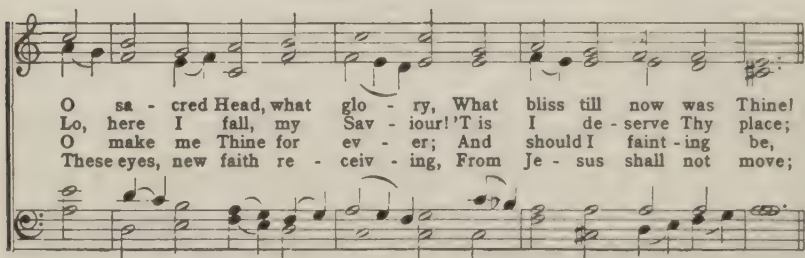
H. L. HASSLER (J. S. BACH ARR.)



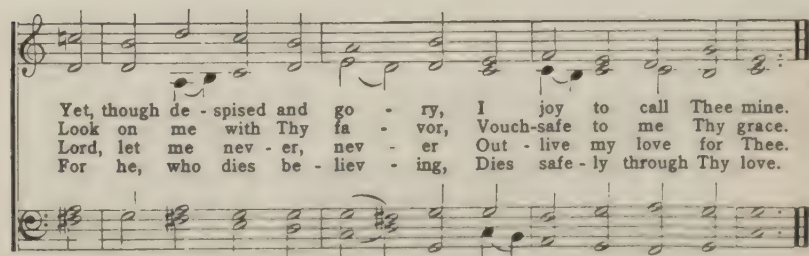
1. O sa - cred Head, once wound - ed, With grief and shame bow'd down,
 2. What Thou, my Lord, hast suf - fer'd, Was all for sin - ners' gain;
 3. What lan - guage shall I bor - row To thank Thee, dear - est Friend,
 4. Be near me when I'm dy - ing, O show Thy cross to me;



Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown.
 Mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, But Thine the dead - ly pain:
 For this Thy dy - ing sor - row, Thy pi - ty with - out end?
 And to my suc - cour fly - ing Come, Lord, and set me free.



O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss till now was Thine!
 Lo, here I fall, my Sav - iour! 'T is I de - serve Thy place;
 O make me Thine for ev - er; And should I faint - ing be,
 These eyes, new faith re - ceiv - ing, From Je - sus shall not move;

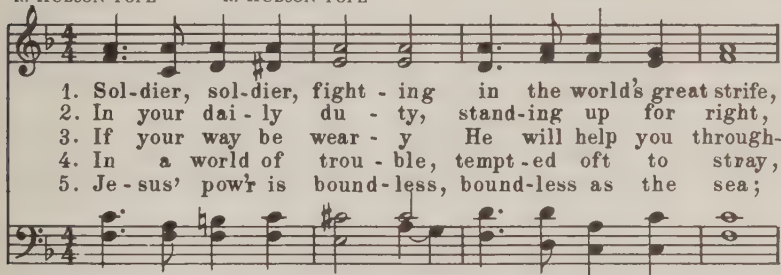


Yet, though de - spised and go - ry, I joy to call Thee mine.
 Look on me with Thy fa - vor, Vouch - safe to me Thy grace.
 Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er Out - live my love for Thee.
 For he, who dies be - liev - ing, Dies safe - ly through Thy love.

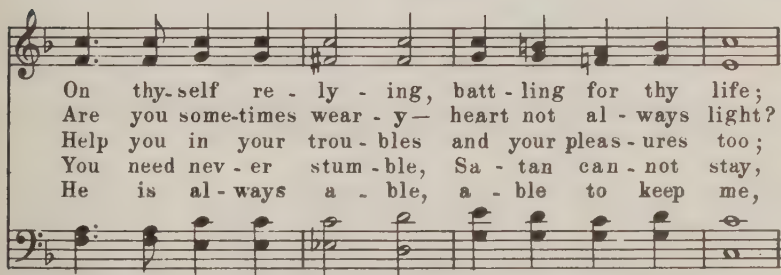
Soldier, soldier, fighting in the world's great strife 160

R. HUDSON POPE

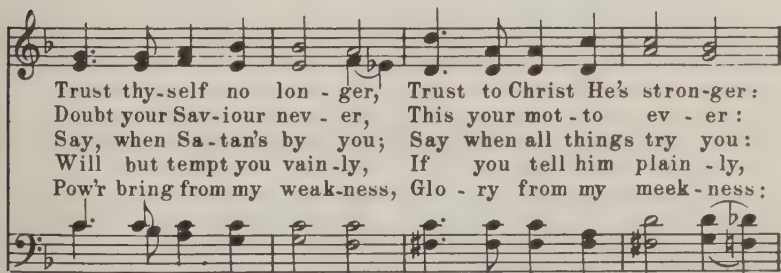
R. HUDSON POPE



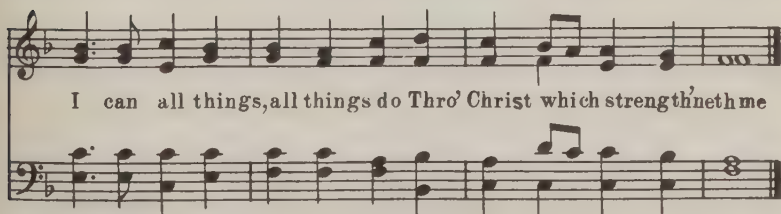
1. Sol-dier, sol-dier, fight - ing in the world's great strife,
 2. In your dai - ly du - ty, stand-ing up for right,
 3. If your way be wear - y He will help you through-
 4. In a world of trou - ble, tempt-ed oft to stray,
 5. Je - sus' pow'r is bound-less, bound-less as the sea;



On thy-self re - ly - ing, batt - ling for thy life;
 Are you some-times wear - y - heart not al - ways light?
 Help you in your trou - bles and your pleas-ures too;
 You need nev - er stum - ble, Sa - tan can - not stay,
 He is al - ways a - ble, a - ble to keep me,



Trust thy-self no lon - ger, Trust to Christ He's stron-ger:
 Doubt your Sav-iour nev - er, This your mot-to ev - er:
 Say, when Sa-tan's by you; Say when all things try you:
 Will but tempt you vain-ly, If you tell him plain - ly,
 Pow'r bring from my weak-ness, Glo - ry from my meek-ness:



I can all things, all things do Thro' Christ which strengthneth me

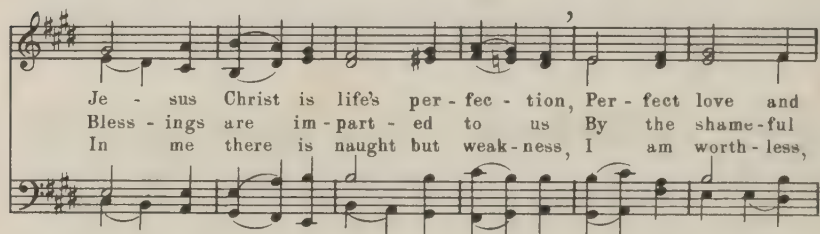
161 All is in Christ

CLAIRE-LISE DE BENOIT (LOIS THIESSEN, TR.)

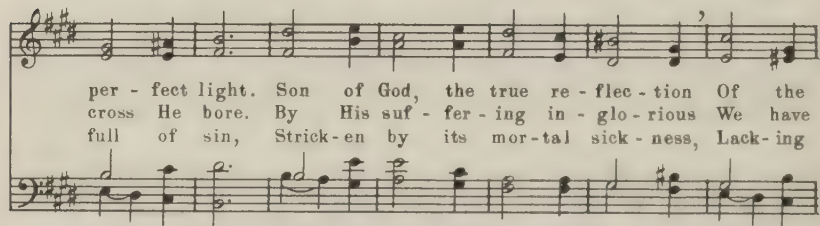
J. S. BACH



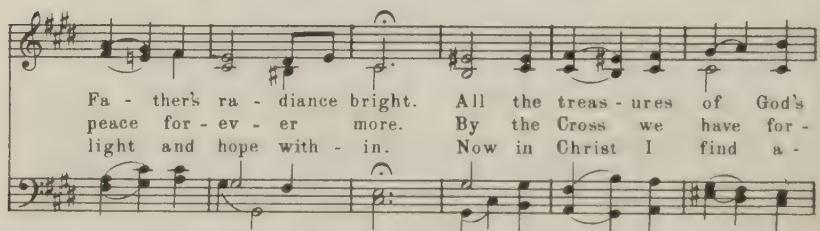
1-3. All is in Christ; God's dear Son is Lord of all.



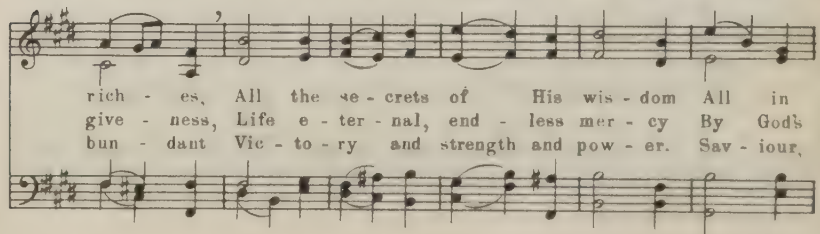
Je - sus Christ is life's per - fec - tion, Per - fect love and
Bless - ings are im - part - ed to us By the shame - ful
In me there is naught but weak - ness, I am worth - less,



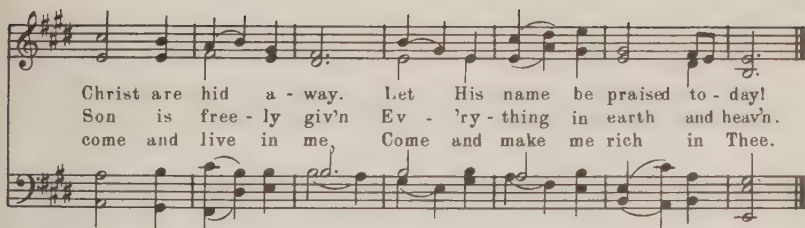
per - fect light. Son of God, the true re - flec - tion Of the
cross He bore. By His suf - fer - ing in - glo - rious We have
full of sin, Strick - en by its mor - tal sick - ness, Lack - ing



Fa - ther's ra - diance bright. All the treas - ures of God's
peace for - ev - er more. By the Cross we have for -
light and hope with - in. Now in Christ I find a -



rich - es, All the se - crets of His wis - dom All in
give - ness, Life e - ter - nal, end - less mer - cy By God's
bun - dant Vic - to - ry and strength and pow - er. Sav - iour,



Christ are hid a - way. Let His name be praised to - day!
 Son is free - ly giv'n Ev - 'ry - thing in earth and heav'n.
 come and live in me, Come and make me rich in Thee.

4 All is in Christ;

God's dear Son is Lord of all.
 Saviour, pardon my transgressions,
 For my love is still so small;
 Though I gave all my possessions,
 This would profit scarce at all.
 'Tis myself that Thou desirest;
 So I give myself, dear Master;
 No thing hast Thou kept from me—
 Nor will I keep aught from Thee.

5 All is in Christ;

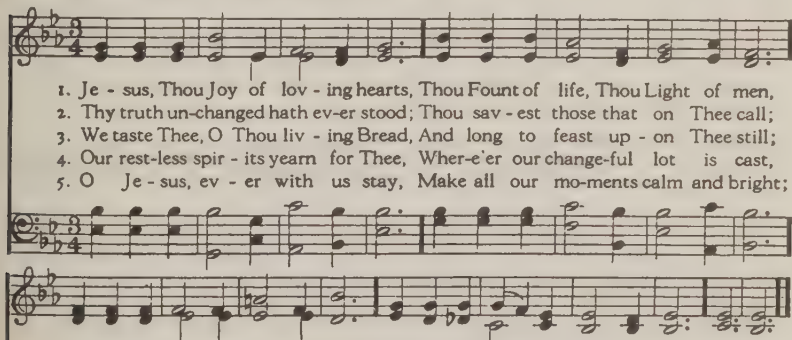
Your whole self present to Him.
 Vain your quest for lasting pleasure,
 Wealth, success, and worldly fame;
 Christ alone must be your treasure,
 His resource your only claim.
 Come, let Him disperse the famine
 Of your arid, waste existence.
 Let God's Son, th' Immortal King
 Freely give you everything.

By permission Ligue pour la lecture de la Bible

Jesus, Thou Joy of loving hearts 162

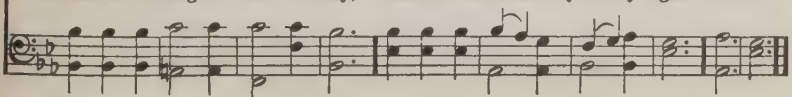
BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX (RAY PALMER, TR.)

HENRY BAKER



1. Je - sus, Thou Joy of lov - ing hearts, Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men,
 2. Thy truth un - changed hath ev - er stood; Thou sav - est those that on Thee call;
 3. We taste Thee, O Thou liv - ing Bread, And long to feast up - on Thee still;
 4. Our rest - less spir - its yearn for Thee, Wher - e'er our change - ful lot is cast,
 5. O Je - sus, ev - er with us stay, Make all our mo - ments calm and bright;

From the best bliss that earth im - parts We turn un - filled to Thee a - gain.
 To them that seek Thee Thou art good, To them that find Thee All in all.
 We drink of Thee, the Foun - tain - head, And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.
 Glad when Thy gra - cious smile we see, Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.
 Chase the dark night of sin a - way, Shed o'er the world Thy ho - ly light. A - MEN.



163 *Fairest Lord Jesus*

GERMAN, 17TH CENTURY

TRADITIONAL SILESIAN MELODY (J HOPKIRK, ARR.)

1. Fair - est Lord Je - sus, Rul - er of all na - ture, O Thou of
 2. Fair are the mead - ows, Fair - er still the wood - lands, Robed in the
 3. Fair is the sun - shine, Fair - er still the moon - light, And fair the
 4. All fair - est beau - ty Heav - en - ly and earth - ly, Won - drous - ly,

God and man the Son; Thee will I cher - ish, Thee will I
 bloom - ing garb of spring; Je - sus is fair - er, Je - sus is
 twink - ling star - ry host Je - sus shines bright - er, Je - sus shines
 Je - sus is found in Thee; None can be near - er, fair - er, or

hon - our, Thou my soul's glo - ry, joy and crown.
 pur - er, Who makes the woe - ful heart to sing.
 pur - er, Than all the an - gels heav'n can boast.
 dear - er, Than Thou my Sav - iour art to me A - men.

Music by permission of James Hopkirk

164 *May the grace of Christ our Saviour*

JOHN NEWTON

TUNE OF HYMN 119

1. May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favor,
 Rest upon us from above.
2. Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the Lord;
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

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